PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1976 $1.25

FREEDOM: IS THE AMERICAN DREAM REALLY OBSOLETE?

SEX: OUT-LAWING IT WITH THE IN-LAWS

BEYOND 2001: SCIENCE FACT AND THE NEW TECHNOLOGY

THE NEW FIRST LADY OF HOT ROCK: A BELLE WITH REAL BALLS

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / APRIL 1976

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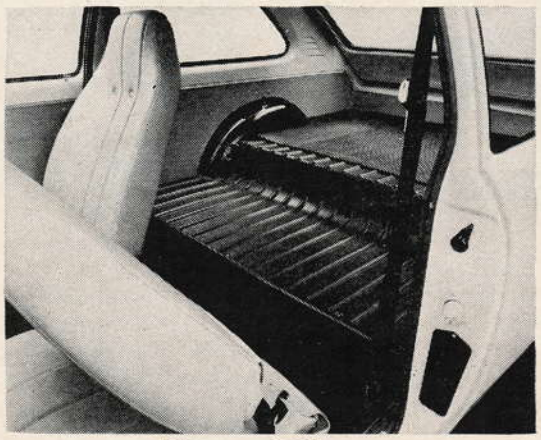
What's the world come to when a backseat is considered optional equipment?



The 1976 Chevette.
The new idea from Detroit.

As incredible as it may seem, on the 1976 Chevette Scooter, for your $2,899,* you don't get a backseat. You get a space where a backseat could go. If you want a backseat, it costs you an extra $199.

It's part of a trend in the auto industry. Things that people once considered important to the design and safety of a car are now considered luxuries.

On many cars, radial-ply tires are now optional. Padded steering wheels are optional. Power-assisted brakes are optional. Even day/night rearview mirrors are optional.

And many of the things that make a car look better are anything but standard.

For example, on the standard VW Rabbit, armrests, vinyl interior trim and vinyl seats, and bright metal exterior trim, and carpeting are yours. But only at extra cost. They've even left off the rubber pads on the brake and gas pedals. Those are optional, too.

On the standard Chevette Scooter, the door panels are embossed cardboard and the bumpers and hubcaps aren't aluminum or chrome. They're metal painted gray.

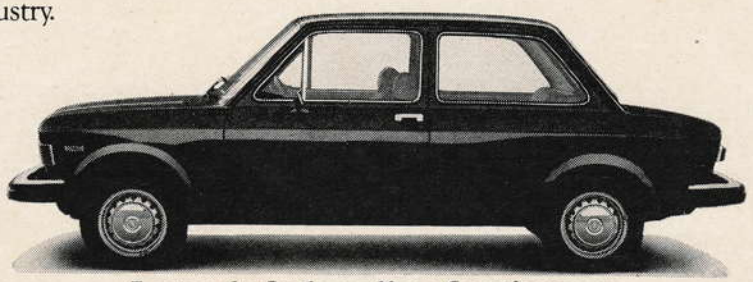
Why are we telling you this?

Because even today a few cars still give you a great deal of standard equipment for your money. And we're happy to say one of them is Fiat.

On the standard Fiat 128, our least expensive model, the door panels are vinyl not cardboard. The seats are vinyl instead of cloth. The bumpers are aluminum and rubber instead of painted metal. There are front door armrests. Passenger-assist handles. An electric windshield washer. A day/night rearview mirror. All standard.

Radial-ply tires, which cost $100 to $200 extra on many cars, are standard on the Fiat. Power-assisted front disc brakes are standard. Rack-and-pinion steering is standard.

And then you get things standard on the Fiat you couldn't get on most cars even as options: front-wheel drive, 4-wheel independent suspension, a transverse-mounted overhead cam engine.



Instead of a long list of options we give you a long list of standards.

Now that you know all this, we hope that when you go out to buy a car you'll take the time to figure out the real price of the car, the price that includes everything you want on it. And that you won't fall for the stripped-down price on the sticker. It will save you a fortune. And it's been known to make us a few customers.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

*1976 Manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Fiat car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

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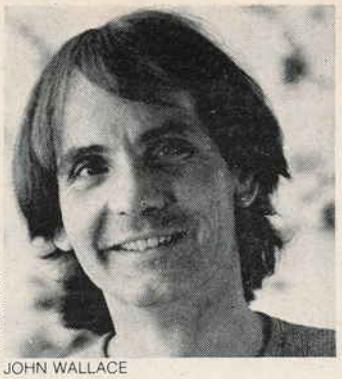
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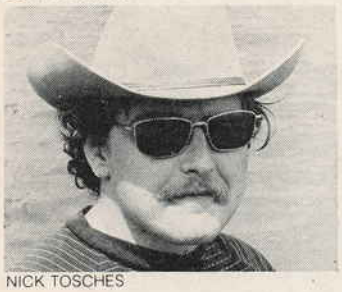
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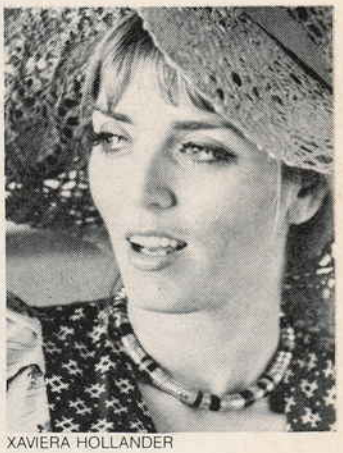
XAVIERA HOLLANDER

HOUSECALL

Freedom! To some it's just another word for nothin' much to do. To others—particularly those who have lived without it—it's the very essence of life, the one climate in which all social, economic, and political elements can grow and become fruitful. In this country we have plucked those fruits somewhat indiscriminately, perhaps to the point where the orchards will no longer bear. According to **Jeff Greenfield** in *The End of the American Dream*, there is a force at work in the land today that has the capacity "to accomplish what . . . no domestic tyrant or subversive ever managed to do: eradicate the freedom and liberty of American citizens." That force is scarcity—the multiplying level of shortages in raw materials that has already affected the lives of every American.

Greenfield argues that "the idea of abundance rather than dedication to the God-given rights of man" has dominated America's idea of itself since its inception. He holds that when the era of plenty draws to a close, many of the freedoms and rights we have always taken for granted will be in danger of being declared obsolete—by a government whose credentials are based on exactly those freedoms it seeks to destroy. As a veteran political reporter, Greenfield has the perspective and know-how to illuminate many of the darker shadows in America's future.

Happily, not everyone believes that the future will yield a progressively darker world. Savants such as **Stephen Rosen** firmly believe in a future far more benign than the present. In *Beyond 2001* (an excerpt from *Future Facts*, Simon & Schuster) Rosen takes a look at such practical innovations as pollution-free energy garnered from offshore winds and "tubecraft" systems capable of transporting passengers from New York City to Los Angeles in twenty-one minutes. As for those who are afflicted with the doomsday syndrome, Rosen reminds them that knowledge of the future helps us to exploit that future to the optimum advantage. "It's not the *inventions* of men that are dangerous," he says, "but the *intentions* of men."

Now, nobody could possibly mistake **Patricia Lee Smith** for anyone's invention. She is a bona fide original—a natural—and naturally well-suited for a typically controversial and outspoken *Penthouse* Interview. From her oversexed and undersatiated teenage years in New Jersey, through the rage, madness, and sadness of the sixties in New York and points West, to her current emergence as a paragon of rock in the mid-seventies, Patti Smith's life has paralleled the evolution of rock itself. In a deftly handled Q & A session with regular *Penthouse* contributor **Nick Tosches**, Patti takes a few random (but well-aimed) shots at such diverse topics as masturbation, poetry, feminism, sex, rape—and people who call her "Ms." "It sounds like a sick bumblebee," says Patti with refreshing candor. "It sounds frigid. I mean, who in the hell would want to stick his hand up the dress of somebody who goes around calling herself something like 'Ms'?" Well, *chacun à son gout*, but we have a pretty fair idea. Meantime, run, *do not walk*, to your local record store to find out what all the Patti Smith shouting is really about.

Some people, especially those unlucky enough to be both Vietnam vets and prisoners, have little enough to shout about, and there are even fewer who will listen. *We* do, *we* have, and we pass on the word. For a look at the particular problems of vets in the slammer, we went to one who should know: **Wilbert Rideau**, now doing life in the Louisiana State Pen. His article, *Veterans Incarcerated*, makes fascinating reading for vets, prisoners, and just plain folks who live in a country where justice may need a little prodding from time to time.

For a fortunate few, crime is a comparatively risk-free and lucrative business. We speak of those writers whose penchant it is to delve into the derring-doings of fictional detectives and dastards—witness our dual fiction offerings this month. In his short story *Raggo and the Muggers*, **John Wallace** presents us with a situation where a professional criminal (unelected) solves the financial problems of Gotham by simply incorporating its largest resource—crime, of course—into a legitimate source of civic revenue. Wallace, a *Penthouse* regular, has spent enough time in New York to know all about the profit-potential of crime in the streets—when taken in hand, of course. On the other hand, writer **Larry Tritten** has created a detective in *The Last Encore* who would have such archetypes as Sam Spade, Philip Marlowe and Lew Archer trading in their trench coats for sackcloth and appearing on "Merv Griffin" and the "Tonight Show" to defend their honorable profession against all the blunders and bad jokes of Phil Cohen, Private Eye and Free-Lance Gynecologist. Maybe seeing *The Big Sleep* six times *had* rounded off some of the sharper corners of Phil's brain after all.

And to round off this month's issue, we find **Wicked Wanda** wanda-ing through the mountains of Katmandu, and scaling a brand-new pinnacle—a veritable breakthrough—in her career, while **Xaviera Hollander** dispenses her expertise, heavily laced with the usual humor and spice. Speaking of lace and spice and everything nice, we guarantee that our ladies this month will put a little more Spring in your step, and we sincerely hope that they—along with the entire contents of this issue—will provide you with one of the more rewarding experiences of April.

The Drink.

Harveys Bristol Cream

with a wedge of lime on the rocks. So good, it's one of the nicest ways of all to serve and enjoy the best there is.

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PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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APRIL

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Total recall

Being a freshman pre-med student at Rutgers, I found it necessary to develop new study habits. I entered college with several study techniques already formed, but none proved to be as successful as the one I have recently developed. I call it sexociation. It is a relatively simple method which anyone can employ. It is especially helpful in courses requiring problem solving.

We begin by my female study-mate slowly working my genitals to full arousal, being careful not to let me climax too soon, while I diligently solve several problems using various equations. While I solve the problems, I am fully aware of her progress on my penis. Come the day of the exam, I sit in the lecture hall, and I recall the sequence of our sexual exploits of the evening before—associating a formula and procedure with each stage of my arousal. It works every time. Needless to say, it is very comforting knowing that I have eight more years of studying ahead of me. I hope other students will find my method as satisfying and academically rewarding as I have.—*B.L., New Brunswick, N.J.*

Drip dry

I enjoy reading your column very much and would like to share with your readers an experience I had last summer.

I am a twenty-year-old college student. My sex life was kind of slow so I jumped at the chance of going to my buddy's summer home in hopes of meeting some girls. He hadn't told me his sister was there for the summer.

Tom's sister, Carol, is about thirty years old. She is very active and has well-conditioned legs to go along with her medium-sized but extremely firm breasts.

One day Tom had left early to go fishing, and Carol went to play tennis, so when I woke up, I found myself in the house alone. Finding no one around, I went outside and saw Carol's underwear hanging out to dry. I was further inspecting her bras (36B) when Carol came around the corner of the house. I quickly stepped back in embarrassment, but to my surprise, she just smiled and asked if they were dry yet.

I should add at this point that Carol was wearing a short tennis skirt with a tank top and no bra. Next she walked over to the line and took a pair of panties off and began rubbing them against her face—smiling all the time. She then asked me to come over and see if I thought they were dry. All I had on was a pair of loose gym shorts, and I could feel my hard-on making a tent of them.

As I stood next to her, she rubbed the panties on my face, explaining that she wasn't wearing any because they were all in the wash. She then proceeded to take down her wash, making seductive movements as she stretched and bent and twisted with each pair of panties or bra. Her nipples were now sticking out through her tank top like cloth-covered pencil tips. And when she bent over her laundry basket, she would give me a full view of the beautiful round globes of her ass. The last time she stayed like that for a moment, making sure that I had one last, long look at everything. Then she stood up, asked me to wind up the line before coming in—and winked! I almost came right there in my pants.

Upon entering the house, I found her sitting on the couch spread-eagled (but with her skirt on) and rubbing a banana on her now bare tits. Staring at my cock, she asked me if I didn't have anything to rub on her tits. As I dropped my shorts and moved closer, she grabbed my cock and began rubbing the head on her nipples, moaning all the time. She "asked" me to fuck her tits, and soon I found myself ramming my cock between them as she squeezed and kneaded them tightly together around it.

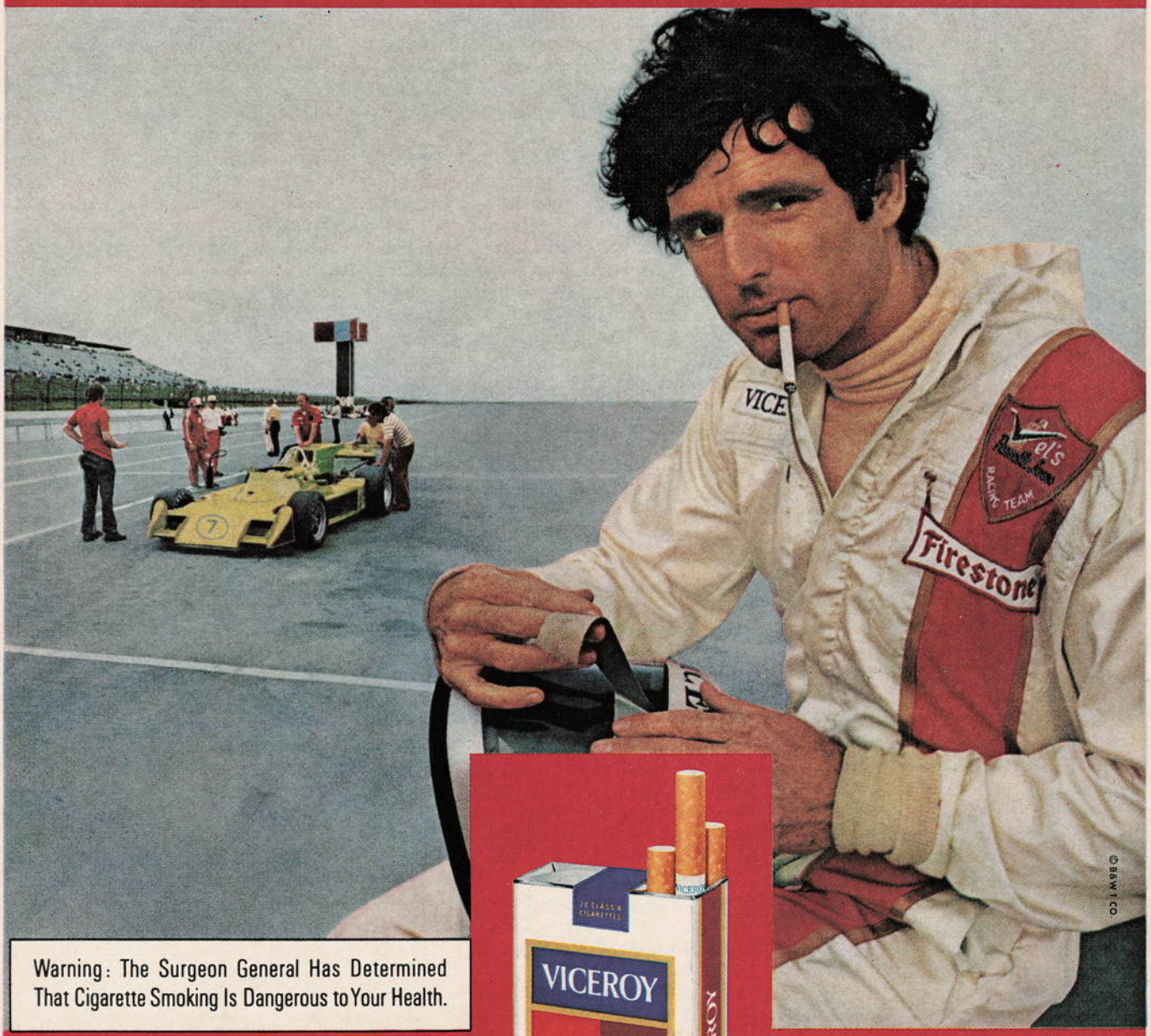
Just before coming she directed me to sit on the arm of the couch. She then faced me as she lowered herself slowly on to my head. Once situated she bounced wildly on my cock while forcing her tits into my mouth. We soon both came to a screaming orgasm after which we did a sixty-nine. We had sex every day after—each time Carol seducing me in a different way.—*Name withheld, East Lansing, Mich.*

Wild hare

My girl friend and I have enjoyed reading the letters from your readers for some time now. It is very pleasing to us that we see little in the readers' experiences that we have not already tried ourselves. It is also exciting to know that others have the same "unusual" preferences as we. We have a favorite activity that has not been directly addressed in any letters that we have seen. It involves the erotic pleasures we can get from my girl friend's hair in our love making.

When we first discovered this, Cindy's lovely chestnut hair was down to her waist. One night I was stretched out on my back on the bed with my legs apart. Cindy was kneeling between them going down on my cock. It is long and, she says, shapely—

"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."

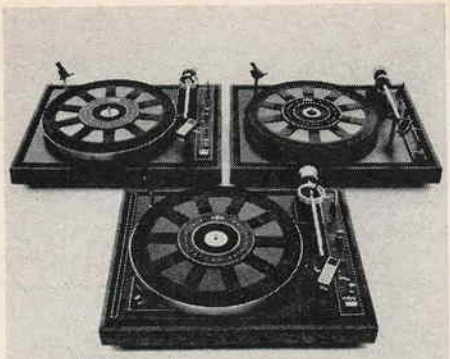


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.



"A dream come true."

In just 18 months, B·I·C Multiple Play Manual Turntables have become the sensation of the high-fidelity industry.

Today, they're fast becoming the best-selling turntables in America.

Recently, we received a letter from Peabody, Mass. which explains the B·I·C phenomenon better than we ourselves ever could.

"As an audio salesman (our correspondent writes) **I have the opportunity to compare very closely many different makes of equipment.**

Also, I have the opportunity to get a 'feel' for the attitude of the company towards its customers.

It is B·I·C's total excellence in both these areas that has prompted this letter of congratulations on a fine product and your ability to achieve such quality inexpensively, compared to other manufacturers.

Your turntable is like a dream come true; all the superior characteristics of a fine manual, but which, if the occasion arises, a party for instance, can also be used as an automatic. It is in my opinion and the opinion of most of my colleagues, the best all-around turntable available today."*

Need we say more?

*THIS LETTER IS IN OUR FILES. IN THE INTEREST OF PRIVACY THE WRITER'S NAME HAS BEEN OMITTED. TURNTABLES LEFT TO RIGHT — B·I·C 960, ABOUT $160 — B·I·C 980, ABOUT $200 — B·I·C 940, ABOUT $110. FOR LITERATURE, WRITE: BRITISH INDUSTRIES CO., WESTBURY, L.I. 11590 — A DIVISION OF AVNET INC. ©1975.

one of the best she has ever seen, she claims. She was doing her usual caressing, licking, and sucking the way I love her to. Suddenly inspired, she flipped her hair over her head and placed the top of her head on the bed between my legs with the back of her head pressed against my balls. She then spread her flowing tresses up over my chest. They reached all the way up to my neck. Then she took my fully erect cock and began to jerk me off.

I went absolutely crazy. Seeing how turned on I was, Cindy proceeded to tantalize me further by wrapping some of her hair around my cock, encasing it in a thick, furry cocoon. I became so excited that I lost my normally stoic control and shot one of my biggest loads of creamy white come all over Cindy's hair. Needless to say, she was just as excited as I was.

Since that time it has become a standard part of our lovemaking repertoire. She has worn her hair in different ways since then—from medium to very short as it is now—and it still turns us both on for her to eat me for a long time, rubbing my tool all about her face, and teasing me by burying it in various parts of her short hair. She does it until I can't stand it anymore, and I explode—giving her, as she calls it, a delightfully thorough cream rinse.

And I often hear her, as she goes about her housework, singing, "I'm gonna wash that man right outa' my hair."—*J.S.L., address withheld*

Grill girl

I have been inspired by your magazine for many years now, and I finally have something to relate to your Forum which I enjoy so very much.

I must admit, there have been times when I've really wondered if those things written about in the Forum actually happened. But after my experience, I no longer have doubts.

It was a hot summer day in July when my wife Babe and I went over to our very close friends' (Carol and Chris) home for a cook-out on their new grill.

We had known Carol and Chris for five years or more so we were very close friends—without any intimate relationships although we spoke freely of sex and feelings, etc. We had not done any swapping or group stuff although I'm sure at times we have all considered it since it had been jokingly suggested several times. I also felt a certain desire for Carol, but I'm not sure about how my wife Babe might have felt about Chris.

Carol and Babe were sittin' on the porch as I walked up the steps, and I couldn't help but notice the nice breast shot I got as I walked by Carol sitting on a lower step. Her light blouse was opened halfway down the center, and I couldn't help but treat myself to a look. Although she had a bra on, I still enjoyed the view, and it brought a surge of warm blood through my whole system.

Carol is twenty-five years old, about 5'6", and with small but premium breasts and the best lookin' ass east of the Mississippi. It's that ass of hers that really begs to be conquered.

Anyway we ate our charcoaled brats, and as Carol and I are marshmallow lovers, we adjourned to the back steps to roast some while Babe and Chris sat around in the living room.

Well, while roasting, I sat on the fourth step up, and Carol sat two below. We talked for awhile, and then I realized that she didn't have a bra on anymore. I had a fantastic shot of her breast as she would lean over to roast a 'mallow. I was in heaven. Her motto was "quality not quantity" whenever any of us would refer to her small tits—and quality is right—they were beautiful. Needless to say I would have eaten marshmallows all night if she would have stayed there. (I figured she must have noticed me eyeing her, then gone upstairs and taken her bra off, and then come down and sat below me to give me a good look. It must have been this way because just after we started talking about *Penthouse* Forum and the goofy ways people get their rocks off she got on to this marshmallow trick.)

I started talking about roasted marshmallows on tittys, and she started talking about eating a roasted marshmallow off a guy's long, hard dick. By then my pecker was almost busting out of my pants. And she knew what she was doing, too, because she kept on talking, and I kept on growing.

Man, I thought if my wife wasn't here I'd fuck her right on the back porch.

Well, perhaps it was planned. I'm still not sure because Carol and I were on that back porch for such a long time the sun was going down and Carol kept getting more sensuous about licking a marshmallow off a guy's prick, then looking at my bulge. Soon I noticed another button or two open on her blouse, and she was on me in a flash—just caressing at first then undoing my belt and opening my pants and fly. Before I positioned myself, she had me stripped and was putting a marshmallow on my pecker.

I was grabbing at her tits and tearing off her blouse and jeans—I could barely hold out. I was ready to blow my wad just knowing she had her hands on my prick, and then I had those tits of hers exposed and my fingers in her wet cunt.

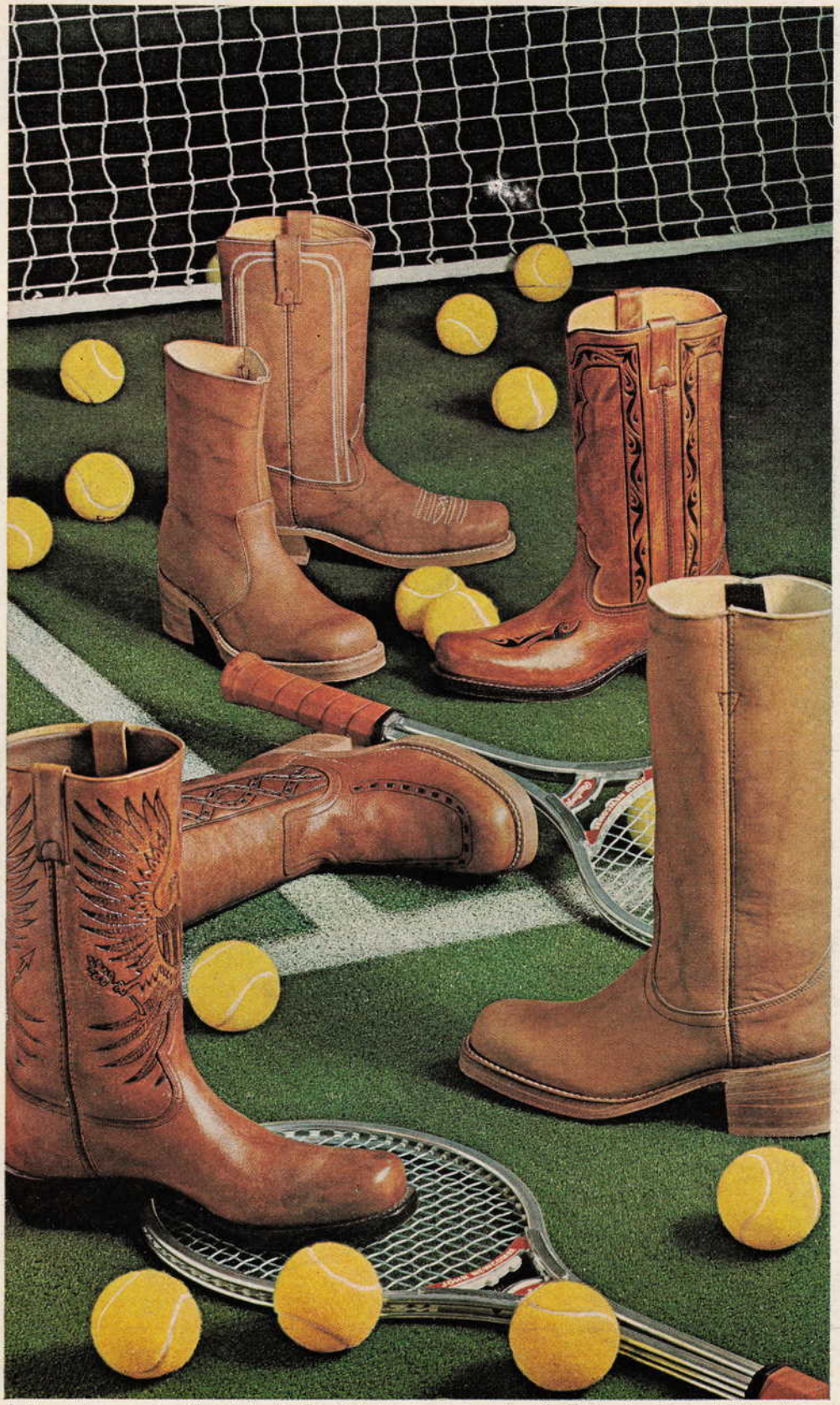
She went down on me and that marshmallow, and while she sucked it off, I filled it with cream of my own. My mind completely forgot about my wife—for all I know Chris was fucking her in the living room—I was in my own world.

We didn't get caught, but we've never done it again either. Maybe this summer when it's barbecuing time again.—*Name and address withheld*

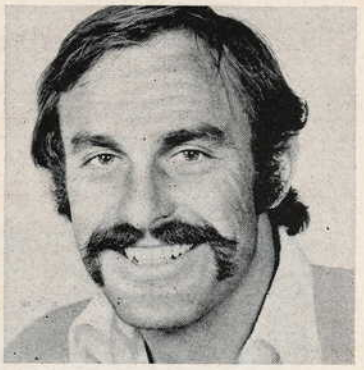
Panty play

Being at the tender age of fifty-six and of a deliciously dirty mind, I enjoy reading Forum in your fine magazine each issue.

Dingo. Because Man Does Not Live By Love Alone.



Six Dingos that come on strong. Clockwise from left: *"Constitution," our American Eagle boot. "East Fork," embossed leathers. "Allegheny," side zipper, tan cowhide. "Entertainer," corded stitched top. "Champion," hand stained Latigo. "Ox Bow," 14-inch stovepipe.*



John Newcombe, tennis champion

When the score is "love" you can bet Newk is on the winning side of the net.

He took Wimbledon by storm. Twice.

And bagged half a dozen Big Four Titles. Not to mention a World Cup Tennis crown.

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The best car for under

ROAD & TRACK

The Rabbit is something special in a small economy sedan and its price is quite attractive in the context of today's inflation.

Its space for passengers and luggage is remarkable for such a small and light car; so is its ride and quietness. It comes as a two or four-door sedan; either one has a hatchback and a folding rear seat for extra utility.

And something you don't necessarily expect from a little economy sedan—it is delightful to drive with peppy performance and first class handling.

The Volkswagen Rabbit is the one. We're pleased but not very surprised.

Making the best cars in the world for the money is what we've always stood for.

And in the Rabbit, what you get for the money, is a totally new car from the wheels up. With virtues that you can't get in other cars at any price.

First you get stunning performance and incredible economy in the same car. In 8.2 seconds, you whip from 0 to 50 miles per hour (a $21,000 Maserati doesn't do much better). You also whip right past gas stations because the Volkswagen Rabbit gets a snappy 39 mpg on the highway, 25 in the city.

(We must tell you that the Rabbit, with stick-shift, got this much mileage in 1976 EPA tests. The mileage you get can vary, depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and the condition of your car.)

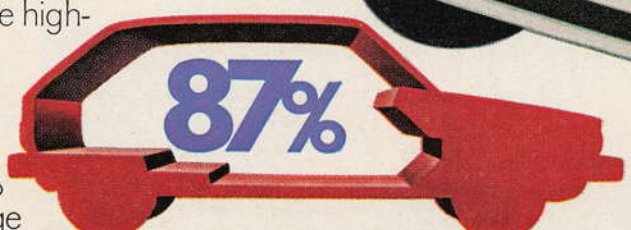
Don't waste your time looking elsewhere for this much economy with this much performance; no other car has it.

If you've been considering a Cadillac Fleetwood, you should know that the Rabbit (with the rear seat folded) has more trunk space.

If you've looked into a Lincoln Continental Mark IV, you should know that the Rabbit has more glass area.

If you've sized up "bigger" cars, you should know that the Rabbit has

Who are we to argue with Road & Track?



A huge 87% of the Rabbit is sheer space.

*Suggested 1976 retail price $3,499 East Coast P.O.E. (4-dr. model higher). Transportation,

in the world $3500.*

Road & Track Magazine, June 1975

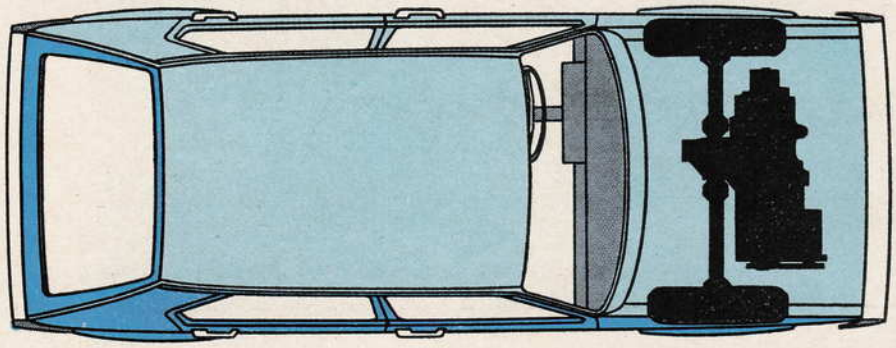
the head and leg room of some "mid-sized" cars.

A thermostatically controlled fan goes on only when the engine actually needs cooling. That means less power is used for cooling. No Detroit car offers that kind of efficiency.

If you're an automotive engineer, you'll appreciate the unique combination of dual diagonal brakes and negative steering roll radius.

If you aren't, you'll marvel at the precise way the Rabbit handles and stops. Standard on the Rabbit, not available on most other cars. If you buy the deluxe Rabbit, you get seat belts that literally put themselves on as you sit yourself down. Only we have it.

Rabbit goes straight as an arrow; engine weight is over the drive wheels.



We've been told that "safety doesn't sell cars." We're not impressed. We've kept safety uppermost in our minds since the Rabbit was a gleam in our eyes. The fact that the hood slopes down so dramatically in front is no accident; you can see an egg on the road 10 feet ahead of the car.

Nothing on the Rabbit is an accident: the way it goes, the way it handles, the way it stops, even the way it looks. Only a car designed from scratch could be so right for its time. The Rabbit was designed from scratch.

The Rabbit has been received with wide acclaim. It's the most successful foreign car introduction in history. There are already more than 100,000 Rabbits hopping around the United States.

Engine's off. Fan's still on. Why?

The Volkswagen Rabbit

One of the 10 best cars in the world.

Newspapers and magazines have been enthusiastic.

"A true world car."

"The others have a long way to go."

"It is almost sinfully enjoyable to drive."

And, of course, "The best car in the world for under $3500."

*local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional ©Volkswagen of America.

The time: your own.
The mood: lazy.
The drink: KAHLÚA & Milk.
One ounce of Kahlúa...
four ounces of milk...
over ice. You've got it.
One very adult milkshake.
Do send for the Kahlúa
recipe book. It's on us. Because
you deserve something nice.
Kahlua 53 Proof Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. Maidstone Importers. 116 No. Robertson Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

I have always been a panties-nut for as long as I can remember. And being one, I am usually inventing different ways to use said dainty garments in sexual acts, making those acts even more delightful and stimulating. Try the following, for I think you will find it extremely exciting.

My girl friend is Swedish, blond, not beautiful by any means, yet very attractive with a fine, full figure. She has always been amenable to anything I have thus far suggested and understands completely my fetish (if that's what it is).

I'd gone over to her apartment for one of her delicious Swedish dinners, (fiskadella, by the way, served with some Danish aquavit beforehand) and after I'd helped her with the dishes, we got ourselves ready for some hot loving. Getting ready is almost as good as the act itself, and we never fail to undress each other as lovingly and as slowly as possible.

I cover each square inch of her lush body with a whole batch of little, sucking-kisses that drive her right up the wall—and she reciprocates in full. Dress, slip, nylon hose, garter belt, and bra come off, and I then spend at least a half hour in kissing and sucking her small, dainty nipples up into their very fullest erection. While at the same time, I cup and massage her big, firm buttocks through the thin nylon of her Henson's loose-leg panties. Man! The sliding of that nylon over her warm flesh is the greatest feeling in the world, and she likes it even more when I dip a finger down into the deep crease between to rub her little, hot anus through the nylon.

Two weeks ago we were doing this when my eye lit on a low, three-legged stool she had in her bedroom, and it was then that I got my lovely idea.

Continuing with my undressing and kissing, I took everything off but her panties and then told her to get up onto this low stool. She did, wonderingly, but when I told her what I wanted to do, she laughed, said it was a wonderful idea, and accused me of having an *extra* dirty mind!

Making sure her panties were snugged well up under her now-dripping pussy, I asked her to reach down into the panties and spread those plump, furry lips. When she did this, I placed my hard-on directly between the loose, thin lace of the panty-legs so that the top of it was rubbing up directly against her stiffened clit in a most thrilling way.

It must have been the sheer novelty of this that made her cunt even wetter than it had ever been before, and soon I was hotly fucking the tightest, hottest, wettest tunnel I'd ever had my cock in. Man, was it good; and when she asked me, I reached up to pull and milk those tender, stiff nipples, adding to both our enjoyments! It wasn't long before I was filling those white nylon and lace panties with more semen than I have ever ejaculated in my life.

There are many other ways two people can use a pair of thin panties during sex, one of them being when she sucks him off through a pair he is wearing. Another, if the panties are thin enough, is when he can actually get his cock into her wet pussy while she is wearing them. Or to go down on a girl while she still has them on is one of the most thrilling things a man can do. There is something about the sensation of wet silk or nylon that adds immeasurably to the act, and I recommend it. *Selah.—F.W., address withheld*

Ping-pong ball

If some of the short peckered fellows out there are not reassured by the sex experts saying you have sufficient cock to satisfy your mate when you know you don't, try this system on your old lady, and perhaps you will find success as I have.

Thread a yard-long silk cord securely through each end of a couple of ping-pong balls. Hide the rig under your pillow, and the next time you do a sixty-nine with her, lovingly stuff the balls in her snatch, leaving the cord hang outside so the balls can later be easily removed. When you begin fucking, take it easy for a while until you know she is ready, then give her your best shot.

Once she is over the surprise of having a full cunt for a change, both of you will enjoy a great fuck. If you go for seconds, just leave the balls inside until she is ready to clean up.

This simple rig has saved my relationship with my wife who is twenty-five years my junior. She had been married to a young stud with a nine-inch prong and before her baby was born enjoyed multiple orgasms. But after giving birth, her lousy husband was such a bastard she turned off to him and was divorced. She went several years without enjoying sex until I met her. And despite me having only six and one-half inches, we now enjoy our love-making to the fullest.—*Name and address withheld*

Bottoms up

I must take issue with your self-proclaimed "normal readers," especially those who see deep-seated depravity in the harmless sex games some of us like to play. I admit to a bit of amusement at the expense of those who casually (but proudly) mention a ten-inch cock—most cocks are ten inches when measured from the base, which is somewhere inside one's body (ask any doctor). But the folks who enjoy wrestling, enemas, bondage, spanking, etc. are simply indulging in extra and unusual stimulation of their skin, muscles, minds, and so on, just as the "normal" folk change position from time to time in order to change their method of stimulation.

I was "normal" until one night about five or six years ago. I was close and loving with two young ladies whom I will call Barbara and Laura. Worrying about jealousy, I tried to keep them a secret from each other, but that kind of secret cannot last. When they met, they decided to "get" me, and the way they went about it was to be a

CITY BOY. Paul spotted him first, just a bouncin' along, an' a grinnin' away like he know'd somethin' everybody else didn't. When he finally got to where we were a settin', Paul winked at me an' ask him real straight-faced, "You lost, city boy?"

"Not necessarily," he smiled.

Bobby ask him what it was that he was ridin', an' city boy said it was a Kawasaki. "A whut?" Bobby said. "A Kawasaki, KE175," city boy told him, real proud. Said it had some kinda new-fangled engine, an' a five-speed transmission, an' all kinds'a other fancy stuff. Said he could ride it just about anywhere he pleased, too...on the road or off—didn't make no difference. Bobby said, "I'll take my palomino any day, he don't get lost." "That's right," Paul said, "horses got brains. Know where they're goin', even if you don't."

City boy just grinned an' said, "Which way's town?"

Well, right away Paul starts ta' pointin' up the road, toward the bunkhouse. An' no sooner'n he had his finger stuck out, an' Bobby was a pointin' up t'other way.

City boy just eyed 'em both for a minute, an' then, with that same grin on his face, he started up his motor-sickle. First kick. Then he pulled out a map an' handed it over ta' Bobby an' said straight-out, "Stick it where your brains are, cowboy...and maybe you'll end up smart as your horse," An' off he rode.

Thought Paul and Bobby's faces were gonna turn redder'n their necks. Good thing that machine didn't stall.

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Good times include riding safely. We recommend wearing a helmet and eye protection, keeping lights on and checking local laws before you ride. See Yellow Pages for nearest Kawasaki dealer. Member Motorcycle Industry Council.

funny joke. It was fun, though not as any of us would have expected (they were "normal," too, at the time). I solemnly promise you that it really did happen just as I am telling it to you.

The girls insisted I take them to a movie together. As we walked into the theater, the two took my arms around their waists, and my original fear began to vanish. It shouldn't have. As we sat down, they pinned my arms against their chairs, leaning their full weights on me. One then proceeded to unbutton my shirt while the other unbuckled and unzipped my pants. By tickling me, Laura made me squirm, giving Barbara the chance to slide my pants down a little. Four hands vigorously and sensuously ran over my bare skin from my thighs to my chest but studiously avoided my penis which was bobbing in the air, half hard. Of course I would have had a full erection if this had not been happening in a totally public place! Barbara was nibbling at my neck while Laura was whispering to me, teasingly suggesting that I should be well spanked for keeping such secrets. I sat stoically for a while, but Laura started tickling me again, and I was terrified that someone would discover us. I begged hard to be allowed to dress, promising that when we went back to my place after the film I would strip for them and let them do what they would with me. After a bit more teasing, they eagerly agreed.

I didn't really intend to keep my promise, and later at the apartment made some excuse about Laura doing something that invalidated the agreement. The girls didn't hesitate. They pushed me into the bedroom and onto the bed. They held me down and stripped off my clothes, tossing everything out of reach and pinching bare skin as they exposed it. Oh, I struggled and managed to pull Laura's panties out from under her skirt, but now, in a private place, I let myself enjoy the situation more fully. They began their caresses again, more passionately than before, and I returned them, squeezing Laura's naked cunt and bottom when I could, kissing Barbara with deep tongue-strokes. My cock was also getting its share of squeezes and kisses.

After a while Barbara withdrew (at the time I barely noticed), and I devoted all my attentions to Laura. We hugged and kissed and rolled about the bed. She resisted my efforts to undress her, but giggling, rolled me on top of her. She told me that I had been very bad in keeping secrets and not keeping promises and that now I would have to pay. I heard more giggles behind me and realized that Laura had rolled us over the pillow so that her pelvis was pushing my bare buttocks into a prominently upraised position. Barbara began spanking me. My arms were pinned under Laura, and I could do nothing to fend off the stinging slaps. The girls were having great fun, and occasionally Laura reached back to add the palm of her hand to the rhythm being played on my behind. My bottom was surely turning red, but since I could do nothing else, I started kissing Laura again. Barbara kept spanking. She'd given me about thirty spanks altogether when she stopped. I kept kissing—I had the biggest hard-on of my life. Laura slipped her hands between us to guide my throbbing penis (ten inches, from the base!) into her wet pussy—and I gasped as Barbara pressed a handful of ice onto my burning bottom. Laura held some to my reddened asscheeks and pulled them apart. Barbara rubbed more ice along the crack, across my perineum, and even on my balls! The shock of cold seemed to pass in waves to the tip of my penis, working in and out of Laura's hot cunt, and then back to my buttocks, centering on my anus (I think Barbara was trying to push a piece of ice into it). When the orgasm came, I nearly went out of my mind with ecstasy.

I enjoyed spanking their naked bottoms, and they enjoyed spanking me several times after that. We didn't hurt each other—we only played together. But soon after, I had to move to another job in another town. I don't want to get involved with sex-newspaper ads because I'm afraid of finding a real weirdo who's into spanking for the pain of it, and the girl I'm living with doesn't want to play games although she knows of my experience. I don't force it on her, but I sure would like to meet someone who isn't so uptight that she can't find fun in playing sex games occasionally.—*Name and address withheld*

This for that

I have finally gotten up the courage to reveal an unusual sexual ability I have. I hope all my fellow *Penthouse* readers will find it interesting.

I have for some time now been aware that I have an unusually large anus.

Well, here is how I use my gift to its max. Completely naked I squat down over my lady's chest while I'm also spreading my cheeks apart. She then opens up my anus gently with her fingers. This alone gets me quite excited. Then I lower myself down so that her nipple and part of her tit is actually in my ass. This gives me the most enormous hard-on possible. As you can imagine she also gets quite hot. Then, by my flexing certain muscles as if to draw her tit in farther, she hits dyke-busting orgasms. By now I'm ready to burst. A few long strokes from her skillful hands, and I'm in Valhalla.—*S.H., Villanova, Pa.*

Complex apartment

For the past year, I've been living in a large apartment complex that caters to young working people, including a number of young mothers with attractive teenage daughters. On weekends and holidays, the daughters flit around all over the complex in the most abbreviated outfits imaginable and can always be found in the pool, canteen, game room, or laundry room. Some of the young girls are stunning beauties. And with their firm, springy, upright braless breasts, and trim, fat-free

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Donna Young
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GEORGE WASHINGTON

WAS THE ONLY PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES **INAUGURATED IN 2 DIFFERENT CITIES**- *HIS FIRST INAUGURATION TOOK PLACE IN NEW YORK IN APRIL, 1789, AND HIS SECOND IN PHILADELPHIA IN MARCH, 1793*

MARTIN VAN BUREN 1824-1828

WAS THE ***FIRST AMERICAN PRESIDENT!***

HE WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT BORN AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. THE FIRST 7 PRESIDENTS WERE BRITISH SUBJECTS AND BORN BEFORE THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

bodies with good muscle-tone, they generate a lot of conversation among men living in the apartments. Since the girls are not unduly silly or noisy, they are definitely interesting assets to the community.

Now these girls are not children by any means. They are very much aware and knowledgeable, and they know it. Not only that, but their mothers know it, as do many of the men who live in the complex. These young nymphets have blown every mind in the complex at one time or another, and some guys have become totally mesmerized, or even paralyzed, at times. One chick in particular, who disdains *all* underclothing, keeps the guys' minds constantly confused and boggled. And I've found myself wandering around in a daze more than once.

I'm not advocating the elimination of the laws that protect men against such tantalizing temptations, but I do think the time has come to permit the full, uninterrupted viewing of these tender young bodies—sans all clothing. There's absolutely no reason why such beautiful human bodies should be covered and concealed, and there's absolutely no reason why any man who views such beauty should be considered a "pervert."—*Name and address withheld*

Park amusement

During my past two years at college, I've been working at a local amusement park which primarily hires teenagers. Don't get me wrong, I'm a fairly good-looking cheerleader on campus, and I love experienced girls my age, but I've always found something special about making it with a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old budding, young nymphet!

I first met Julie in the park cafeteria when our eyes came across each other during a lunch break. She was new and worked in the foods department, and I worked in the rides department so we only saw each other after work which was around one in the morning. Being only sixteen, Julie always had to be home right after work, which only gave us a few brief moments of youthful petting. It usually ended up with me going home to soothe my sore balls with wonderful thoughts about the untouched delight between her tender thighs (using a right arm which was getting stronger every day with all the extra exercise it was being called upon to do).

Just like you see in the movies, it finally happened one night. We had parked in our usual spot around the corner from her house and were in the back seat doing a little bit of heavy breathing. Julie then surprised me by asking about my technique as she had had it described to her in full detail by one of my former girl friends. She then, to my astonishment, instructed me to do the exact same to her as I had to Kathy. Was this a dream come true, could I remain cool and not come in my pants before actually touching my lips to her craving young cunt? I gladly accepted the chal-

Red light service

About two years ago, while employed by an emergency medical service, my fellow employees and I devised a plan by which we could continue to enjoy one of our favorite pastimes—sex—in any shape or form, almost.

To make a long story short, wherever there are hospitals, there are nurses, technicians, and so on. Since our station was located on the same square as the base hospital, we had ample opportunity to arrange numerous activities. Our system was virtually foolproof and very safe.

Our service used modular-type vehicles which afforded ample room for work and play as well. When the evening of our 24-hour shift came and one of us had a sure thing lined up, we would simply tie a brown paper bag to the rear door handle of the ambulance, thereby signaling to the others that this particular vehicle was in use and temporarily out of service. The other squad usually knew ahead of time if one ambulance was in use, but they would always check the door first for the bag. Unless one has experienced this activity for oneself, there is no way to comprehend the excitement generated when balling in the back of the "Chariot of Life." Imagine a sweet young thing, completely nude, fucking wildly in the back of an ambulance with one or two horny bastards. For some reason, working a 24-hour shift does strange things to a person. One girl I had the opportunity to enjoy swore she experienced the greatest orgasm of her life when she came just as the other squad was pulling out of the bay with twelve red lights a-flashin'. Another young R.N. (to whom I am now married) and I hardly missed a night of wonderful bliss in the back of good old #111 or in the station's TV room or in the office. For all you faithful Americans who believe wholeheartedly in the paramedics you may see on Saturday-night television, do not think for one minute we were not prepared for a run. And besides, if you are right enough to be reading *Penthouse*, then you are with-it enough to appreciate the fact that we who served so well in the line of duty were resourceful enough to make do with whatever we might have had on hand.

It was great for many of us and I shall always look back upon the times as some of the greatest in my life. To the men at my old station I say continue to improvise as you will. In other words keep up the good work, keep your pants down, and the brown paper bag flying. Who knows, maybe the brown paper bag will someday be considered one of America's greatest institutions.—*Name and address withheld*

Share . . .

My wife and I have been married for a little over a year now. Renée is twenty years old, has long black hair, and measures 36-24-35. We used to act out our fantasies in bed. Especially if Renée was drunk, she would ask for bigger and bigger dicks. But when she was sober, she was just the opposite. It took a lot of convincing before she could realize that I would really like to see her fuck another guy. Since we didn't want to get involved with any of our friends, we worked out another plan.

We acted like we were going out of town but instead went to a motel on the other side of town. That night we went to a club, and I just left her alone. Within an hour or so, I could see she was doing okay. She was a little drunk and was sitting next to a guy rubbing her hand across his dick. I walked over and asked her if she wanted to go with me. This almost pissed the other guy off, but according to plan she told him she had enough pussy for both of us. She then told both of us to wait there for her while she went to find one more dick.

She came back about fifteen minutes later with another man. I drove her car and the other two guys followed us back to the motel room in their own cars. As far as they were concerned, I was just another guy because we didn't think it would be good to tell them I was her husband.

The first guy she had found was Carl. He was tall and slim and had a nine-and-one-half-inch dick. But the other guy, Phil, was about average in every respect including a six-inch dick. We all stripped off our clothes, and Renée went around to everybody giving a quick blow job. Then she wanted Carl to fuck her doggie style while she gave head to Phil. I just stood around rubbing her tits and belly. Carl really fucked the shit out of her, and I could tell by the way she was fucking back (remember, she was my wife) that she really dug his big dick (you see, my dick is only five and one-half inches long). Then she turned around and started licking Phil's meat like she was in love with it. After everybody got off that way, she wanted to make a "screw sandwich." This surprised me since she had never liked anal sex. I guess she was just really turned on.

Phil entered her ass from behind and rolled over on his back. Then I spread her legs further apart and entered her cunt. I could feel Phil's dick inside her separated from mine by that thin membrane. I knew she was full of dick.

Then she asked Carl to come squat over her face so she could suck him off. After much thrusting and humping, she came and so did everybody else. But she wouldn't let go of Carl's prick. She drank down all of his come—something she had never done for me. (And from the difficulty she had getting it down, it must have been quite a load.) But it didn't bother me because I could see how much pleasure she was getting from his big dick.

She then told us we could each have one more fuck in the standard position. Naturally Carl and Phil went first so I would be the only one left when they were gone.

It ended up being the best fuck of our lives so we decided to do the whole thing over again (but with different guys!) every month.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . and share alike

Many people say that a person's first sexual experience is the best. I tend to agree with that and thought that the readers of Forum would be interested in reading about my "first time." I was in my early teens and had been dating this one girl about a month. I'll call her Jane since I would prefer not to use her real name. She had a sister who was two years older than she was. I'll call her Sue. Sue was a senior in high school. One day Jane and I were in Jane's living room watching television. No one else was home at the time so Jane and I began making out on the couch. This was nothing unusual. We often kissed openly even in the presence of her family. We never did go any further. While we were making out, Sue came home. We more or less acknowledged her presence and continued with our current business. After a short while, we noticed Sue watching us, and she was rubbing her crotch with her right hand.

Jane acted a little alarmed, and I didn't know what to do. Sue must have noticed we were uncomfortable. She asked us if we had ever fucked. We both answered honestly and said no. Sue asked if either of us had ever been fucked. Again we both answered no. With this she began describing what fucking was like for both the boy and the girl. She also continued rubbing her cunt. After a short time, Sue said she wanted us both to experience what fucking was like and that she wanted us to do it right then while she watched.

Well, I was all ready after her description, but Jane wasn't so willing. She finally agreed after some tender coaxing from me and some encouragement from Sue. We went to the bedroom and undressed. Sue stayed dressed and sat quietly in the corner. I was scared to death and nervous as hell, but I managed to remember what I had read and started fingering her cunt while gently sucking on her tits. This went on for a while, and I thought my cock was going to burst from excitement. Jane took forever to take my cock and masturbate me. But when she finally did take hold of it, she masturbated me better than I could ever do myself.

Sue must have gotten tired of us masturbating each other. She told us to get busy fucking. Jane was so wet by this time that I had no trouble getting my cock into her cunt. I came almost as soon as my cock started pumping. We rested for a few minutes, and then Sue undressed and said she wanted to try me. Well my cock wasn't ready to get hard again so Sue began sucking on it while it was still soft to get it hard. That was the first blow job I had ever had. After a while Jane joined in again, and we continued in a sex trio for almost three hours.

This lasted for only a short time following that first session. Jane and I had sex regularly, but Sue never joined us. I moved to another city and missed out on sex for a long time.—*Name and address withheld*

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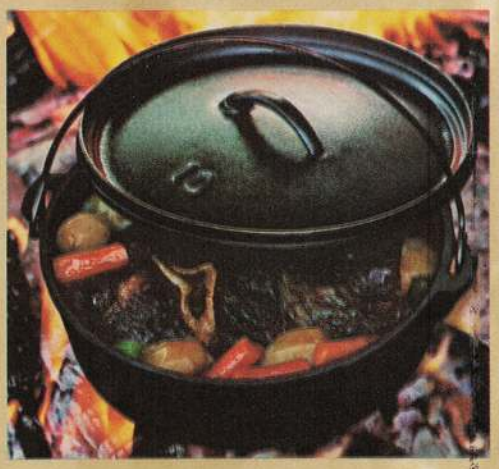

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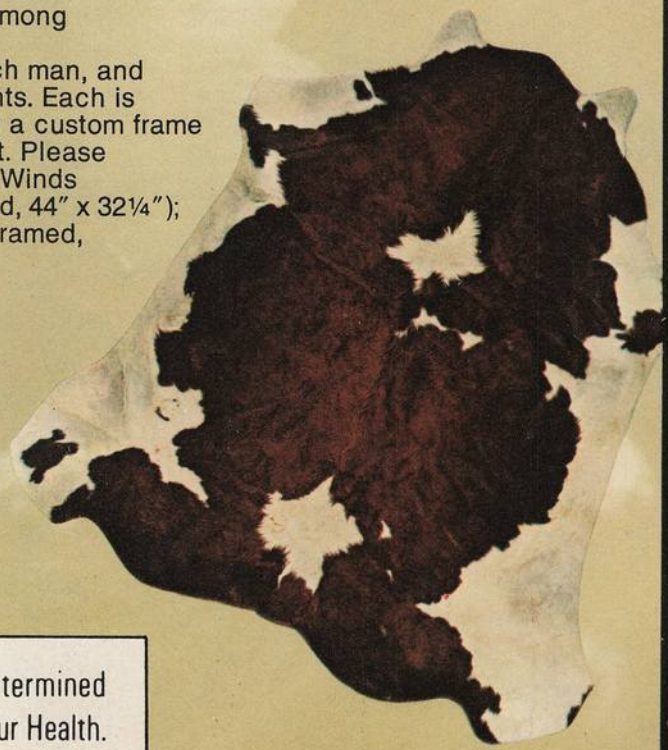

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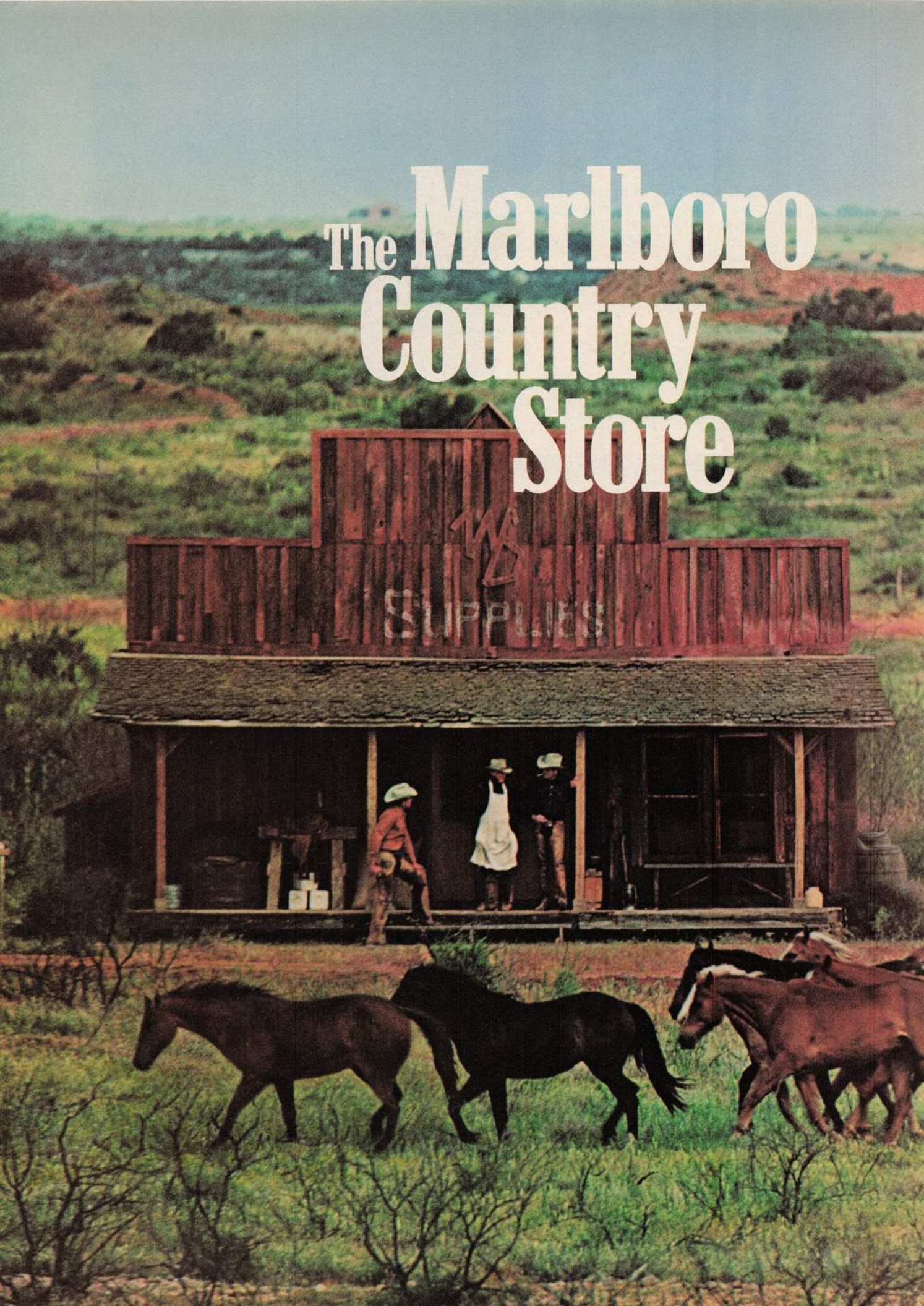
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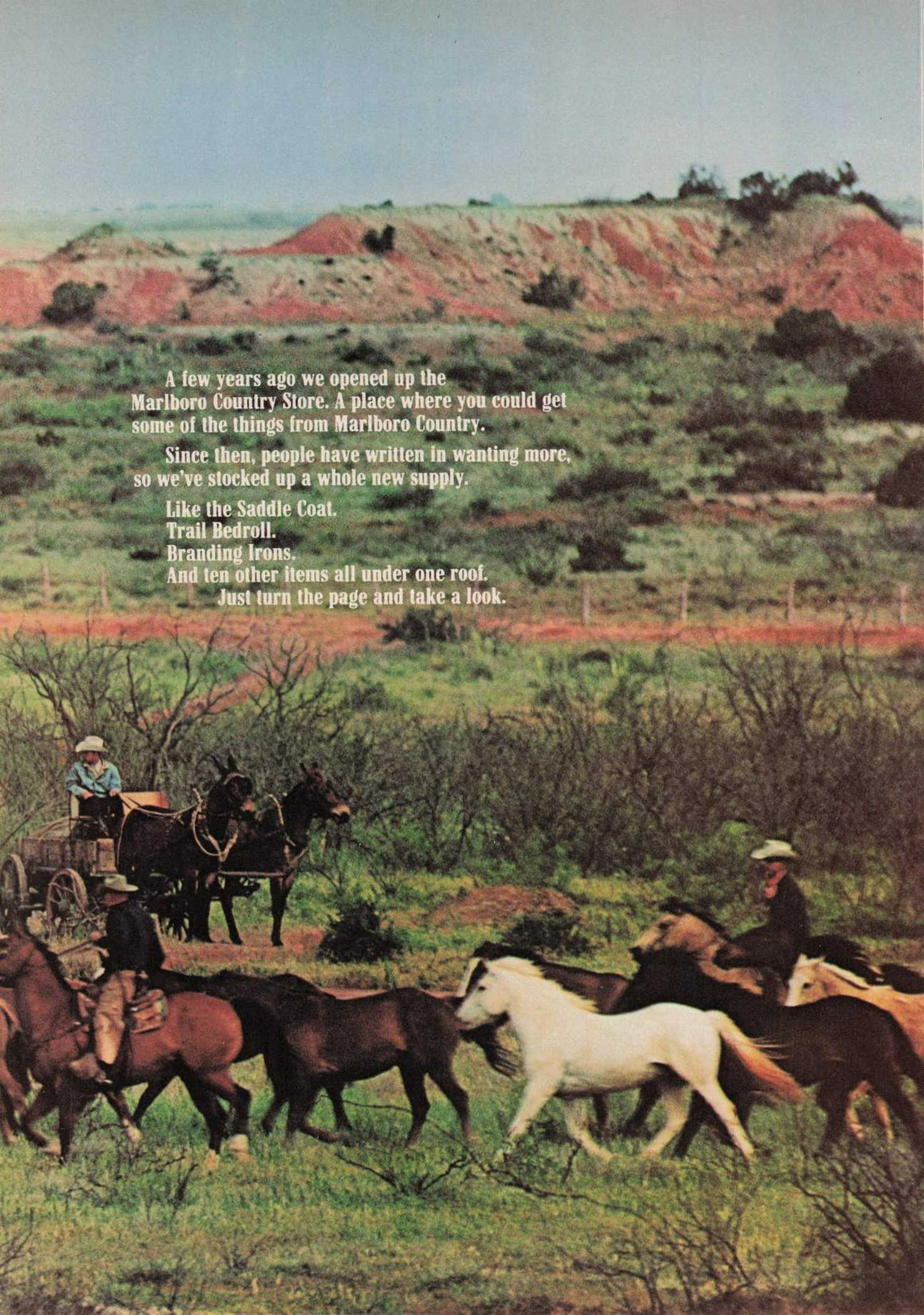

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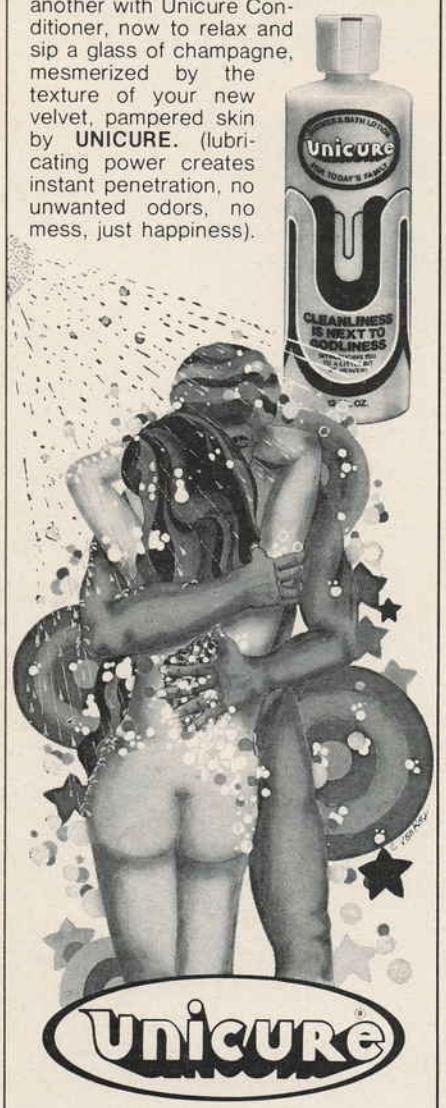

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lenge by kissing her neck and then began to unbutton her blouse. We were both pretty excited about what was about to happen.

She eagerly let me undo her bra, and I couldn't believe the budding beauties that softly fell from the loosened cups. I started stroking those sensuous, youthful, firm tits and couldn't resist any longer—I began sucking the unbelievably erect nipples on her warm, white breasts. While doing this I began to rub her long legs all the way up to the crotch of her short-shorts. There's no better feeling in the world than being with a young woman breathing heavily, awaiting her moment of fulfillment.

I slipped my hand into her pants and caressed her soft belly. She then impatiently undid her pants and took them off—exposing a pair of lacy, white, bikini underwear which she said were her favorites (which led me to believe that many hours before when she was putting them on she was anxiously awaiting her fate that evening). I could feel the heat radiating from her moist snatch as I slipped her panties down to her knees and then all the way off. There before my eyes was the most beautiful sight in the world: beneath a little sprout of light brown pubic hair was a glistening virgin cunt which quickly filled my car with the sweet smelling odor of blossoming womanhood. I very nearly came as I touched her petite pussy lips with my finger and decided she should know the ultimate pleasure at the beginning of her life-long pursuit of sexual gratification. I positioned myself between her legs in order to kiss those wonderful lips of hers. As I went down on her, I caught a glimpse of her youthful eyes staring in amazement at what was happening to her. I must have been doing something right because when I eased my tongue between her shining lips, it entered a wide open cavern which was flowing with the sweet juices of love. I brought her to her first orgasm in a matter of minutes as I could feel her strong leg muscles tighten around my head and then go limp with a sigh of contentment and relief from up above.

I decided she had had enough for her first real sexual encounter so we stopped there. Our relationship continued giving me some of the most memorable lovemaking sessions I've ever had, until it ended when I left for college in September. This has happened with two other girls over the past two years. They say the third time is the charm so I'm really quite excited about going back to that same old amusement park this summer.—*M.P., address withheld*

Beaux arts

I am really puzzled by descriptions of cocks and cunts as "beautiful." I think they are the most unattractive parts of the male and female bodies.

I have movies of a large assortment of cocks, and I have movies that I have taken of myself masturbating, fucking, and just showing off my cock from various angles. Erotic?—yes, as far as my own cock is concerned. But beautiful? Never.

My own rod is uncircumcized and measures a respectable seven and one-quarter inches. Compared to most others I have seen, I feel it is less *un*attractive—and not just because it is mine. But that's as far as I would go. Women have called my cock "beautiful" and "gorgeous," but I've always taken that to mean that it promises to give her a good fuck, and nothing more.

The first time I saw a cunt from the rear, with the woman bending over, was the first time I engaged in a mutual ass-beating session. I was so appalled by the fatty folds and the untidy beard that I was almost turned off.

I know that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and people will vehemently insist that the primary sex organs are beautiful. I admit the fault may be in me. I would be most interested in hearing a rationale from other readers who feel differently.

Now, tits, to me, are something different. Not all tits, of course, and certainly not the huge, overgrown appendages that some men (and women) admire so much. (My secretary has an enormous pair of boobs, and at nearly every chance, she makes oblique references to them, apparently to solicit my admiration. But if she ever offered to show them, I'd plead with her not to.)

I would be most interested in seeing pictures of cunts that *Penthouse* regards as beautiful. I would also be interested in seeing some comparative pictures of cocks, but of course we are not quite that liberated. (*Screw* once printed pictures of a number of cocks of various sizes and shapes. I was turned off by all of them.)—*E.H., Princeton, N.J.*

About the size of it

Tits! Tits! Tits! I would like to express my views on the big tit–little tit controversy. Being a male, I couldn't care less how much flesh a woman had hanging below her shoulders. A woman is much, much more than a pair of boobs, tits, milk jugs, or whatever you want to call them. I could love a woman with pimples for tits just as much as I could love a woman who had huge melons.

Tits can't talk to you. Tits can't share in your feelings, dreams, and aspirations. Tits won't stick by you in your ups and downs (no pun intended). Only a woman can do that—a whole, loving warm, intelligent woman.

Tits are beautiful, soft, and appealing to the mouth and hands. Sure, they stimulate you as they bobble up and down in braless halter tops. Protruding nipples spike your groin with dreamy pleasure. Tits feel warm and tender flattened against your chest. Yes, tits are all these things and more. However, they're all this *only* if the woman behind them is warm, appealing (mentally), loving, kind, and gentle. Tits without such women behind them are like cocks without balls. No matter how big the tits are, no matter how small the tits are—the

woman behind them determines their ultimate appeal.

I could go on and on, but I hope I've made my point. Ladies, if your husband or boyfriend is putting you down for your tit size, then you are much, much too good for him.—*D.A.S., Hollywood, Fla.*

Against his will

Patrick Owens's review of *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape* (February 1976) seemed very perceptive but failed to point out a couple of misconceptions that Ms. Brownmiller has—misconceptions apparently shared by many women. First, while it may be true that women fear penises, it is also true that men fear vaginas. Specifically, men fear the entire process of birth since it is so foreign and utterly unknown to them, so outside men's experience. These "primal" fears may be overcome, but I would argue that the male's primal fear of birth is still greater than the female's fear of penises.

The other misconception is more widespread—the lie that a woman cannot rape a man. It is true that the Webster definition of rape (and the Penal Code definition) is that of an act performed by a man on a woman. But a more realistic definition is perhaps the forcible use of a person's body for sexual purposes by another person. One does speak, after all, of the rapes that occur in men's prisons, so women do not have the monopoly on being the victims of rape. Nor do men have a monopoly on being the perpetrators of rape. While I attended college several years ago, I was *raped* by two women. The following description of my experience is not given to titillate anyone (though I have no doubt that some people will rush off to vacuum cleaners, tattered stuffed animals, or the local sheep immediately), rather it is to tell what really happened and so convince the sceptics.

I was kidding around one afternoon with a couple of girls I knew. They had left me in their room in the dorm to check on their mail, and when they got back from the front desk, I met them in the hall, claiming I'd locked myself out of their room. Their keys were in the room, and the joke was in that they had lost one of their keys the previous week and had a large hassle about it. So they didn't want to have to admit to the front desk folks that they were locked out again. I probably didn't keep a straight face so they suspected the joke; in any case, their response was totally unexpected by me. "If he's really locked us out, let's strip him out here in the hall!" One grabbed my arms while the other started unbuckling my belt. I didn't really believe they would do it, but when my pants started to fall and fingers began scrabbling at the waistband of my shorts, I lunged for their door (which was actually unlocked the whole time) and stumbled into the room, pants around my ankles.

The girls didn't quit. "Let's rape him!" one called, and I was pushed onto the bed on my back. My legs were pulled up and lifted over my head, my back bent painfully. My arms were pinned under someone's knees, and my pants tossed aside along with my shoes. My knees were pressed against my chest and spread wide. The entire weight of one rapidly undressing girl kept my legs pinned back while the other girl stood on my hands and dropped her jeans. A rather unappetizing pussy was shoved in my face, and a small, cold pair of hands grabbed my genitals and started kneading them.

"He's not licking me," the girl on my face complained.

"We'll spank him if he doesn't," her friend replied and my up-turned, widespread ass stung mightily under the rain of slaps from the two girls. When a twist of the wrist threatened my helpless testicles, I started licking and sucking fast, but the spanking continued. They must have enjoyed the sight of a white ass rapidly turning red. One enjoyed it so much that she directed her slaps at my exposed asshole, finally sticking her finger up my ass and reaming me with some difficulty. She shoved my cock up her cunt and jumped up and down on me, trying to move her finger in the same rythmn.

Yes, I had an erection. That does not mean, inspite of what misinformed women think, that I was enjoying myself. Every man living has, at least once, awakened with a "piss hard-on." Such a man has an erection, but no desire. Frankly, I don't

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know why I had a hard-on. I did not have an orgasm, nor did I have a good time. When their pleasure was achieved, they let me go. They were somewhat dazed by what had occurred and were alternatively apologetic and threatening. I had no desire to report *or repeat* the humiliating incident.

Some may object that the events described herein are physically impossible except for a contortionist and three midgets. If I have described such an impossibility, it is because I did not have the whole picture of what was going on, and I describe only what it was like, seemed like, or felt like from where I was (underneath). I assure everyone that my imagination is not so fertile as it would have to be to dream this up.

Mr. Owens was 100 percent correct when he implied that the trouble with rape is that it is "a vicious, unspeakable assault by one person on another." Ms. Brownmiller is wrong when she claims that a woman "could not retaliate (against rape) in kind." Fortunately for me, I was a healthy, practicing heterosexual prior to my rape. Nonetheless, I can no longer stand the thought of performing cunnilingus on any woman since that time.

Now that I've given you the benefit of my experience, I'd just as soon forget it, so please withhold my name from publication if you decide to publish this letter.—*Name withheld, San Diego, Calif.*

Female forum . . .

In a previous issue of *Penthouse*, a male student at an eastern university related a story of being abducted by a number of co-eds who, after performing multiple fellatio on him, tied him up and left him to be found by a passing student. Perhaps I can shed some light on this incident.

As a senior sorority sister, I am familiar with a little-known tradition that has existed among certain sororities. It involves first the abduction of a male student by a group of eager pledges (usually four). The unknowing victim is blindfolded and taken to a room where the girls repeatedly fellate him according to the following rules: each girl is permitted thirty seconds to orally perform on his organ. Manual manipulation is prohibited. This continues sequentially, with each girl taking her turn until an ejaculation occurs. The girl sucking at the time of ejaculation is automatically taken into the sorority provided, of course, that she swallows the whole wad. This succulent finale is typically acknowledged by a round of applause by the sorority sisters. If any girl exceeds her thirty-second time limit, she loses her turn in the following round. If ejaculation occurs while the participants are changing hands, or mouths, the last girl to have sucked is credited. The losers in this competition are required, much to their chagrin, to partake in some of the campier practices, such as parading around campus in costumes, as their initiation rites.

After this ritual, the suckee is bound and left where he is sure to be discovered. As far as I know, this ritual is peculiar to the eastern seaboard and has been practiced here for at least four years. Judging from the enthusiasm of the current crop of pledges, it should be perpetuated at least another four more years.—*H.H., address withheld*

. . . straightening the record

After reading the letter from J.F. in your December issue, I thought I'd better set the record straight for the rest of us "little people." Some of the well-hung guys reading her letter might think she speaks for all small girls—and a lot of small ladies in this world will be cheated out of some real satisfaction. Since I'm only four feet, eleven inches, I think I can qualify as a mini-girl. Statistically, I'm ninety-four pounds, and I measure 32C-18-30.

Ms. J.F. states that "there ain't no place you're gonna accommodate a foot or more of cock in a small lady." Ha! I'm twenty-three years old and have been married for two years to a guy who measures eleven and one-half inches and is six inches around. The first time I saw him he was soft and hung about halfway to his knees. Scared me to death.

At first I was apprehensive, but he was gentle and loving and knew how to handle what he's got. He has never hurt me, and I've never had any problems satisfying him. Maybe if Ms. J.F. and her friend David paid attention to what they are doing, and were a little less concerned with "size," they too could be satisfied.—*Y.G., Temple City, Calif.*

. . . right up front

The letter from A.N. about her 46-DD bust sounded great, and many of your female readers were probably quite envious. But they shouldn't be too hasty. I, too, began to blossom out at an early age—wearing a 34-DD in the sixth grade. At that age the other girls weren't jealous, just amazed and bewildered since most of them were just starting to wear AA-cup training bras. Most of my trauma came from home and my two sisters. They were older sisters (then sixteen and eighteen) and both were extremely small-breasted. It was hard for them to accept the fact that their twelve year old sister's bras were too large for them. While I wore a DD-cup, they had to stuff socks in their bras to fill out a 36-B. I cannot remember ever wearing a small-cupped bra. It seemed that I developed overnight into a C-cup. Even my mother was embarrassed and so would bind my chest tightly with material whenever we would go out together, or when company was coming over, in an attempt to hide my large bosom. My mother would not take me shopping for clothes because she said it was sinful for a twelve-year-old girl to have to buy her clothes in the women's department! In high school I had the usual problems with classmates (both boys and girls), but they were overcome. My family hasn't been as easy. I'm now twenty years old, and although I'm only five feet three inches, I measure 40DD-20-35. My sisters never grew "respectable" busts, and the oldest still wears pads in her bras. For this reason we have never been close. However, I have developed a different outlook since I'm older. I'm single, and they're both married, and I love to flaunt my 40-DD in front of them and their husbands because I know it infuriates them. I go to family outings in sexy, low-cut outfits, and braless—

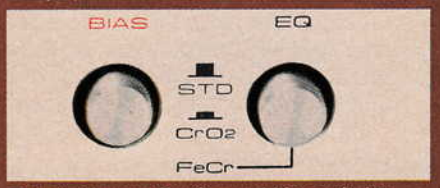
Pioneer's new 9191...the best cassette deck under $450† that money can buy.

Here is a magnificent cassette deck with specifications that are beyond what our industry had been aware were possible; specs that surpass anything that a deck of this price, performance and quality has ever been able to come up to before. Unbelievably low wow and flutter; solenoid controls that operate at a touch with almost magical precision, and a unique, truly-visible horizontal front loading system by which the cassette is effortlessly set into place with two fingers, are only a few highlights.

Pioneer's new 9191 incorporates a cascade of features and innovations: automatic CrO_2 tape detector and indicator light; an illuminated panel scale that lets you see at a glance the amount of tape remaining on a cassette; and an advanced memory rewind circuit that permits quick and easy location of (and automatic re-start from) any point on a cassette tape. It also has two independent drive motors, including an electronically-controlled DC unit for recording and playback.

Our engineers took into consideration the many types of tapes available and included superior bias and equalization circuitry and switching (in addition to the the automatic CrO_2 detection system) so that the 9191's recording capability is optimized for any kind of cassettes you want to use. And, of course, there's built-in Dolby B* to bring the 9191's S/N ratio up to 62 dB, even with standard tapes. We've also included separate mic/line mixing, and an extra pair of input and output jacks.

Unique, effortless front-loading system.



Selectable equalization and bias switches.

By now you realize that here is a cassette deck rivalling the performance of decks costing hundreds of dollars more; a deck whose controls make it respond faster than many reel-to-reel machines, and which offers greatly-extended frequency response and dynamic range. And it's the only front-loading, front-control, stackable deck to have all the features we've mentioned.

But of all the ingredients that make up the 9191: performance, reliability, style and features, the most important of all is its value. We set out to build a cassette deck that was better, but less costly, than any deck built previously. We know we have succeeded. We know that you'll agree when you see and handle the Pioneer CT-F9191 at your Pioneer dealer.

CT-F9191 Specifications:

Frequency Response: Standard, LH tape: 25-16,000 Hz (35-13,000 Hz ±3dB); CrO_2 tape: 20-17,000 Hz (30-14,000 Hz ±3dB)

Signal-to-Noise Ratio: Dolby OFF: More than 52 dB; Dolby ON: More than 62 dB (Over 5,000 Hz, Standard and LH tapes) More than 66.5 dB over 5,000 Hz with CrO_2 tape

Harmonic Distortion: No more than 1.7% (OdB)

Wow and Flutter: No more thas 0.07% (WRMS)

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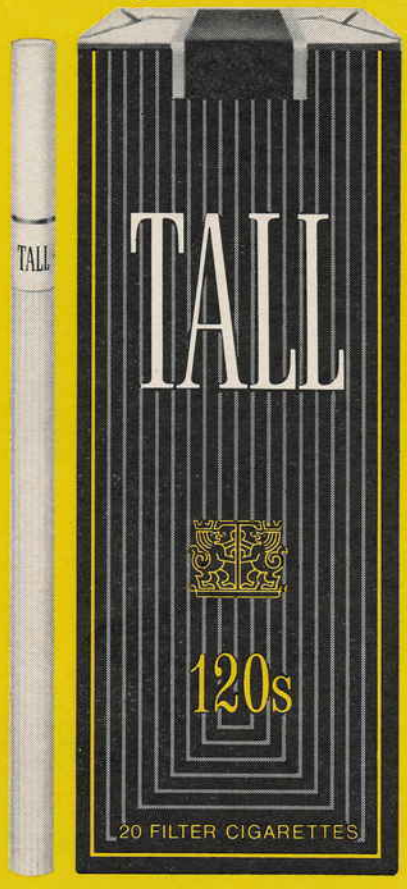

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it's my way of getting even with them for the evilness they expressed towards me in our younger days. So, although I've come to appreciate the benefits of having an extremely large bust, it hasn't always been easy. A young girl growing up (and out) too fast must suffer in many ways. But I'm glad I'm built like I am! Sorry Sis!—*S.P., address withheld*

. . . candlelight and water

My lover and roommate of two years and I have grown very comfortable with each other and are in quite a familiar sexual routine. Because of this we spend a good part of our leisure reading *Penthouse* and *Penthouse Forum* magazine—trying to glean techniques that other people might use to revitalize a steady, loving, secure, but routine relationship. We joke about all the stories, apply some of them when some energy is left after our grueling days at the office, and for the most part, have a good time. However, Jack and I hit upon an exciting scene, and I would like to share it with your readers.

All the rough assignments of our work week were essentially over, and we decided to have a leisurely dinner out. The mood began and was set. We were having sexual negotiations over dinner (he saying I don't understand male sexuality—that when I am affectionate and sexy, and create a bulging erection, that I must "follow-through;" and me saying that I am not playing golf, and if I were to have to fuck each time I kissed him, we would score much too high on the frequency scale). I explained what I would do to him after dinner at home: I would lick his ass and balls while he was on his back so I could watch his penis pulsate and become bigger and bigger in seconds, and then I would get up out of bed and watch my favorite television program. He playfully winced. To say the least, we were titillated. At home, because we were both rather ripe from a day's toil, I suggested a shower together by candlelight. We made the bed beforehand and turned the electric blanket to "high" as preparation for our after-shower playground.

The water was steaming and misting in the candlelight. Our heights not being compatible for frontal fucking while standing, we hit upon the idea of me bending over the sink while leaning on a folded towel to lessen the hardness of the fixture. Jack began to soap up my eager cunt. I should mention at this point that it is important to use a soap on your genitalis that is meant for sensitive skin so that unpleasant and harmful stinging does not result. His lathered, engorged dick slid effortlessly into my snatch from the rear, and with all this slipping and sliding, and me working my clitoris from the front, I quickly built up such a tension that I quivered through three-connected, inside-splitting orgasms that seemed like one continuous come. Seeing that I was spent and shaking at the knees, it did not take long before Jack had spurts of come juicing out of his prick and into my now spectacularly clean crotch.

The bottom line of this story is that we never got the bedroom or our electric blanket. But we congratulated ourselves on a most rejuvenating experience.

Tame by certain whip and chain, enema, or vacuum-cleaner standards, yes—but it proved that the old shoes have some life left in them yet!—*Name and address withheld*

. . . if the shoe fits

I am taking the liberty of writing to you in regards to a high-heel fetish. I am just twenty years of age and am four feet, ten inches in height and weigh ninety-six pounds. But my figure is considered very good, and I've been told I have beautiful legs. Married now eleven months, when I was sixteen, I purchased my first pair of high heels. The heels were four inches, and I enjoyed them very much as they made me appear tall. But being short my feet are also very small so I still wear the same size—four, four-B width. I never did know what a high-heel fetish was until I met my husband two years ago.

He asked me if I could wear higher heels, and I told him that a four-inch heel was the highest I could purchase, and that due to the fact my feet were very small, I did not think I could wear any higher heels. About two weeks later while out on a date, he parked his car and from the trunk brought out three new pairs of shoes in my size. They all had five-inch heels. He said he ordered them from Frederick's. It was a little difficult at first getting raised another inch in height, but in no time at all, I was used to wearing them all the time. But a month later he again said that he would love to see me in higher heels. I argued the point that it wouldn't be at all possible. Then the following week, we visited a custom shoe builder in Pittsburgh who, after looking at my high instep and the arch of my feet, insisted with my boyfriend that I could easily wear a *six*-inch heel. At this point I really was scared. I really felt that it would be impossible to wear shoes with heels that height, but again I had no say in the matter, and I love my boyfriend.

So both of my feet were measured very carefully, and my boyfriend ordered two pairs of shoes, both pairs with ankle straps to help hold the shoe on my foot. I thought the shoes would be mailed to my boyfriend, but no, we had to go back for the final fitting. The shoes fit wonderfully, but after ten minutes, I got a cramp in both the calves of my legs and had to remove both shoes. The man then put a small piece of cork under the ball of each foot, then slipped the shoes back on my feet, and the cramp was gone and did not come back. Amazing as it was, my boyfriend was thrilled as I walked around Pittsburgh for better than an hour. But that night when I got home, my legs from the ankles up to my hips throbbed something fierce. Again I got really used to wearing the six-inch

heels and got a special thrill myself in wearing them—to say nothing how much my boyfriend enjoyed seeing me walk around in them.

Right after we were married, he again said how he would love to see me "perched" (that's the word he used) on even higher heels. I said no way was it possible to wear higher heels, and that's what I thought. Two weeks later I was wearing shoes with *eight*-inch heels (but with two-inch platform soles). And a few weeks later, I had shoes with nine-inch heels and three-inch platforms! And believe it or not, I am getting to be quite an expert at wearing them.

Some of my good friends tell me that some people call me the "High-Heel Freak," but that does not bother me as I love my husband and I know he loves me. That's what is important to me. Three months ago my husband came up with an idea that perhaps I could wear a ballet type of shoe. It would have no vamp, my toes would be pointed straight down with a separate leather loop for each toe, and the tips of my toes would rest on heavy cotton padding. Well I have the shoes now. They are black patent leather, and they lace on to my foot at the instep. They also have heavy ankle straps, and are very light in weight. These shoes have a full ten-inch heel on them.

I have been wearing them every night in our bedroom for my husband's pleasure, but it was a week before I could stand in them, and it was a good month of practice before I could actually walk in them. Now every night I walk around our bedroom wearing these shoes for nearly twenty minutes before our marital relations. It drives my husband crazy, and I myself really enjoy wearing these out-of-this-world shoes. It has made our marriage a very, very happy one.

My husband would love to have me wear these shoes in public, and I said I would after I get used to wearing them for about two hours. I must admit it requires a lot of stamina to wear this type of shoe, but for my husband's love, I would stop at nothing as long as it makes him happy. I realize how dangerous these shoes can be if you should fall as I have read of quite a few people falling off their shoes and breaking bones. But I guess I have been very fortunate.—*C.B., address withheld*

. . . Lyon tamer

I read recently about a French bordello wherein the grand speciality is called "Le Discipline De Lyon."

Gentlemen clients who request the speciality are spread-eagled nude on a four-poster bed and securely bound to the posts. Satin pillows are placed under their buttocks, raising their groins and anal areas into an easily accessible position. The four walls and the ceilings of the rooms are covered with mirrors.

Prior to being placed in position for Le Discipline by the housemaid, the client has selected his fellatrix from a portrait album and has made the necessary monetary arrangements. These latter include a flat fee for the first thirty minutes and an additional tip for the girl of one dollar for each minute over thirty that she is able to make the client last while still steadily fellating him.

I really like to give head under the proper circumstances, and I pride myself on my several techniques of prolonging orgasm—or rather, postponing orgasm. Since reading about Le Discipline, I have equipped my double bed with wrist and ankle straps. I have administered Le Discipline to six boys now, the last just this afternoon as a birthday present. Three of the boys were gagged at their request.

One boy gave in early and pleaded for me to finish him off, which I did at the end of six minutes. I misjudged two boys completely and found that they splashed down at seven and nine minutes respectively—one actually while I was breathing for a moment and not touching him! The other three, all gagged, were maintained for about thirty-five minutes each.

While I need more practice before being certain, I think that there are some general techniques for prolonging a head session. First, I try not to maintain a regular pattern but instead vary the tongue, mouth, and finger action constantly. After several trips around the rim of the erection with the tongue, I massage the testicles with my fingers, then engulf as much of the penis as I can handle, suck, and then drop down between the balls and rectum for gentle suction before tonguing the balls. My hair is long, and I find that combining it with my fingers and mouth is another variation which prolongs the joy while staving off ecstacy.

Le Discipline is not a simple blow-job—it is for the truly devoted fellatrix only. Once she has determined that the goal is to ride the boy along the glorious road to orgasm but not let him have it until she wants, it becomes a very challenging trip. It is not without women's lib overtones.

There are other variations that I want to try next. These include rolling around over the boy while maintaining the required genital contact, massaging him with fur gloves, substituting nipples for fingers from time to time, and finally a vibrator in the rectum. Actual massaging of the prostate is probably not fair, for it is my experience that orgasm is involuntary when that is done.

Of course a variation of Le Discipline would be the usual and unusual masturbation techniques.—*K.W., address withheld*

Amen.—The Editors

. . . long distance touch-tone

I'm sure you've heard of many strange love affairs, but I think my experience might be a new one for you.

I am a free-lance photo-journalist, and in the course of my work last summer, I hap-

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pened to meet a former major league baseball player whom I had admired as a teenager. We spoke briefly.

When I mailed him a copy of my work, which some of the men had requested, he wrote back asking where I had gone after we met. I replied, and a relatively innocent correspondence ensued. Soon, however, our letters turned personal, and eventually he asked if he could call me.

This presented a slight problem. I am away from home often, and I am married. (He knew this shortly after we began writing.) Nevertheless, I sent him a list of the best times to reach me.

His first telephone call lasted one hour, twenty-five minutes. We began talking about the World Series, his work, and my writing. Then he told me he was in bed and asked if I was, too. I said yes, and verbally he began to caress me, murmuring softly. It was a real turn-on.

Over the phone he spoke of fondling my breasts, my inner thigh, my cunt. I, in turn, ran my fingers up and down his cock. Just hearing his voice excited me unbelievably. We went on to oral sex—me sucking him, he licking me. During one fourteen-minute time period, he came three times, and I came twice. (Is this a record?)

After that, we spoke on an average of two, sometimes three, times a week—always in bed, and always naked. I've had back-to-back climaxes, fantasizing as he fondled me over the phone. During another conversation, he came five times and almost went wild.

We talk of meeting to make love in person, and one of these days, our paths probably will cross. But more than 900 miles separate us, and each of us is easily identifiable in our home territory.

So until then, we will continue to fuck over the phone, turning each other on and going crazy thinking of what we'd do in person. No one is hurt, we're both satisfied, and there's no guilt. Yours for long distance lovemaking.—*Name withheld, Boston, Mass.*

Free as a Breese

Just exactly how old is Baby Breese, the subject of your January 1976 "Free as a Breese" pictorial? She doesn't look to be much older than sixteen, and that's pretty young no matter how you cut it. Let the guys who want jailbait chase after high-school girls and save your pictorials for bigger game—*B.B., Burlington, Vt.*

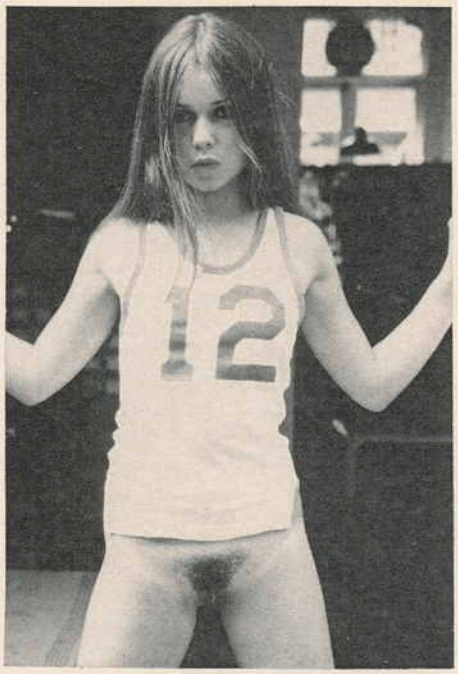
How did you come up with that child Baby Breese? It's funny that you never mentioned anything about her age. You've really disappointed me, *Penthouse*. I thought you featured sexy women! I have a thirteen-year-old sister that has more to look at than that mere start on puberty whom you found. My sister has what one would call a waistline and a damn good start on a nice set of tits—which is far more than I can say for your Baby Breese. No wonder she has a shirt on in five out of seven photos. I think your best bet would be to give her back her bottle and send her back to where she came from.

Shape up, *Penthouse*.—*R.P., address withheld*

I am a woman of thirty-three and consider myself a "sexually liberated" one at that. In the past several months, I have become an ardent reader of *Penthouse* and *Penthouse Forum* magazine. I find the articles very informative and have never found the photographs vulgar nor offensive. Never, that is, until I picked up the January issue and found Miss Breese!

I was appalled at the sight of this half-nude *child*. I feel that it is deplorable, despicable, disgusting, degrading, and debasing. That one you don't get my seal-of-approval on. It's the pits!

There are plenty of *women* who are "of age" who would gladly adorn the pages of your magazine. This disturbing aspect



was her age—she is just a child!

Must you "inspire" the perverts who get-off on the sight of female adolesence? Whatever possessed you?

So, please keep your photographers out of the bushes and let the children remain "babes in the woods"—at least until legal age of consent. Leave that kind of work to the big girls.

P.S. Please give the age of this young girl if you have it.—*Ms. Judie M. Miskella, Washington, D.C.*

After several of us looked at your January issue, we are all extremely curious as to the age of the young lady named Baby Breese. How old is she? She looks to be only thirteen or fourteen years old. Somebody even suggested that he thinks that she might be as young as twelve years old —or even younger!—*"The Cops," Barracks 233, Thule, Greenland*

I am a thirty-year-old DJ in the Washington, D.C. area, and for the first time in my life, I find myself writing to any magazine. But that foxy Baby Breese knocked me to my knees. I must say Miss Breese is the foxiest young lady I've seen in *Penthouse*, and I would like to see more of the same.

If there is a way that I can start a fan club for Miss Breese, please let me know.—*Name and address withheld*

The other night we were sitting in the dorms reading our male friends' January issue of your magazine when we came across your layout on Baby Breese. *Penthouse*, please level with us gals from Buffalo University—does the number twelve on Baby's shirt represent her age? We have been arguing with the guys here—who, by the way, think she is a knockout —on her age. They all think that she's in her twenties. We say—no way! Can you tell us otherwise?—*Baffled Gals of Buffalo, Buffalo, N.Y.*

Please resolve an office pool we have going! In the January issue, there appears a young lady called Baby Breese. Could you tell us her age and her "vital statistics"? Thank you.—*R.S., Groton, Conn.*

I would like to know how old "Free as a Breese" is. My friends and I would like to know only her age. But I wouldn't mind if I could write her and maybe get a picture of her.—*Name and address withheld*

Once again *Penthouse* leads the way in pictorial literature. "Free as a Breese" is a pure masterpiece!—*Name and address withheld*

Me and my buddies are stationed on the USS Francis Hammond FF1067. We have an argument going about your pictorial, "Free as a Breese." The argument is about how old this beautiful girl is. Some say she is not older than fifteen, some say sixteen. I say she is at least a seventeen-year-old. We would greatly appreciate your telling us how old she really is to settle our doubts. Oh yeah, one even says she is fourteen. But I also just want to say that Breese, as young as she looks, is one good-looking lady.—*M.L.K., FPO San Francisco, Calif.*

If anyone would have told me I would write you, I would have said they were nuts. But after seeing your January issue, I just had to sit down and write this letter to you. I just can't get over your layout on Baby Breese. She is the most perfect, beautiful girl that I have ever seen in real life or in a magazine. Please keep up more layouts like her.

P.S. Please, if at all possible, could you tell me her age?—*D.L., Kansas City, Kans.*

I've been reading *Penthouse* for about two years, but this is the first time I've felt compelled to write. Congratulations on finally

THE VIVA BOOK OF THE MONTH SELECTION

OUTRAGE

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Outrage! is the powerful collection of letters written by women in response to a survey printed in Viva Magazine. Women who had been sexually assaulted were asked to tell their stories in their own words, and the result is this compelling book.

From fathers violating their daughters to boyfriends taking out frustrations on their dates to strange men forcing women into erotic acts, no single pattern emerges except that of the completely callous attitude of men who are totally unconcerned with the integrity of the women they attack.

It is a book to make you angry and also to fill you with compassion. It is the first work that tells it the way it happened, without dilution, interpretation, or special pleading. And from its pages comes the extraordinary realization that rape is less a crime of sex than one of violence—that it is the element of conquest which men seek and not simply sexual release.

Outrage! also contains an introduction by Viva Publisher Kathy Keeton, a study on rape by a noted sociologist, and interviews with rapists, telling why they did what they did and what it meant to them.

Now that the growing power of women's liberation is altering the consciousness of the nation and it is becoming increasingly urgent to change existing laws, this book will take a high place in the literature on this frightening crime.

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doing a pictorial on a *young* girl. A young body is really a turn-on, and you sure found a beautiful, beautiful girl. Let's have some more pictorials like that.—*Name withheld, Fullerton, Calif.*

As one of your avid female readers, I absolutely loved your picture essay of Baby Breese. She was the source of much pleasure for my lover and me. More photos of young girls will be much appreciated.—*D.K., Denver, Colo.*

I am an eighteen-year-old reader of your magazine, and I have enjoyed all articles and pictures of older women. But the one month I really enjoyed was the one with the small article and a few pictures on the lovely "Free as a Breese." It really turned me on. I would really enjoy your magazine a lot more if you added pictures and articles on teenagers in the fourteen to eighteen year age group.—*Name withheld, Boca Raton, Fla.*

I am presently a student at California State College, in Western Pennsylvania. I have been reading your magazine for the last two and a half years, and I would like to congratulate you on your January issue. I feel this issue is the best I have read since I began subscribing—keep up the good work. I would also like to know if you could tell me the age of Baby Breese who is featured in that issue. You see, there has been some dispute among my fellow students about this young lady's age, and they are willing to bet on their prediction. The range of ages is from fifteen to twenty-one. It doesn't really matter how old she is, I personally think she is a *fine* looking chick.—*M.L., address withheld*

Far out! The chick in your January issue is too much. We really dig your mag and the girls are really fine, but we noticed something about Baby Breese that you didn't print! How old is she? The guys at work read your mag all the time, and we just want to say, keep up the good work. We will be looking forward to finding out her age because we have a bet on it.—*D.S., Kessler AFB, Miss.*

What a way to begin the New Year with "Free as a Breese." Absolutely out of this world! Whether she's really twelve, or the numbers on her shirt are only meant to suggest this, she is the most mind-bending thing ever to appear in your mag. Also it's good to see letters in the *Forum* on sex with young chicks. Keep them both coming, but especially those pictorials!—*Name and address withheld*

Your pictorial essay, "Free as a Breese," was the most beautiful, warm, and sensuous pictorial you have ever done. I hope you will include one like this in each issue in the future.—*J.W.G., Indianapolis, Ind.*

Baby Breese is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in a magazine. Baby should be the next "Pet of the Year." Please do another story on her soon.

I'm going to move to London as soon as I can save up some money.—*J.S., Menlo Park, Calif.*

I couldn't help but notice the uncanny resemblance of one of your very young nude models. The pictorial was entitled "Free as a Breese" and gave no identification to the girl in the photos. Are my eyes deceiving me, or is she really Linda Blair, actress, star of "The Exorcist" and several other made-for-TV movies?—*A.M., Springfield, Pa.*

About your issue with Baby Breese: my husband thinks it's Linda Blair, and I told him it's not. So far it's three against one. Could you please settle our argument?—*T.J., San Jose, Calif.*

I was overwhelmed and engulfed with instant hots when I got to the coverage (or the uncoverage) of Baby Breese by Eugene Finkel. It should have been noted in Housecall that to start the Bicentennial ball rolling a view of an English lass was in store. I'm in the Air Force at Offut AFB where we are always concerned with headwinds, tailwinds, crosswinds, and other factors in flying the planes. But I believe that the breeze described in your January issue is the best one I've seen yet. And it can blow my way anytime!—*Name withheld, Bellevue, Nebr.*

My friend and I would like to know the age of your foxy Baby Breese. We have asked many friends —including females —to take a guess about her age. We have both received answers between twelve and nineteen. What seems to especially throw people off is that picture of her in her football jersey. Could you answer this eye-fooling question because many bets with the ladies are at stake. We choose not to reveal the obligations of the losers of this bet.—*R.S., Gaithersburg, Md.*

Please accept my congratulations on your super fine pictorial "Free as a Breese." As a reader of at least five different men's magazines each month, I can honestly say this is one of the most enjoyable for several years. If you have any more of these nymphs stashed away, how about a centerfold sometime? Oh, yes, one more thing —how old is Miss Breese?—*Name and address withheld*

Just out of curiosity and fantasy—what is the age and measurements of Baby Breese?

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How To Cut 5 to 15 Strokes Off Your Score — Guaranteed!

By Phil Cooper

©1975, Lincoln Press

If you play golf I would like to send you something that comes in a plain brown wrapper.

No — not dirty pictures or anything like that!

But it is something that you won't want your friends and golfing partners to know you have.

Not for a while, anyway.

Here's why:

I'm going to send you five minutes worth of reading material that will show you a guaranteed way to take 5 to 15 strokes off your golf score — and do it so fast that your friends are going to think you've taken private lessons from Johnny Miller.

I'd like you to try this method the very next time you play without telling anyone what you are doing.

That's because I'm afraid that if you tell anyone about the secret method before you start on it, they might be able to talk you out of it. They'll try to tell you that there is just no way to improve your game so much without private, professional lessons.

But there is.

And, I'm sure that if you try it privately for just one round of golf — no one will ever be able to talk you out of it then.

Before I go on, I'd like to tell you that I am not a golf pro or anything like that.

I'm a businessman.

A short time ago, I was a businessman who could never break 100 for eighteen holes. Not anymore.

I still don't shoot in the seventies, but finally, after years of being little better than a duffer, I consistently shoot in the eighties.

It's wonderful.

For years I struggled to bring down my score. I tried everything — practice, practice, practice — read miracle golf books — bought special golf gloves — took lessons — went to the driving range — everything. Then, by accident, I stumbled onto the real secret of cutting strokes off my game. The very first round I played after I discovered this secret, I broke 100 for the very first time.

The secret is simple — but I'm not about to give it away for nothing. What I've been able to do is "smarten up" my game — and by doing this I took almost 30 strokes off my score all told. (I haven't been able to break 70 yet, but I will!)

I know it sounds impossible — but I've actually learned to "smarten up" my game — after everything else I tried (and cost me a fortune) had failed miserably.

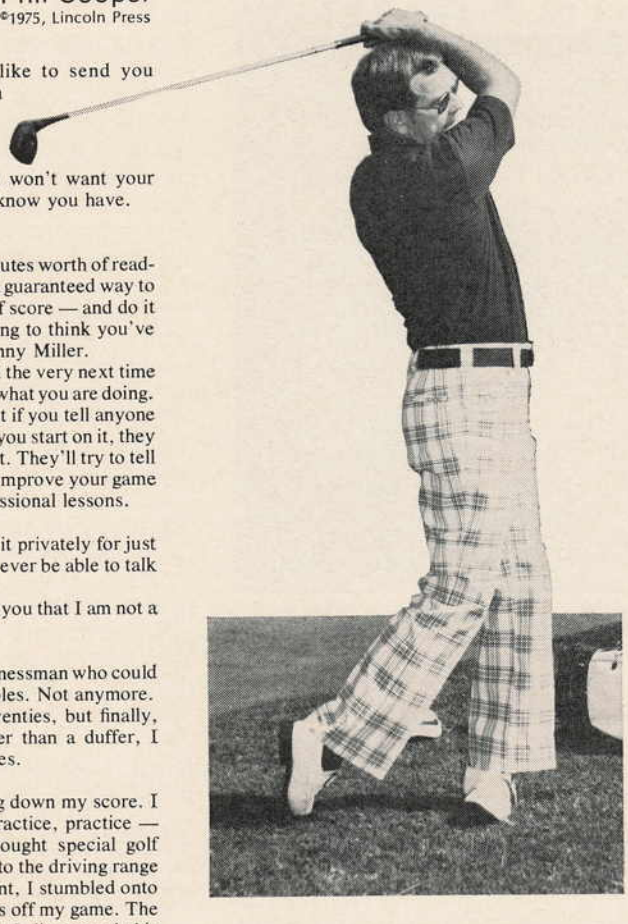
Before — it seemed that I was hooking or slicing on every drive — continually in the traps or rough — and 3-putting every hole. After I made my amazingly simple discovery— my drives went down the middle of the fairway — my irons put me on the green — and my putting improved tremendously.

It was so simple, in fact, that I haven't yet figured out why no one ever thought of it before. But, since I've read every book on golf I could find — and tried all the "gimmicks" — I can assure you that I've never seen this secret printed anywhere before.

When my friends saw how much my game had improved they asked me to give them my secret. I typed out the complete details on my secret — the step-by-step, easy-to-follow method that had cut all those strokes off my game. For lack of a better name I called it "The Phil Cooper Golf Improvement Plan."

I gave it to three friends who make up my regular foursome. It worked for them, too. Their game improved as much as mine.

Now, you and I both know that there's a lot of money to be made for the person who comes up with a method for cutting strokes — a method that



really works. I am certain that I have done just that!

But, was our new golfing success a fluke? Perhaps there was something special about our foursome that made this "miracle" possible. I don't believe that for a moment!

However, I MUST PROVE IT NOW!

For, once I prove that my golf secret works — really works — I will offer it to all golfers for $25 — and it will be worth every penny of it. (How many times have you said to yourself that you'd pay a fortune to take 15 strokes off your score?)

So, to prove that my secret works for all golfers — I'll teach it to you — and to a limited number of other golfers — for little more than the price of having it printed up.

Remember, I'm willing to do this for my own selfish reason. Once YOU have succeeded — once YOU have taken off those strokes — I'll probably make a mint when I offer the PROVEN plan through newspapers and magazines.

But, you must make me a promise. You must report your stroke losses to me promptly — first when you take 5 strokes off your score — then when you break 100 — when you break 90. This will be the proof I need.

I feel certain that it makes no difference whether you are a man or a woman (it works for both) — whether you are young or old — whether you've taken lessons or not — THIS METHOD WILL WORK or it won't cost you a single penny!

There is only one way for you to see if I'm right — to get your guaranteed copy of "The Phil Cooper Golf Improvement Plan" — and that's to order it now — by mail. It's not yet available at any bookstore or pro shop in the world — at any price.

In fact, you might be interested to know that the Plan has been Registered and Copyrighted with the U.S. Government so that the secret cannot be copied or stolen.

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3) Mail to me: Phil Cooper, 2525 E. 21st Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74114.

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And just one more picture, please!—*Name and address withheld*

Thank you very much for the pictorial on Baby Breese. Why wasn't she the Pet of the Month? Let's see more on her, and please release more information on her soon—like her age—and maybe even a larger pictorial.—*G.B., Eau Claire, Wisc.*

That chick in your pictorial called "Free as a Breese" sure looks like Linda Blair. Is it, or isn't it? I'd like to know. Personally, I think she is *dy-no-mite* (to the max). See, I like small chicks, and I think that she really is the most. I would like to see more of her in future issues.—*J.D., Pittsfield, Mass.*

We thought you'd never ask.

But like the fresh, spring zephyr it bespeaks, Miss Breese is as free as her name. And—who are we to challenge that freedom by attaching such ephemeral labels as "age." Baby is as young as hope—and just as old. She is as young as the moon is young to the earth and as old as lust is old to the nature of man.

But our first duty, of course, is to you, the reader, and this much we can tell you. Baby Breese is not—repeat not *Merrin, nor is she Mercedes McCambridge. She isn't even Linda Blair. Baby is her own, true, inscrutable self. And as for her age—judge for yourself. The first twenty-five people correctly guessing Miss Breese's age to the nearest month (first by post-mark receipt of letter) will receive a free, one-year subscription to* Penthouse, Viva, Penthouse Forum, *or* Penthouse Photo World. *Suit yourself.*

Just write your guestimate on a post card or a letter addressed to: The Editors, Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022—and mark the outside "Baby Breese." Winners will be notified by mail, and the winning guesses will appear in these columns in an upcoming issue.—The Editors

Bird's-eye view

I have an enjoyable hobby, that is absolutely free of cost, which some of your readers may wish to pursue. When shopping at a supermarket with my girl friend, I make it my job to get the items needed from the frozen food or dairy department. The sight of many lovely girls and women with their erect nipples evident is very exciting. Knowing what the cold aisle will do to them does not seem to concern them, and they show themselves off to any available audience.

As an added bonus, my girl friend doesn't mind my voyeuristic habit—she knows I will be extra horny by the time we get home.—*R.C., address withheld*

The show goes on

Received our first copy of *Penthouse* today, and really enjoy reading your Forum section.

My wife and I enjoy it so much that we plan on clipping out each little story sent in by others, put them into a jar, and then when we want to monkey around a bit, we will draw one out at a time and act them out together.

Also noticed that those guys all think that they have the sexiest wife in the world, but I guess we all feel that way. My wife, I feel, is the sexiest.

She loves to go with me to bars wearing a sexy short mini outfit or a dress that is short on both the top and bottom. She loves to show off her lovely legs, and most of the time she wears either crotchless panty hose or no hose at all—and of course no panties either. After a few drinks, we usually end up with me sliding her dress up a bit at a time until finally just a little of her lovey pussy is exposed. She loves the attention she gets when doing this.

Really liked the article about the couple trying for a Guiness record for having semi-public sex. That's a great idea, and we have been doing that, also. Have met other couples that also enjoy doing this. My wife also enjoys posing nude for pictures in parks, parking lots, motel hallways or near their pop machines, out in our front yard or wherever. If any other couples reading this haven't yet tried it, they don't know the thrills they are missing.

We haven't yet had any threesomes and are not interested in swinging but might give the threesome route a try just for the heck of it. My wife really loves oral sex, and loves to be eaten herself. So you guys out there, if you see us in a bar someplace, or observe us having semi-public sex someplace, why not join us, and bring a lady friend along?

We hope that we can meet a lot more interesting couples that would enjoy these things with us, for the more the merrier.—*Name and address withheld*

Mall ball

I am writing to you to share an interesting bit of information to fellow Forum readers. Forget bars, cruises, singles spots, etc. One of the best places around to score is a shopping mall.

That's right. The average shopping mall is filled with delectible chicks, both shopping and working there, ready for a good fuck.

I am employed as a salesman in a jewelry store, and my sexual experiences in the three different malls that I have worked in have been simply incredible. Let me give you an example.

It was about five minutes before closing, and I had sent all the other employees home. I was doing the closeout work when I noticed this stunning chick wandering around the bracelet case. She had on a tube top which barely managed to contain her enormous tits, and her prominent ass filled a pair of shorts to overflowing. When she turned completely around, she had a beautiful face to match, with large, green eyes that reflected, like deep pools, incredible sensuality.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITH A SIMPLE IDEA

Last year, approximately 23,000 Americans made their first million dollars. What did they all have in common?

by Patrick W.H. Garrard

If you're like me, you've always dreamed that you could have picked up a McDonald's franchise back in the early 1960s...or opened a boutique at the *beginning* of the Beatle-era...or obtained an exclusive Honda distributorship *before* the motor-bike boom began.

And today, of course, you'd be very wealthy.

Because the secret of business success is to latch on to something promising—*early*, before anyone else knows about it. To find an idea or trend at the *beginning* of its climb—then ride it all the way to the top.

Profiting from the changes in our society: That's how *every* self-made man has acquired his first million dollars since the birth of capitalism.

But what about now? Where are the *new* business opportunities—the *new* ideas whose time have come?

Well, I'd like to tell you about a little-known magazine—in fact, the *only* magazine—that specializes in spotting those million dollar concepts and opportunities in their infancy.

The magazine is called *Free Enterprise*. And every issue is filled with the kind of information you'll find nowhere else. For example...

How and where to pick up a new car dealership for $1500 down (honest)! ...obtain the rights to an amazing Japanese burglar alarm that could revolutionize the home security field...copy a California idea, with a shopping center service that could net you $60,000 in your first year—and that's with only one outlet.

Learn about an irresistible fast food that's sweeping Germany, and tailor-made for the U.S. ...a recreational idea in Sweden that could become a world-wide phenomenon within two or three years...a sneaky-smart way to pick up bankrupt merchandise for a few pennies on the dollar, then sell it for close to *50¢ on the dollar*. (Practically a license to print money.)

We'll bet you never dreamed of owning your own radio station. But there's a devious maneuver that enables you to pick up a money-losing outlet for peanuts—after which you can change the program format and make it profitable.

Some of our ideas fall in the believe-it-or-not category. For example, if we told you how to make $2,000 a month writing letters from home, you'd probably laugh in our faces. Well, you'd be wrong, because patent brokering is for real, it has an unlimited future—and, yes, all you do is write letters.

Mike Douglas, with editor Pat Garrard, picks up some ideas to make money.

Interested in mail order? We cover all the European and Japanese trade fairs, and the best of the new products appear first in *Free Enterprise*.

Are you a salesman? We evaluate all the new services, and report on those which we think have the best chance of making it big.

Need quick cash for your invention, or any business venture? *Free Enterprise* provides up-to-date names and addresses of people and commercial organizations who are able to recognize a good idea when they see one, and who are willing to put their faith in people with promise.

Do you see? In every case—a simple idea, or a vital source. And that's all you need to get started.

Unfortunately, there's likely a slight problem: YOU.

That's because you've probably never imagined yourself as being wealthy. *Other* people might make a lot of money, because they'd be smarter ...or luckier...or they'd have a rich uncle...or whatever. But not you.

Well, let me tell you something: I've encountered dozens of self-made millionaires, thanks to my association with *Free Enterprise*. And you know what? With possibly four or five exception, they were astonishingly average people.

But they *did* have confidence in themselves. They *did* understand the value of a timely idea. And they *did* move fast, once they recognized an opportunity.

Well, the rest is up to you. Frankly, I hope you'll subscribe to *Free Enterprise*, because I think you'll love our magazine. Every issue is *fat*—over 130 pages—profusely illustrated, and fascinating to read.

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I went over and closed the door, telling her I didn't want to let anymore customers in and that I was getting ready to leave. She asked if she could see some bracelets, which I showed her. As she bent over the case, she showed me her incredible cleavage while a mirror behind her reflected the cheeks of her ass hanging out of the shorts. We started talking about jewelry, and she told me one of her fantasies was to make love while being completely adorned with diamonds. Instantly I got a throbbing hard-on, which she noticed and smiled at suggestively.

I killed the lights in front of the store and locked the doors. Then I pulled all of the biggest diamond rings, bracelets, chains, tiaras, and watches out of the windows and the display cases. She smiled eagerly as I went into the backroom where I unlocked the vault (which, by the way, has a luxuriously carpeted floor to protect the jewelry from being damaged if dropped). We both removed our clothes, and she loaded on all of the jewelry that I brought her. When she had it all on, she stood straight-legged and spread before me—an unforgettable sight as the diamonds, dazzling in the bright lights of the vault, complemented her natural beauty.

I laid on my back on the carpet, and she got down and kissed and caressed my rigid cock. She then climbed on and began her ride. The sight was incredible: this gorgeous chick humping wildly on top of me, with hundreds of karats of diamonds flashing their brilliant reflections all around the walls of the vault.

This is but one of many sexual thrills I've had while working in a mall. Quite a few chicks that work in the stores are ready fucks, and often you can pick up a chick who is just shopping. I never go to bars anymore. I just go to work.—*Name and address withheld*

Beetle ride

I've done a fair amount of hitchhiking in my day, in the service, when I was young, etc., and have had a few erotic experiences—but none quite like this: it was a clear, warm, June day. I had been stranded for about an hour, fantasizing as I often did about voluptuous nymphomaniacs picking me up.

I was shaken from my reverie by a sound that can only be made by a Volkswagon going in reverse. I was so involved in my day-dreaming that I hadn't even noticed it passing. You can imagine how embarrassed I felt when the blond beauty on the passenger side was staring at the fantasy induced bulge in my pants.

She asked if I drove, and I said, sure. Can you believe it, the pretty redhead who was driving, and the blond, both climbed into the backseat. Jennifer, the redhead, said, "Drive on, James!" and she and Sue both giggled as I eased the car back on to the highway.

I had an excellent view through the mirror. What a pleasant surprise to see them suddenly in each other's arms, kissing and feeling each other through their clothes. The thrill of it was, they were aware of my observance—even positioning themselves to afford me a better view.

Sue pulled her sweatshirt over her head, exposing a gorgeous pair of tits with pink, rosie nipples that made my mouth water. Jenny immediately lowered her head and began licking and sucking the blond's entire chest. I couldn't stand anymore of this distraction to driving so I pulled off the road into some bushes. When I shut the engine off and turned around, Sue was on her back with her levis almost to her knees. Jenny was bent over to pull them off, and her short skirt was riding up over her smooth buttocks. She wore no panties, and her wet cunt was right in my face. I took advantage and ran my tongue across and slipped it into the inviting crevice. She allowed me to enjoy this for only a moment before she pulled away.

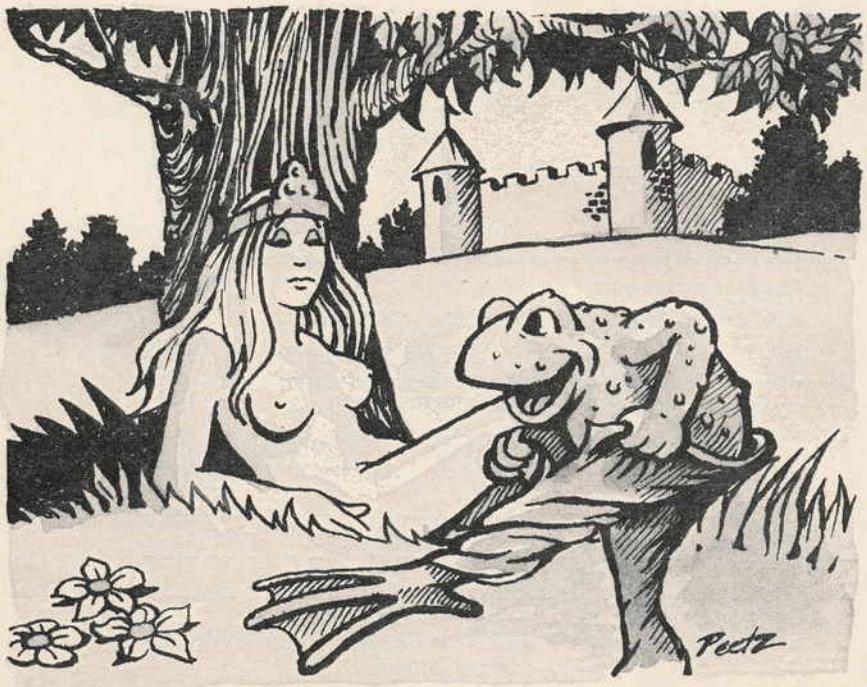
"Oh, no, loverboy. We want you to watch but not touch." I was crushed, but I couldn't take my eyes off them.

They assumed the sixty-nine position and were soon completely engrossed in slurping and sucking each other's pussy. They seemed to fit together quite comfortably in the cramped surroundings. It was obvious they had done this number before.

I was so frustrated and horny that I just had to get-off. So putting one knee on either side of the bucket seat, I unzipped and pulled out my cock. I watched them jealously and jacked-off. It wasn't long before I reached a terrific climax, and I made a point to direct my come all over them.

They hardly noticed!

Finally, in disgust I got out of the car and walked back to the highway. The girls were in the middle of their ump-teenth climax and still going strong. I suppose my ego and male pride were hurt at the time, but thinking back, it was quite an experience just to watch these two lovelies go at it, and I should have been grateful for the chance. All they wanted was an audience, and if ever given the chance, I shall be happy to again observe their beautiful contortions in the backseat of a Volkswagon.—*L.M., Jamestown, Calif.*



"I lied!"

Generalissimo Rockefeller

In the essay on Rocky in the January issue, Ms. Nichols took an unwarranted potshot at the construction unions. The main purpose of union leaders is to procure work for the members of their unions. If it means getting chummy with someone whose way of doing things and seeing things is one that they don't agree with, they do so because that is the way to get what you want. Mr. Rockefeller may have spent millions of our dollars, but he created a lot of work for the construction industry. This industry is a major part of the economy, the suppliers of nails to rugs and back again rely on construction for a major part of their business. Ms. Nichols would not even have readers to mislead if everyone who is employed in construction-related industries couldn't buy this magazine because of a lack of a paycheck.

People who knock construction unions because some trades make upwards of ten dollars an hour are the people who are working in clean, warm, safe, and well-lighted factories and offices. They work the full year, and get paid sick days and holidays—whereas union construction workers work in the rain, snow, and mud for an average of only 1200 hours a year.

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Unions of America have given the workers the eight-hour day, child labor laws, and a decent wage. These benefits, which are now taken for granted, were gotten by unions and spread to the rest of the country. No captains of business have ever wanted to pay a decent wage or other benefits. These benefits were gotten by or because of unions. I am a member of an I.B.E.W. Local, and our brotherhood has had only one strike in the last fifty years of our eighty-year history. Yet we enjoy benefits comparable with most.—*D.K., Rochester, N.Y.*

In her article, Mary Nichols was not attacking construction unions or the construction industry. What she was discussing was Nelson Rockefeller's irresponsible creation of the Urban Development Corporation. The default of the UDC last year was, in great part, responsible for the fiscal plight of New York State.—The Editors

Ditty Boppers

I read with interest your article by Tad Szulc concerning NSA operations and expenditures (November 1975). I think there are some valid points mentioned, but I want to correct the allusions about the morse operators at the military installations under NSA.

I was a morse operator (Ditty Bopper) overseas for three years and ended my service commitment with the Air Force (USAFSS) in April of 1972. From my experience, morse operators were just as educated or politically liberal as their analyst and voice operator counterparts. Many manual morse positions were manned by college graduates who took pride in doing a good job, not only for NSA but for personal satisfaction as well.

Maybe personnel problems have increased in the last couple of years because of the voluntary military system, but I found the people close-knit rather than alienated and depersonalized at my duty stations. Perhaps there wasn't the utmost respect for flight lieutenants, especially those just out of OTS. However, regular missions went on normally, and dashes were "nil heard" between morse operators and other flight personnel.—*R.N., Denver, Colo.*

NSA Frankenstein

I'd like to congratulate you on your excellent article, "The NSA—America's $10 Billion Frankenstein," by Tad Szulc. It was very well written and very informative. Being in the NSA we, the people of my company and myself, found it to be very close to the truth. The other parts we weren't sure about because we never had the "Need to Know."

The main reason I'm writing is to let you and all the readers of *Penthouse* know what they are paying for. The army spends approximately $20,000 on all of my training. They then sent me with all this knowledge to do a job, and I had high expecta-

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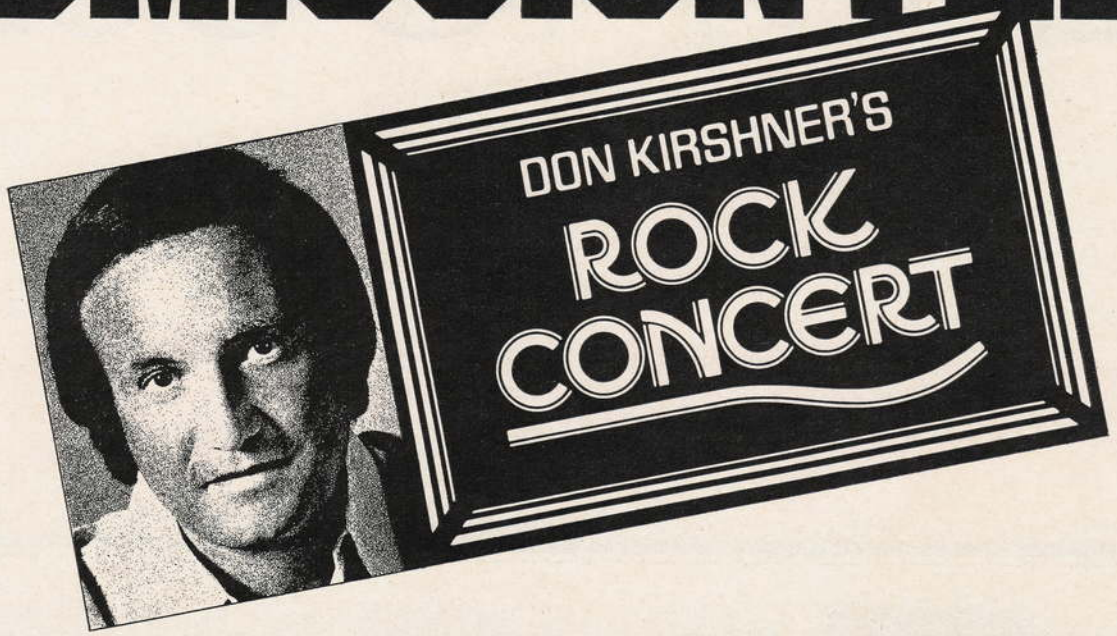

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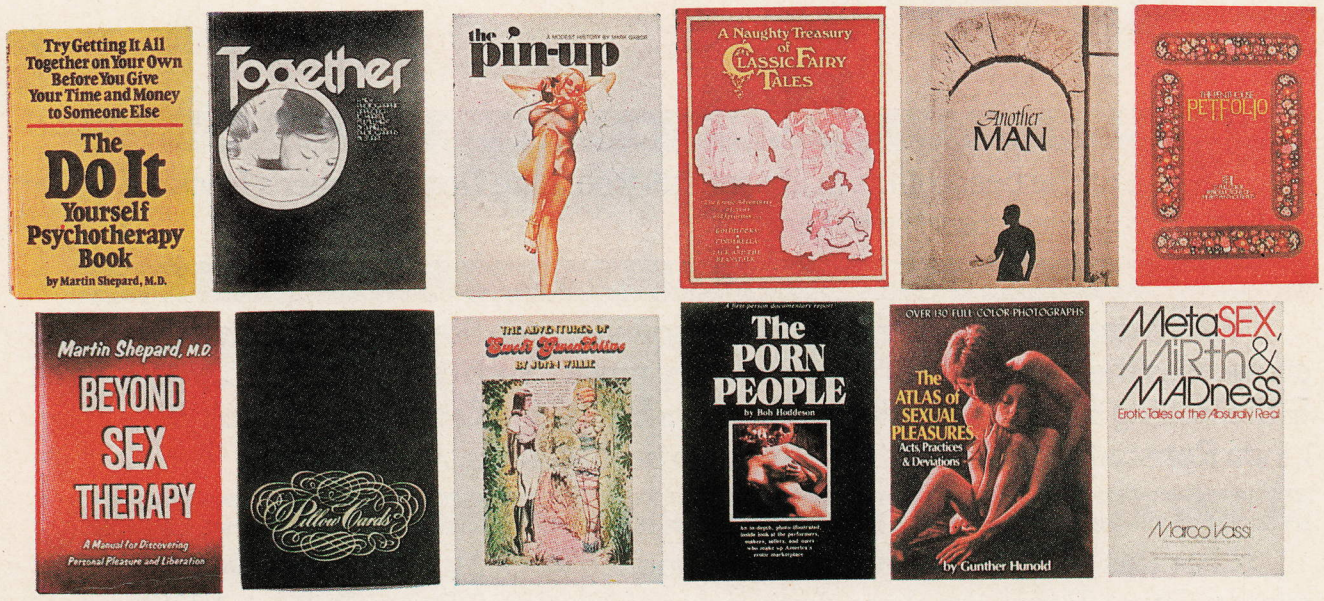
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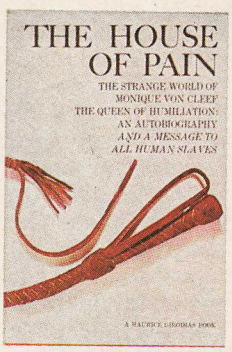
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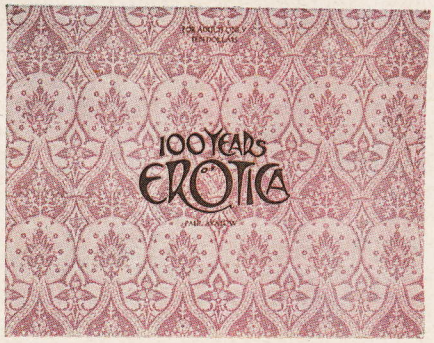

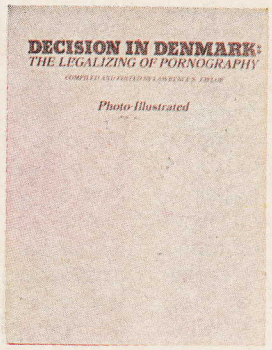

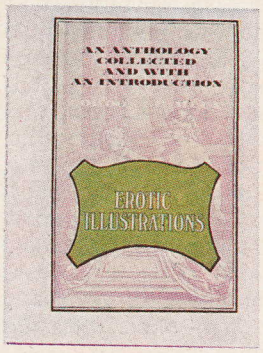

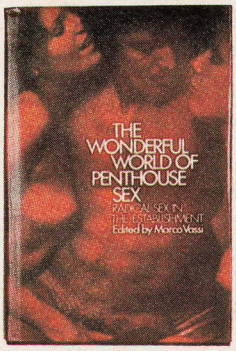

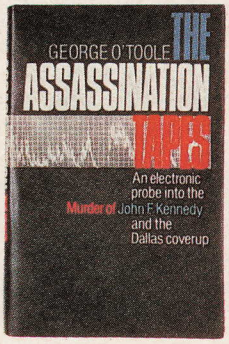

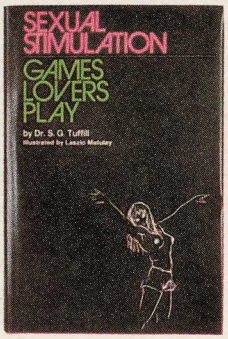

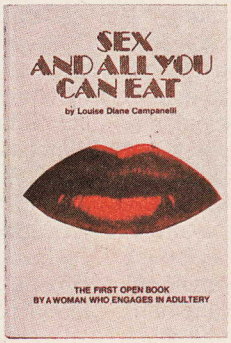

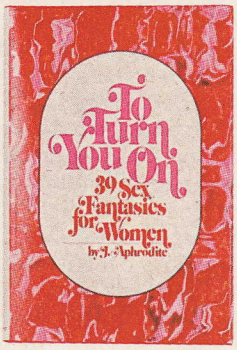

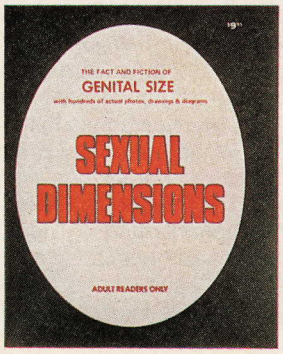

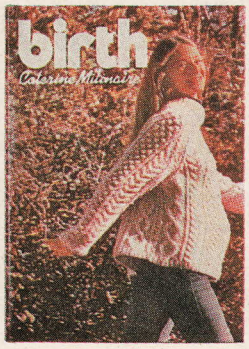

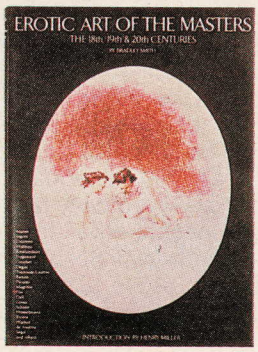

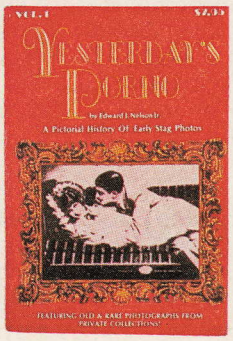

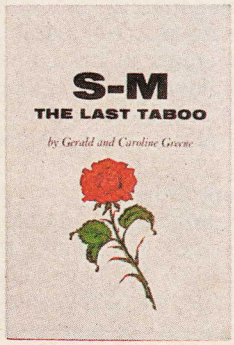

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tions. But was I sadly disillusioned! In the past six months, I've worked my job for a total of twenty-two days. The remainder of the time, I, and everbody else, have painted and washed trucks, played grease monkey, and been a "dutybod" (a gopher). The proficiency of my job has dropped so low that I doubt if I could do even an adequate job now. Everybody in my company is on approximately the same par.

The next point that I'd like to bring out is the waste of money on equipment. When Szulc stated that the equipment is obsolete before we use it, he was very accurate. All equipment is supposed to be air droppable. It is—once. The equipment would work fine while falling, but as soon as it hits the ground, it will never work again. The army spends thousands of dollars on a tape recorder when the public buys better quality recorders for less than one quarter the cost. The army also pays one half million dollars on a very sophisticated piece of jamming equipment that is so complicated that it is forever breaking down and our repairmen aren't quite sure where to start. We're lucky if there is ever a working one. What would happen if a war started? I don't think that we could fix our equipment. The army is spending three to four times too much money on equipment that isn't worth the material that it took to make it.

The guys in my company wait each month for the new *Penthouse* to come out so we can find out what we are really doing!—*Name and address withheld*

Project Chile

In regard to your article by Tad Szulc, "Project Chile," in the October 1975 issue: on July 27, 1973 the ship on which I was stationed, the USS Vesole, left Charleston, S.C. for a five-and-a-half-month South American cruise—or as it was officially called, UNITAS 13. We were accompanied by the USS Tattnall (from Newport) and the USS Turner (out of Mayport, Fla.).

In early August we arrived in San Juan, Puerto Rico, where we picked up five U.S. Navy SEALS. (SEALS are the Navy's commandos. They are highly trained, and I have heard them categorized as the Navy's "assassins.")

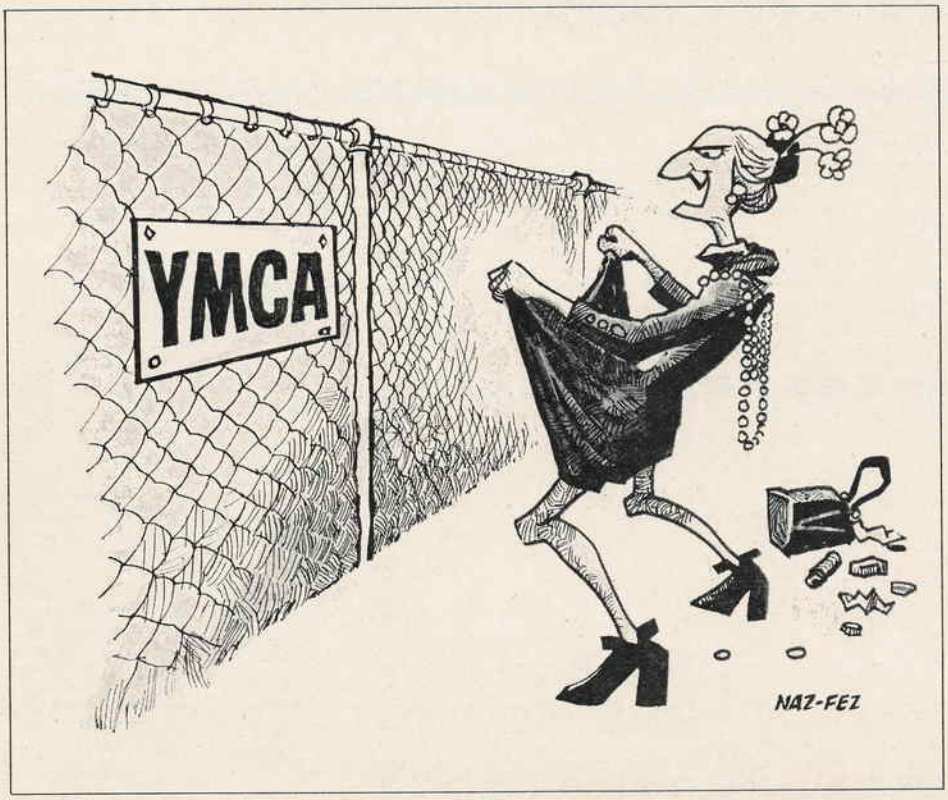
After a few liberty ports and the Panama Canal, we ended up off the coast of Chile in early September. We were told that there would be no shore leave because of the political unrest. But we remained off-shore for about two days.

Well, the funny thing is that when we left Chile, the SEALS were gone. They had been on board the USS Vesole (my ship) up until that point. But for the remainder of the cruise, they were nowhere to be seen. Which is strange because before, they had stuck out like sore thumbs—just sitting around the ship in their fatigues without any apparent function.

I had wondered what purpose they were serving on a "goodwill" cruise. I'm afraid I found out.—*Name and address withheld*

Szulc's CIA

It must have looked like such a beautiful plan: get a semi-objective reporter to pull together all the biased "facts" he could on the NSA, the CIA, and Henry Kissinger; pinpoint the weaknesses; then produce a series of articles so derogatory in nature as to neatly and surgically take these agencies and people out of the picture. *Penthouse* risked very little. It had only to strike at the heart of the establishment, and it would collapse from within.



It was simplicity itself.

While the *Penthouse* series on America's intelligence community did make for some interesting reading, it also blatantly transgressed the boundaries of objective, investigative journalism. As an employee of the Central Intelligence Agency for the greater part of its twenty-eight year history, I can state unequivocally that there was no "violent reorganization" of the CIA "in the wake of the disclosures last December that the agency had engaged in massive spying on Americans." (pg. 93, July 1975) I would further submit that a close examination of testimony taken by both the House and Senate select committees on intelligence, and a reading of the Rockefeller Commission report would indicate that the term "massive" when used to describe CIA domestic activities is totally inaccurate. While I would acknowledge agency misdeeds and instances of illegal activity, I feel a proper context must be maintained. The atmosphere and realities of presidential power in the last two decades is diametrically opposed to the modalities of government in the post-Watergate era.

The article in the December issue is yet another example of the two-pronged attack of facts not strictly in evidence, and logic subtlety twisted to justify a theme thus unsubstantiated. Illustrative of this point is the logic author Treaster uses in condemning CIA involvement in the Phoenix program. While not a very pretty subject, the Phoenix program was wholly the responsibility of President Johnson who directed its implementation. The fact that CIA was given administrative control is not, as Treaster says, in violation of the charter. The CIA has been given specific missions by presidential directive, stemming from the National Security Act of 1947 which allows activities that the National Security Council "may, from time to time, direct." That critics feel the CIA "should not be involved" in this sort of activity is something to be rectified by more exacting legislation and is not an indication of extra-legal activity. The fact that the CIA has the capability to address threats to the nation with responses short of war but much stronger than diplomatic protests is a necessary adjunct to the power of the president.

Other examples of misrepresentation appear throughout the articles by Tad Szulc. Notwithstanding the historical incidents that are dramatized out of all reasonable proportion, Szulc relates at one point the responsibility of the White House as one of the guidance mechanisms and, yet, reverses himself by continuing to indicate that the agency has "uncontrolled freedom." (pg. 124, August 1975) I feel, perhaps, that such righteous indignation should be directed to an in-depth analysis of Congressional oversight, or the lack thereof. Although our country now seems to desire that the intelligence community operate in a "goldfish bowl," I think it wise

to make clear that this was not the case in years past.

I applaud your concern for more responsible government but counsel a more objective approach to this intricate problem, especially in an area where global power balances, aggression, and nuclear war are critical factors affecting the continued existence of our way of life.—*Name and address withheld*

We do not agree that our articles on the intelligence community "blatantly transgressed the boundaries of objective journalism."

First, the "violent reorganizaton" of the CIA referred to the shakeup of the agency that began with the firing of James Angleton, the head of Counterintelligence and one of the most powerful men in the agency. This reorganization continued throughout 1975—ultimately William Colby was fired from his position as head of the CIA, and Henry Kissinger lost his title of adviser to the president on national security.

Secondly, we put the world "massive" in quotes because we were referring to the New York Times *news articles that revealed the fact that the CIA had broken its charter by spying on Americans at home.*

Referring to the CIA's charter, the writer accuses us of ignoring the evidence—and then selectively quotes from the charter. The charter actually orders the agency to carry out "such other functions and duties related to intelligence as the National Security Council may from time to time direct." As Joseph Treaster explained, the Phoenix Program, as it evolved, had almost nothing to do with intelligence.

Finally, the writer of this letter totally misunderstood Tad Szulc's use of the words "uncontrolled freedom." Szulc wrote that under the National Security Act, "there is obviously no accountability to Congress by the president . . . or the CIA. . . . This uncontrolled freedom to act carries with it . . . extraordinary danger." Szulc, in other words, was making the same point about congressional oversight as the writer of this letter.—The Editors

Reader queries . . .

Many readers have asked for additional information on the stereophones worn by the couple in our stereo feature (January 1976). And we're glad to oblige: His—Stereo 30, by Telephonics, $39.95. Hers—The Technician VFR, by Koss, $75.

The artists' works mentioned in the article "Erotic Edibles" (*Penthouse* Scenes, February 1976) are available through Erotics, 117 Christopher Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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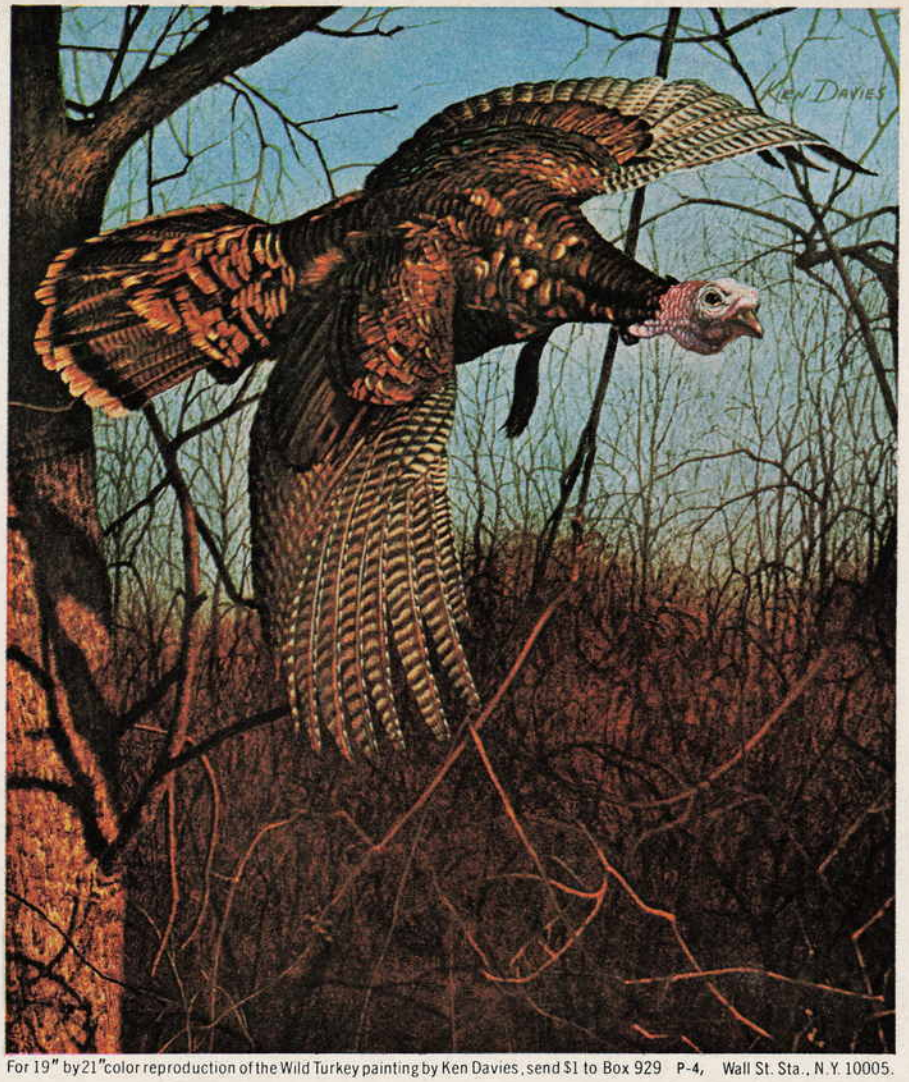

For 19" by 21" color reproduction of the Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, send $1 to Box 929 P-4, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005.

Wild Turkey Lore:

The keenness of sight of the Wild Turkey is legendary among woodsmen. Because of the position of its eyes, the bird can detect the slightest motion in a circumference of 300 degrees.

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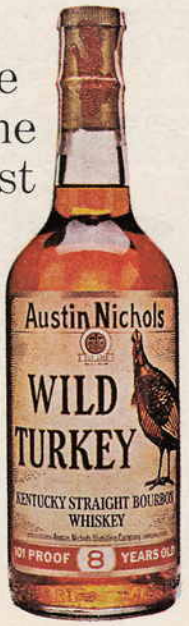

WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

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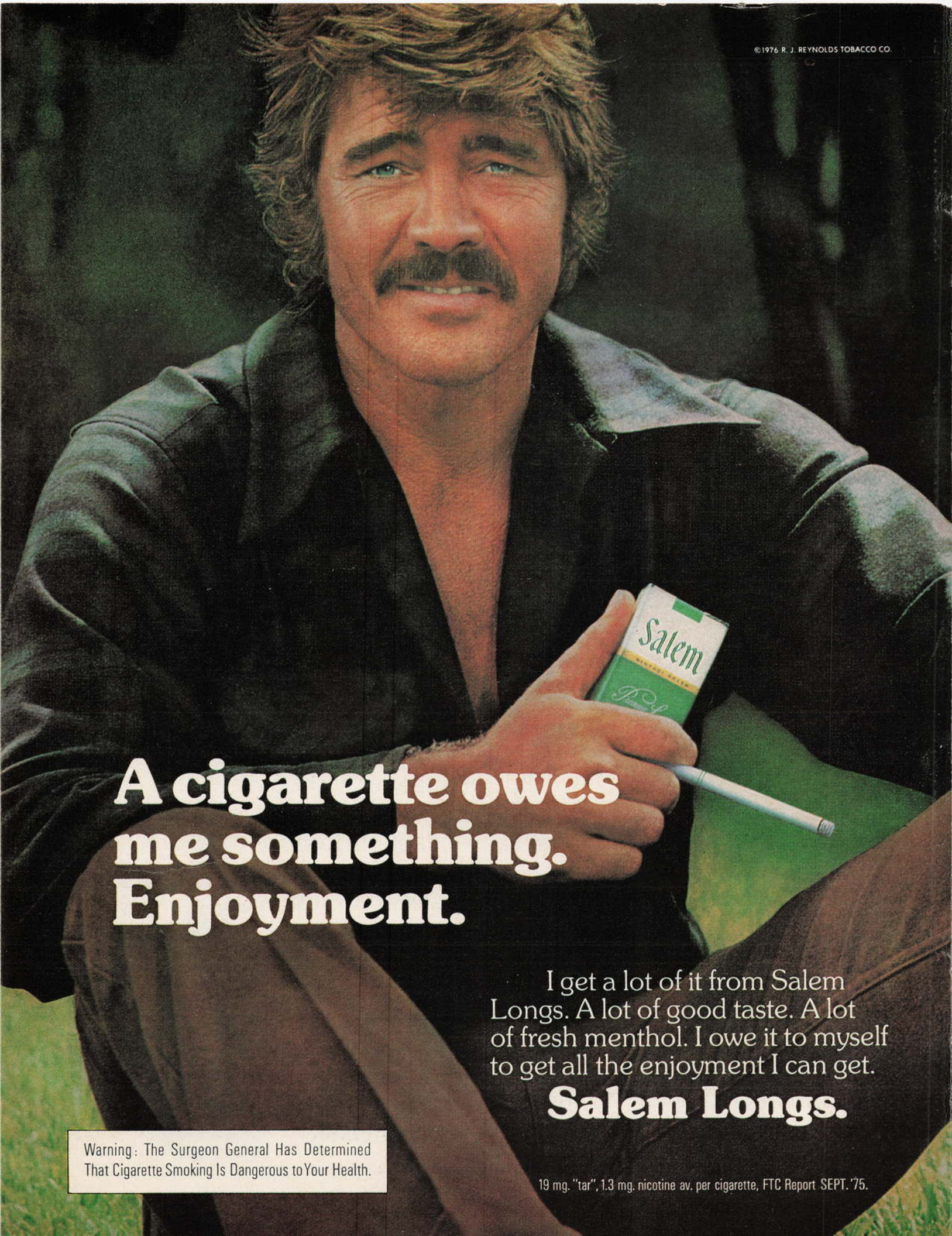
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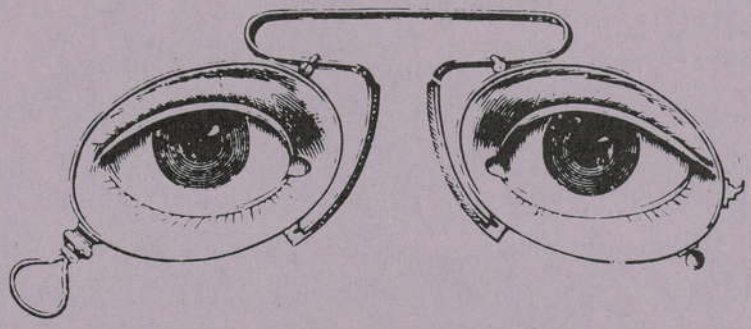


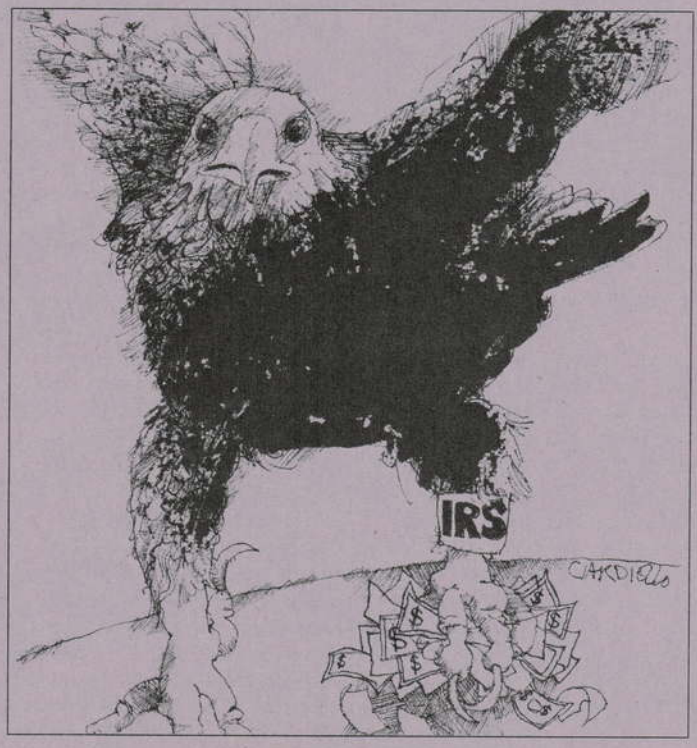
VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE: IT'S A TAXING PROBLEM

Anatole France once commented that the law, in its impartial majesty, forbids both rich and poor to sleep under bridges. That pretty much describes the United States Income Tax Code. Paid lobbyists can wine and dine government officials in order that the politicians oppose meaningful tax reform, and it's tax deductible for the lobbyists. But if you hopped a bus for the nation's capital to speak out in favor of tax reform, you couldn't deduct a dime. And—rich or poor—you'd probably be arrested if you slept under a Potomac bridge.

The American income tax system works against the poor and the unorganized, which is practically the same thing. Defenders of the status quo will trumpet that taxing the very rich 100 percent of their income would only increase collections by 2 percent. True. But it is equally true that the tax laws are so impenetrable that 65 percent of all taxpayers give up and take the standardized deductions. Thus, the poor and the greater part of the middle class are overtaxed. They always pay more than they should because laymen can't understand the laws and most can't afford to hire the people who do.

The American Bar Association estimates that there are roughly 10,000 tax attorneys in the country whose combined earnings total almost a billion dollars a year—an average of about $100,000 per man. And they earn it, especially the ones who work for major corporations, labor unions, and other wealthy institutions and individuals. These lawyers are brilliant and they regularly make mincemeat of the IRS attorneys.



Of course, other taxpayers who don't want to take the standardized deductions can go to private income tax "experts" who will prepare a return for "five dollars and up." Some outfits are better than others, but none of them are great because, again, the workers are usually paid for the number of returns they finish.

The IRS has opposed regulating or licensing these people and the agency may be right. Every time you set up a new system to regulate something it generally means more taxes and more organized corruption. The IRS's answer has been to hire extra agents to help citizens prepare their returns. This practice is okay but it also creates a conflict of interests. Why should the IRS people go out of their way to save you money when they're being exhorted to ". . . get that dollar!" as they were in an October 1965 IRS order. It warned agents working on collections to get at least one lien a week and one seizure a month or they would be "closely watched."

The Wall Street Journal once had a team of reporters take the same income tax problems to five different IRS offices and ask for advice in filing a return. They came back with five separate and conflicting opinions, which would be amusing except that when an IRS man gives you the wrong information he is not liable. You are.

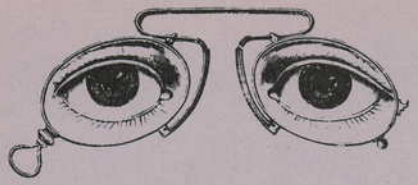
Some inequities in the tax laws are all too familiar, and some are downright exotic:

- If you sell your family home and take a loss, you can't claim a deduction. But if some speculator—who makes his living by buying houses at tax auctions—sustains a loss, he can deduct it.
- If you are blind or deaf, you get an extra exemption. If you are a quadraplegic, you don't. It's called, "selective democracy."
- You can claim relatives as dependents if they live in the U.S., Canada, or Mexico, but if they live in Haiti or Finland or anywhere else, forget about them as deductions. The government does.
- If you are an artist and you sell a painting the purchaser can donate it to a museum and claim a deduction. But if you paint the picture and give it directly to the museum you can deduct only the cost of your supplies.
- If you drop a bundle at the track you can't deduct a dime. But if you should win, guess who's waiting for you at the payoff window?
- If you owe the government a million dollars, you can negotiate a settlement for as low as seventeen cents on the dollar. But if you owe a thousand, they won't take under seventy-one cents on the dollar.

F. Scott Fitzgerald was right. The rich are different from the rest of us.

So much for filing your return. What happens when the government collects the money? Too often the methods used brutalize the collector and ravage the taxpayer. Because of the free hand given Internal Revenue by the courts, the service has awesome powers over us and our possessions. If they choose to, or if some nasty superiors force them into it (citing "the code"), IRS men can take practically everything you've got. They don't have to go through the niceties of a lawsuit. They don't even have to warn you.

A couple running a little mom-and-pop ice-cream store in Oklahoma



suddenly found that their bank account had been seized without warning. Checks they had written began to bounce. They went to IRS and asked for an explanation. The couple was told they owed back taxes. They promptly produced a canceled check for the proper amount. Did IRS apologize to the couple and send letters of explanation to the people who had received the hot checks? No, the agency returned the money but without an expression of regret.

There is a notorious case where a man had his $35,000 home impounded by IRS. It was later sold for only $3,000 to . . . a friend of a tax agent. In a rare example of justice, the action was overturned in court.

The original purpose of taxes —to obtain money to run the government—has been subverted. Taxes are now used to manage swings in the economy and to help make people happy in election years.

One of the most important principles of political science is that the power to tax is the power to control people. And right now, in the United States, the power to tax is virtually unbridled.

In 1975 the United States Supreme Court ruled that the Internal Revenue Service has the right to search private bank records, anytime, even if no evidence of a crime exists. The court admitted that the system "may be abusive" but nothing should undermine ". . . the efficacy of the tax system."

But the Supreme Court has ruled that the Fourth Amendment be suspended for the tax collector. To uphold the Constitution must you violate it? What Congress, the president, and the Supreme Court seem to have forgotten is that 200 years ago our forefathers became immoderately pissed off at a tax system which was anathema to the free man. Taxation without representation was the cry of the day. They should have lived to suffer taxation *with* representation.—*Ric Ballad*

SCENES

I LEFT MY ART TO DADA

For one of England's most renowned young playwrights and the author of the most talked-about play of the current Broadway season, **Tom Stoppard** is a surprisingly docile man. On a brisk and windy Manhattan morning, he obliges a magazine photographer by strolling through Central Park. He hasn't breakfasted yet, his suede suit is no match for the intemperate wind, and the street-crazies are out in full force; but he poses amiably for the camera, leaning against a book kiosk, looking alert, if somewhat quizzical.

English playwright ***Tom Stoppard***

For some reason, the photographer grows anxious. He edges his subject into more dramatic poses: eating ice cream on a stick; chatting with a scruffy park denizen; flipping through a tattered scandal magazine ("Caroline Kennedy's Wild Life in London!!!"). Stoppard submits with grace, smiling back with a slightly goofy grin.

The more whimsical the pose, the more unextraordinary he looks. Not exactly commonplace—not with those snappy, intelligent eyes—but unobtrusive. Detached. Like Rosencrantz and/or Guildenstern, in Stoppard's 1967 play, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. Like the dégagé Mr. Moon, in *The Real Inspector Hound*. Like the fabulously unexceptional Henry Carr, the nonheroic hero of his new Broadway hit, *Travesties*.

One of history's minor footnotes, Henry Carr was an insignificant British consular official who once took the part of Algernon in an amateur production, coproduced by James Joyce, of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. After the production, Carr hauled Joyce into court in a ludicrous lawsuit over the cost of a pair of trousers Carr had bought to wear in the show.

Around this improbable figure, Stoppard has created a brilliantly daffy comedy of ideas. If this insignificant man named Henry Carr rubbed elbows, albeit briefly and insignificantly, with the enormously significant James Joyce—so runs the unstoppable imagination of Tom Stoppard—mightn't the little nonentity also have brushed against Tristan Tzara and Lenin, as well? Both the Big Dada of the Dadaist art movement and the Russian revolutionary lived in Zurich in 1917, at about the same time Joyce and Carr were squabbling over those cream-colored flannel pants. And wouldn't the ancillary Mr. Carr provide a deliciously inconsequential viewpoint on the lives and work of these three giants?

To the nullity named Henry Carr, then, falls the enormous and impossible task of analyzing the importance of art and artists in a world ravaged by momentous social and political turmoil.

Neither Henry Carr nor Tom Stoppard resolves, in *Travesties*, the play's central issue, which, according to its author, is: "Whether the words 'revolutionary' and 'artist' are capable of being synonymous, or whether they are mutually exclusive, or something in between." To raise the question of the functional worth of art, *Travesties* employs an intoxicating barrage of artistic styles, from drawing-room farce and high Shavian debate to the low-down slapstick comedy of the music hall. Stoppard concludes, with evident satisfaction, that he has only succeeded in "setting up the debate—which goes on."

The playwright's personal view of the value of the artist is based, he says, on a firmly skeptical attitude toward art and its practitioners. "One must make the basic distinction between long-term and short-term values," he insists. "If you, the artist, are horrified by an act of social injustice, you could write a play about it right now—knowing that one TV news program on the same subject has a thousand times more impact than your play.

"But, on a long-term basis, every society draws its values from its arts. The arts lay down a matrix of moral sensibilities from which we draw our values. Without free speech, free expression, without art, there can be no moral values at all."

Trying to puzzle out the metaphysics of art, Stoppard's hilariously confounded Henry Carr concludes that, "to be an artist *at all* is like living in Switzerland during a world war. To be an artist *in Zurich, in 1917*, implies a degree of self-absorption that would have glazed over the eyes of Narcissus."

At the heart of Stoppard's comic brilliance lies his enormous relish for such intellectual conundrums. He seems to take mad joy in raising thorny philosophical queries and perversely creating humdrummy characters as ill-equipped to deal with them as—let's say, as you or I.

In *Jumpers*, a mild professor named George practically goes off his chump attempting to affirm the validity of good and evil in an insane modern world that seems to have done away with all coherent values. "Moral absolutes exist," Stoppard says, "and they are universal. But you can't *prove* they exist. Poor George tries to prove their existence, but, of course, it's an *intuitive*

Tom Stoppard's Travesties *on Broadway: analyzing the importance of artists during a revolution.*

truth." Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who Stoppard calls "bewildered innocents," frantically blunder through the macabre world of *Hamlet*, hilariously trying to act as existential free agents when they sense that their actions, even their very existence, have been predetermined by a blind universal force. The befuddled theater critic, Mr. Moon, in *The Real Inspector Hound*, finds himself trapped in the insane action of a stage melodrama when he tries to distinguish reality from illusion.

In a Stoppard play, things always tend to get out of hand when characters stumble into questions about man's meaning and worth in his incomprehensibly motivated universe. Still, they must ask the questions, no matter how insoluble, and they must muddle through the silence when there is no answer. That's what Stoppard creates them for. To live their stage lives as if there were answers to their dilemmas.

In this sense, Stoppard concedes, a connection exists between real-life existence and the comic unreality of his theatrical universe. "People don't live today as if there were moral absolutes," he observes. "I worry about that. I do. It gives me anxiety. . . . But I'm not obsessed about it, you understand."

Stoppard has rung numerous comic variations on this central theme of man's place in a disordered world, pursuing his metaphysical subject in such radio and television plays as *If You're Glad I'll Be Frank*, *A Separate Peace*, and *Albert's Bridge*. But although he has written over a dozen pieces for British radio and television, Stoppard is appalled by the state of American broadcasting. "I don't at all want to sound like a chauvinist, provincial playwright-pig, but I must say that your American television astonishes me. God knows there's enough crap in all television, but American TV is really an assault on whatever sensibilities one might have. I don't know why it has to be so dreadful. It's not at all that bad in England—or in France or Germany, I'm sure."

In spite of horrific broadcasting conditions, America offers endless fascination for him, Stoppard concedes. He enjoys watching us do . . . things. Like interviewing him. Photographing him. Maneuvering him into a good pose or a controversial statement. He lets himself be maneuvered; with abundant amiability, he will answer that question, eat that ice cream. And all the while, he watches us. Grinning.—*Marilyn Stasio*

GARBAGE FASHION

"I'm going to bring trash into the museums!" shouts artist **Steve Varble**. "After all, isn't America's garbage the most valuable in the world?"

Sidewalk crowds in New York City stare at Varble as he wanders the streets wearing costumes made of leftovers. One day he's decked from head to toe in piano keys strung together with wire; for a gallery opening he wears cast-off funeral wreaths. "This is my life!" Steve claims. "You see, I'm Cher's only real rival. She doesn't do anything but stand there in those costumes. But I go further. By making my gowns from things I find on the street, I show that you can look divine with nothing, if you use your imagination."

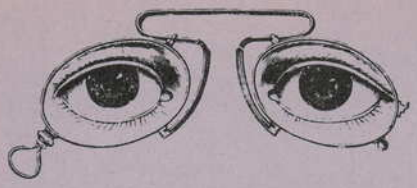
The police occasionally find Steve's garbage fashion difficult to handle since his skimpy garb often exposes his privates. He has been threatened with arrest several times, but Varble finds protection in his growing coterie of sidewalk admirers. "One time the police tried to stop him," says Ray Johnson, a fellow conceptual artist, "but I impressed upon them that Steve was a serious artist."

"How did I start this?" asks Varble. "Why I was at this bus station and I put my clothes in a locker and they were stolen. So I had to do something. My first outfit was made from potato sacks." A graduate of film school, Varble left the silver screen after his bus station debut. Now he's his own movie. "It's a life acted out frame by frame," Varble explains, "not in celluloid but in rubbish and dreams."

Steve Varble's trashy dreams may sound a little wild, but his art has become big business. Varble outfits have been sold to Tina Turner, Phyllis Diller, and German art collector Dr. Ludwig for $5,000 each. His future plans include marketing a life-size fiberglass copy of himself—with outfit, of course. For only $15,000 you, too, can now have a Steve Varble in your living room.—*Henry Post*

Daily News Record Photo

Steve Varble *with an admirer: trashy dreams and rubbish.*



FILMS

MOVING ON

Escapism notwithstanding, in the 1930's they made a lot of movies about the Great Depression. In the 1940's, they had a subject in World War II, which with the 1950's became the Cold War, along with the new prosperity and the lush technicolor internationalism. In the 1960's the theme was the sixties, usually a fatal four months out of date by the time it got into a theater. But—with exceptions—in the 1970's they make movies about the thirties, the forties, the fifties, even the sixties. Anything to avoid the present. I can't say I blame them. However, the trend has certain practical drawbacks, and sometimes the nostalgia is spread on so thin you have to pinch yourself—and look really hard at the cars and dress styles—to be sure you're not just sitting through an instant replay of 1976.

Nothing is spread thin in Paul Mazursky's fine new movie ***Next Stop Greenwich Village***, about a young man on his way to fame and fortune in the year 1953. Right from the beginning you are hit with ads for 1950's newspapers, posters for 1950's bank interest, 1950's subway trains (dirty of course, but no graffiti), and a 1950's feeling for individual potentiality that is so intense you can almost feel it.

Actually, the subway cars, the ancient newspapers, the 2½ percent savings accounts, and the like, despite all their accuracy, are there less for realism than as stage setting in a film that tends to see its times as theater. But the film is so true to the spirit of those times, and to things of the spirit like coffee-house conversations or the ways that bright kids got horny with one another, that if you've been around long enough to remember and if the appeal of the Village was ever part of your memories, it may almost make you want to sit down and cry. I don't mean that it milks its sentiment; it doesn't. Still, it is a kind of sentimental comedy. And it keeps coming across situations and attitudes that are heartbreaking in their authenticity. That is partly because it respects the pastness of the past. *Next Stop Greenwich Village* is one of the very few movies to understand that twenty-three years ago is not a run-down old place ready for reconstruction, but rather, another country—where a fair number of us happen once to have lived.

The hero, Larry Lapinsky (Lenny Baker) belongs to that younger generation of Jewish emigrants whose parents or grandparents had escaped from Russia, and who now must brave a second bold escape—away from Brooklyn. The hardships of the journey (usually fifteen to twenty minutes on the BMT or the West Side IRT subway) have been well documented. The insidious danger in the exodus from Brooklyn is that there is no really effective way to keep your mother from following you. Larry's mother (Shelley Winters) does follow, quite regularly, usually to bring some food and to comment on the state of his apartment, and also to instill a little Jewish-son guilt along the way. His dad (Mike Kellin) comes too, and together the old folks make up nearly half of Larry's story and more than half his problems.

The rest of his problems come from his choice of a crazy career—acting—and from his choice of a girl, Sarah (Ellen Greene), who wants him, but not to marry. They play around a lot and make love, and when she gets pregnant she sees him through the abortion. Finally she leaves him. But their fates are sealed anyway. Larry has auditioned and gotten a part—in the movies, playing a punk, which is everything he's not. It's "last stop, Hollywood;" the Village was only a station along the way.

Ellen Greene and Lenny Baker in **Next Stop Greenwich Village**.

Show-biz fantasy, rites of passage—the story is as old as the hills and so conventional as to have become archetype. On the whole, this frees the movie so that it can live in its characterizations and vignettes, some of them also highly conventional, almost all of them lovely and affectionately observed. There are Herb and his wife (Lou Jacobi and Helen Hanft) who run the health-food luncheonette where Larry works between auditions. There are Larry's pals—Bernstein Chandler (Antonio Fargas), a witty black homosexual named, he says, after the Jewish family for whom his mother worked; Anita (Lois Smith), who wants to kill herself and whose messy railroad flat is virtually a map of neurosis; Connie (Dori Brenner), who keeps very sane; and Robert (Christopher Walken), whose cool sanity becomes a way of avoiding personal responsibility. Altogether they are an ensemble of quite extraordinary grace and complexity. And since several of the actors involved—Fargas, Baker, especially the excellent Christopher Walken and Ellen Greene—have just begun to emerge with major successes of their own, they form something like a 1970's equivalent of the 1950's hopefuls they impersonate. Mom and Pop fit into broader stereotypes; and I'm afraid that Shelley Winters is no more convincing as a Jewish mother than she has been as anything else in her film career over the past thirty years. The other oldsters are wonderful, especially Michael Egan, as Larry's acting coach, who really makes the theater seem a profession to revere.

The 1950's had a lot of that—reverence for creative professions—and it was not deluded nonsense, as histories like Paul Mazursky's own begin to demonstrate. The portraiture in *Next Stop Greenwich Village* has the kind of accuracy—the bright younger women especially, with their combination of intensity and insecurity—that must come from someone who has been there and seen. But the film goes a long way beyond fictionalized memoir. Like so much of Mazursky's work, down through the recent *Harry and Tonto*, it is about the experience—the middle-class twentieth-century experience—of going West, a theme that seems to grow for the

Kubrick on **Barry Lyndon** *set.*

director each time he approaches it. By itself, *Next Stop Greenwich Village* is small-scale and affectionate. But come back to it in a few years, after Mazursky has made a few more movies, and see the scope of the pattern it may fit into.

The pattern that Stanley Kubrick's ***Barry Lyndon*** fits into begins to seem clear enough, though I'm not sure that seeing it will prove very enlightening. Barry, who is the eighteenth-century hero of William Makepeace Thackeray's mid-nineteenth-century novel, has been refashioned into a second cousin, several hundred years removed, of the bland spaceman of *2001: A Space Odyssey* and the programmed thug of *A Clockwork Orange*. Kubrick's heros tend to fall out of their times before their films are over. They don't die, but in every real sense, they have no future.

I don't yet know what this means in Kubrick, but I suspect that it is ultimately more important for him than the ponderously imaginative, meticulously detailed, undeniably handsome surface of his films, for which he has won so much admiration and praise. *Barry Lyndon* follows its hero (played by Ryan O'Neal) from his impetuous youth in Ireland, to his years of impressed military service in Germany, to his meteoric rise through gambling, to his marriage into a great English fortune, and finally to his downfall—brought about by the family of his unloved wife. In Thackeray's novel, Barry's story—narrated by Barry himself, who usually lies—is a kind of high-reaching misadventure. In Kubrick's movie, it is a dour meditation on human futility. It is revealed essentially by the camera, which of course never lies. Kubrick's camera especially, seeing each scene in terms of its somber spectacle, catching—by means of a special lens—real candlelight at night and the muted panorama of its outdoor world by day, carries the kind of visual certification it is difficult to deny.

If movies were visual truth, or if they were merely the sum of their pictures, then *Barry Lyndon* might be a great movie. But since movies are as much stories as pictures, and as much theater as truth, *Barry Lyndon* is a rather dull movie, with perhaps fewer ideas than it has images to convey them. Kubrick is no fool, and at a certain level he employs exceptional taste, so he has not made a vulgar epic for the masses—though I recall some vulgar epics I like better. But Stanley Kubrick has not done enough else, and the audience is left with something over three hours of visual effect and negative virtue. That's not what moviegoing is all about.

As for the style of *Barry Lyndon*, what does not derive from the painting of the period (a good many scenes are literally "posed" in the manner of eighteenth-century portraiture or landscape) seems to copy the manner of some currently prestigious, highly deliberate European filmmaking. The work of the great Robert Bresson or Roberto Rossellini—these are demanding and excellent models. I think Kubrick may have had them in mind, but I don't think they really apply. Their work is austere; Kubrick's is mostly glum. Their stillness and reserve cover an inner passion; Kubrick's seem to cover an inner emptiness. If you were to strip away the technique and the display you might be left with the essential meaning, or you might very possibly be left with nothing at all.—*Roger Greenspun*

Barry Lyndon *with O'Neal and Berenson: an inner emptiness.*

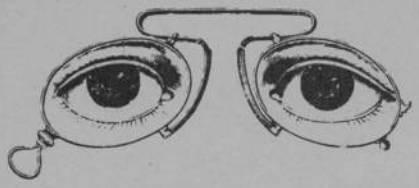
WORDS

CARTOONISTS AT WORK: BUT IS IT ART?

What was once known as the Ungentlemanly Art may soon lose its underdog status. Today's cartoonists—or "today's graphic satirists," perhaps—and their defenders are on the offensive. Never before have so many cartoon anthologies, so many albums of individual artists been on the market at once. Never before has the cartoon industry reaped so many profits. The Peanuts Empire alone, now celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, grosses $150 million a year, with other favorites not far behind. Rights to a new Superman movie recently brought Warner Communications Inc. an easy $3 million.

It was recently discovered that the creators of Superman, Joe Shuster and Jerry Siegel, had not received earnings from their property since 1948. Fighting through the courts with no success, the two men—now nearly destitute—finally appealed to the press for help. Last December, Warner's agreed to a lifetime pension for the men with their bylines restored to all future Superman spin-offs.

Money, however, is not enough. The artists want cultural recognition. Eager to disprove the old theory "if it is enjoyed by the masses, if it makes you laugh, it isn't art," cartoon book introductions ring with references to forerunners Bosch, Brueghel, Daumier, Goya, Holbein, and Picasso. Writers evoke texture, composition, color, calligraphy, and develop parallels between cartooning and individual art schools (Art Nouveau, Art Deco, op, pop, even abstract expressionism), between cartooning and still photography, cartooning and film. The cartoon idiom, in fact, they tell us, discovered the "close-up" long before D.W. Griffiths. And the cartoon idiom, they remind us, is far from limited to aesthetic con-



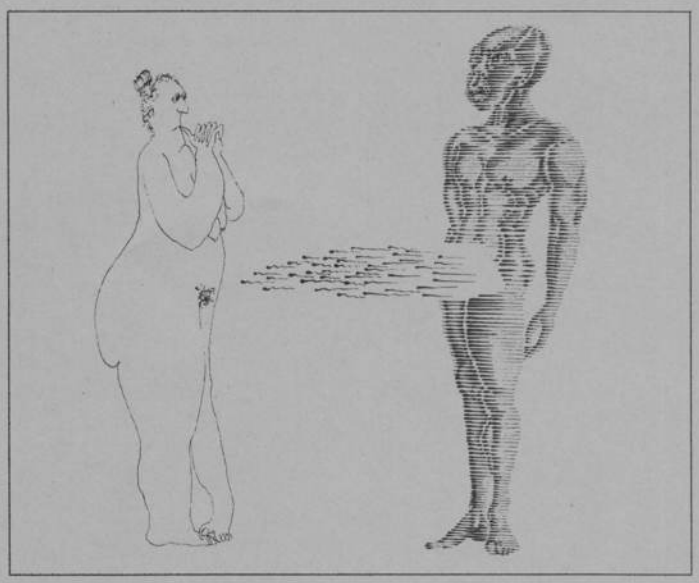
tribution alone. These writers laud cartoons as society's court jesters, the only ones permitted to tell the truth. Citing Freud and Jung, as well as the 1897 anticartoon bill actually brought before the New York State Legislature, they exalt the medium as a most necessary arm against psychological and political repression.

Have the so-called cartoon cognoscenti overstated the case? For the first time, we have a chance to see for ourselves. True, the cartoon art form has been with us for centuries, and in magazines since the creation of *Caricature* in France (1830), of *Punch* in England (1855), of *Puck* in America (1877)—but it is only this year that so many cartoon anthologies bring together such a wide range of cartoon art in one place.

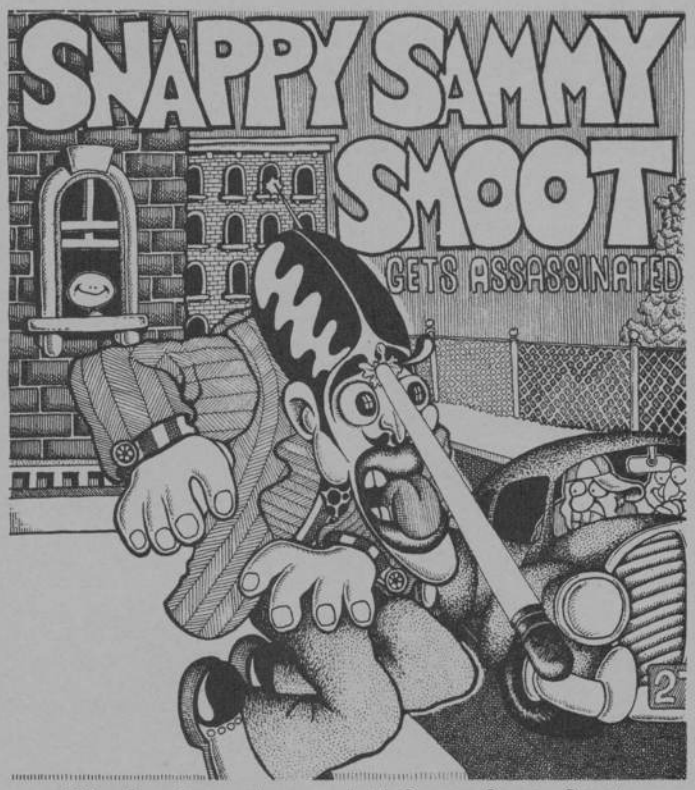
The New Yorker Album of Drawings, 1925–1975 (Viking, $15) is obviously the best of the lot. Dedicated to James M. Geraghty, Art Editor of the *New Yorker* for over thirty years and responsible for America's Golden Age of cartooning, the album presents some 500 comic drawings selected from over 40,000 originals. Despite its lack of dates, index, and artists' biographies, such a grand sweep of American mood, manners, and mores can hardly be faulted, especially with its final hommage to William Steig's clown adrift at sea.

Less extensive, but more comprehensive, the Cartoonist Guild's ***The Art in Cartooning*** (Scribners, $14.95) offers some 350 drawings, the work of over 170 artists. Particularly welcome are examples of late eighteenth-century political cartooning (Art Young, Thomas Nast)—but, much like the *New Yorker Album*, this anthology unfortunately leans rather disproportionately on its more recent selections. It does provide an index, as well as publication dates for some of the cartoons (oddly enough, only for those published by the *New Yorker*!).

Edited by John Bailey, ***Great Cartoons of the World*** (Crown, $6.95) has the noted advantage of including work by a number of European artists. Selections from seldom-seen magazines such as *Dikobraz* and *Szpilki* bring us master penwork from Born, Flisak, Holy, and Zábranský among others, often reminiscent of the fine-line satire of France's Topor and England's Stauber. The ninth volume in the Great Cartoon series, this excellent collection also offers the expected sampling from *Punch* and the *New Yorker*—all happily marked with name and date of publication.



En Masse: *the mordant wit of satirist Hans-Georg Rauch.*



Bijou Funnies: *underground with Snappy Sammy Smoot.*

Admiration for the art of cartooning has long been greater in Europe than in America. The most scholarly anthology yet published is the French-edited (by Jacques Sternberg and Michel Caen) ***Les Chefs D'Oeuvre du Dessin d'Humour*** (Planete, $12.50). Enriched with individual biographical sketches of the artists as well as thorough chronological listing of important dates in the history of graphic humor, this collection is worthwhile even for the non-French-speaking reader. Nowhere else are united such international greats as Addams, Bonnot, Bosc, Chaval, François, Gébé, Reiser, Searle, Siné, Stein, Steig, Topor, Wilson, and Wolinski. To mention only a few.

For more specialized cartoon anthologies, of course, some quite scholarly collections do exist in American editions. Usually well-indexed and much heavier on the textual end, a number of them focus on the political cartoon: among them, are M.W. Jones's ***The Cartoon History of the American Revolution*** (Putnam, $20,) and Hess's and Kaplan's ***The Ungentlemanly Art*** (Macmillan, $12.95).

For those who prefer to dwell on the works of one artist, however, an increasing number of volumes celebrate individual cartoonists. The mordant wit and linear verve of German satirist Hans-Georg Rauch is now available to Americans in book form. Already published in the *New York Times*, *Harpers*, and *Sports Illustrated*, his drawings are now gathered in a U.S. edition, ***En Masse*** (Macmillan; $12.95, $5.95 paper), a collection rich in political sting and unexpected juxtaposition. Rauch's world is one of intricate spatial proportion. It is a world not unlike a stadium, filled with men not unlike ants. A greater reality whose finer details turn out to be—at second glance—literal

masses of miniscule figures, a finely woven web whose strands are just beginning to unravel. Humanity in crisis.

Another fine-line artist whose work bridges both fine art and illustration, Edward Gorey (aka Ogred Weary, Regera Dowdy) is the first of our selected graphic humorists to add the printed word to his visual satire. Author of a number of volumes including the well-received *Amphigorey*, he has now produced ***Amphigorey Too*** (Putnam, $15), at moments reminiscent of Beardsley back in the decadent days of the *Yellow Books*. Like Beardsley—only much stranger. Joining word and image, Gorey tells the saga of "The Abandoned Sock" (it disintegrated) or the tale of "The Beastly Baby" (it burst, when dropped from the eagle's beak, with that "wet sort of explosion audible for several miles"). Motionless, deadpan, macabre. Fairy tales turned into nightmares, fantasies forced into frames.

The narrative cartoon, captioned and paneled, originally restricted to newspapers and comic books, is being recaptured increasingly in book form, too. Charlie Brown ("Only twenty-five years old and they're telling my life story!") and his crowd—along with their creator, Charles Schulz, the man who gave us security blankets, covers for *Time*, *Life*, and *Newsweek*, as well as a play, two feature films, and at least three TV specials—are now immortalized in an oversized nostalgia album, ***Peanuts Jubilee*** (Winston, $35). Also following in the reprint tradition are Stan Lee's Marvel Comics. Best-sellers ***Origins of Marvel Comics*** and ***Son of Origins*** (Simon & Schuster, $6.95 each) prove that Marvelmania (fourteen years already, God help us) is still rampant. Or, for a much more contemporary opposite of the superhero, there's clothespin-nosed Michael Doonesbury. Fresh out of the chaos-filled sixties, this college-age Charlie Brown suddenly found himself confronted with communes and day-care centers, Vietnam and Watergate. His confusion won him and creator G.B. Trudeau the first Pulitzer Prize for editorial cartooning ever awarded to a comic strip. And now they have their own volume of reprints: ***The Doonesbury Chronicles*** (Holt, $6.95).

Youngest—and perhaps the most political of all—are, of course, the fabled "Zap Comix," the "Bijou Funnies," all those street-peddled now out-of-print underground comic strips. Recycled paper, poor printing, hand-stapling notwithstanding, originals of underground star-artists like R. Crumb and Gilbert Shelton became collectors' items almost from the moment they first hit Haight-Ashbury. Strips that started in the old *Berkeley Barb* and the *East Village Other* became bibles for a whole generation. And now they, too, are being reprinted. ***The Apex Treasury of Underground Comics*** and ***The Best Of Bijou Funnies*** (Links, $4.95) bring us—among others—old friends like Projunior, Nard 'n Pat, Snappy Sammy Smoot, and, of course, old "keep on truckin'" Mr. Natural. Complete with author's histories and artist profiles (especially good in the Apex edition). Two volumes of ***The Best of Rip-Off Press*** (Rip-Off, $3.50) are also now available, along with the fourth Shelton/Sheridan ***Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*** Comic Book ($.75). In this latest, "A Mexican Odyssey," the hairy trio get in and out of a Mexican jail, with the help of Don Longjuan, the old mountain sorcerer. Definitely the finest in underground literature.

But is it art? America has always been slow to recognize her own fertile inventions as "culture'—jazz or folk music, for example, or even movies, or television. It has been said: "The vulgar amusement of today is the highbrow art of tomorrow." So far as the art of cartooning is concerned, it seems to be well on its way.—*Karen Thorsen*

SOUNDS

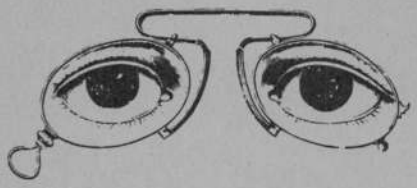
GOING SOLO

The most famous thing ever said about **Smokey Robinson** is Bob Dylan's remark that Robinson was "today's greatest American poet," a statement later withdrawn during a 1969 *Rolling Stone* interview when Dylan said, "I didn't mean Smokey Robinson, I meant Arthur Rimbaud. I don't know how I could've gotten Smokey Robinson mixed up with Arthur Rimbaud, but I did." But Smokey survives both the clumsy weight of the original pronouncement and the awkwardness of its withdrawal because Dylan and the notion of songwriter as poet are beside the point. Robinson, former lead singer, songwriter, and producer for Motown Records' first successful act, the Miracles, is simply one of the finest pop lyricists and composers around and, if his recent appearances are any indication, a performer who's just beginning to step out and explore the possibilities of being a star, a big star, on his own.

Sitting in the middle of a long couch in a New York hotel suite recently, Smokey worked with casual concentration at braiding his hair and talked about his first year on his own. "I'd been with the Miracles since I was a child," he recalled, his voice soft, whispery, boyish except for an occasional rough throatiness for emphasis. "I used to hate to be by myself, but that's not true anymore. I got a chance to get into my inner self and see what things I really liked." His voice is soft and I'm thinking how Smokey's clichés work much better in his songs—Robinson is quite the master of the elevated, transcendent cliché—he adds, "Which is why I'm performing again."

Why? The immediate answer is, "I found out that I love performing and that it's a big part of my life and I never want to stop that again. With the exception," he quickly adds, "that I would never do it like I did with the Miracles—on a constant grind, a constant 'go, go' basis." Another reason is that, in his time off, Robinson has been catching up on the business, "seeing more acts than I've been able to see in the previous fifteen years," and he found—this will come as no surprise—that "ninety-five percent of them were loud, the music was loud, the voices were loud but overshadowed by the music." Relating this, he is also

Smokey Robinson *without the Miracles: a big star on his own.*



suddenly booming and emphatic. "All this just started the wheels turning in my head: somebody's got to be quiet," he says, once again lowering his voice for dramatic emphasis.

So Smokey Robinson is doing concerts again, but not like before. The Miracles—Pete Moore, Bobby Rogers, Ronnie White—are gone, off on their own with a new lead singer, and gone with them are the dance routines, the matching outfits (I can remember them in hot pants and high socks at the Apollo), the tight harmonies, all the trappings of R & B flash. And Smokey is appearing on a new circuit now—the Roxy in Los Angeles, Carnegie Hall—with the dates spaced comfortably apart. His third solo album, *A Quiet Storm* (Tamla), is his best album in years and his first really satisfying one on his own. The LP and his recent concerts were designed for the quiet sound Smokey missed: few horns, no strings, seven musicians in all—including Marv Tarplin, the guitarist who's been with Smokey since the Miracles began—and two female backup singers who sit off to one side while the band is onstage. The sound is delicate, achingly sweet, and clear, but stunningly intense, with Smokey's voice its most expressive in some time.

Much of Robinson's new freedom, vocally and lyrically, is a result of being on his own. He wrote his first protest/message song, the haunting "Just My Soul Responding," after leaving the Miracles because "I felt freer to write about things I wanted to write about than when I was with the group. I could take a chance. If people didn't accept it, then it would only hurt Smokey Robinson."

There's also a whole new climate of freedom in the music business, even at Motown, that didn't exist when Robinson and Berry Gordy first got together in 1960. Certainly Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder have had a lot to do with the new mood at Motown. Their hard-won independence and subsequent success shook up and eventually opened up the company, providing a broadly-cut path for Robinson's later move into his own thing. At Carnegie Hall, Smokey gave a performance at least as good as Stevie Wonder's recent appearances—though, of course, in a much lower key—and better than most of Gaye's. People screamed, sang along with his old classics, "Tracks of My Tears" and "Ooo Baby, Baby," and swooned when he hit the high notes. For the first time, Smokey had the stage to himself and he filled it better than any single person I've seen in years. Terrifically sexy in a black jumpsuit, looking more twenty-five than thirty-five, he had the strength and attraction of a young performer just hitting his stride, able to make anything work. In his own words, "soft and warm, a quiet storm." Another of the songs he did, "I Am, I Am," has a repeated chorus that sums up Smokey Robinson's new mood: "I am, I am, and if the world don't like it, I don't give a damn." But we like it, we like it very much.—*Vince Aletti*

SUNDAY SCHOOL ROCK

You've already seen them. Those five silly, meatless bodies rigged in tartan Fauntleroys and smile buttons. Those five hideously bland faces with their frozen pasteboard grins and wide idiot eyes. And you've heard them. Those thin, autistic, sissy-voices singing "Saturday Night," a geld, pasteurized vision of teenage fun-fun-fun. They are the **Bay City Rollers**, Scotland's alternative to life and the drabbest, most frightening thing to happen to rock 'n' roll since Pat Boone.

Bell Records in England signed the Bay City Rollers in 1970. Over the next five years, the group had only two hit singles in Britain, a fairly sorry track record for aspiring superstars. But then, late in 1974, something began to stir. The band took to wearing those funny little tartan

Scotland's ***Bay City Rollers****: a mere phantasm of hype.*

suits. They had a pair of back-to-back hits. Twelve-year-old girl-things swarmed upon them with awkward lust. And the British press called it Rollermania.

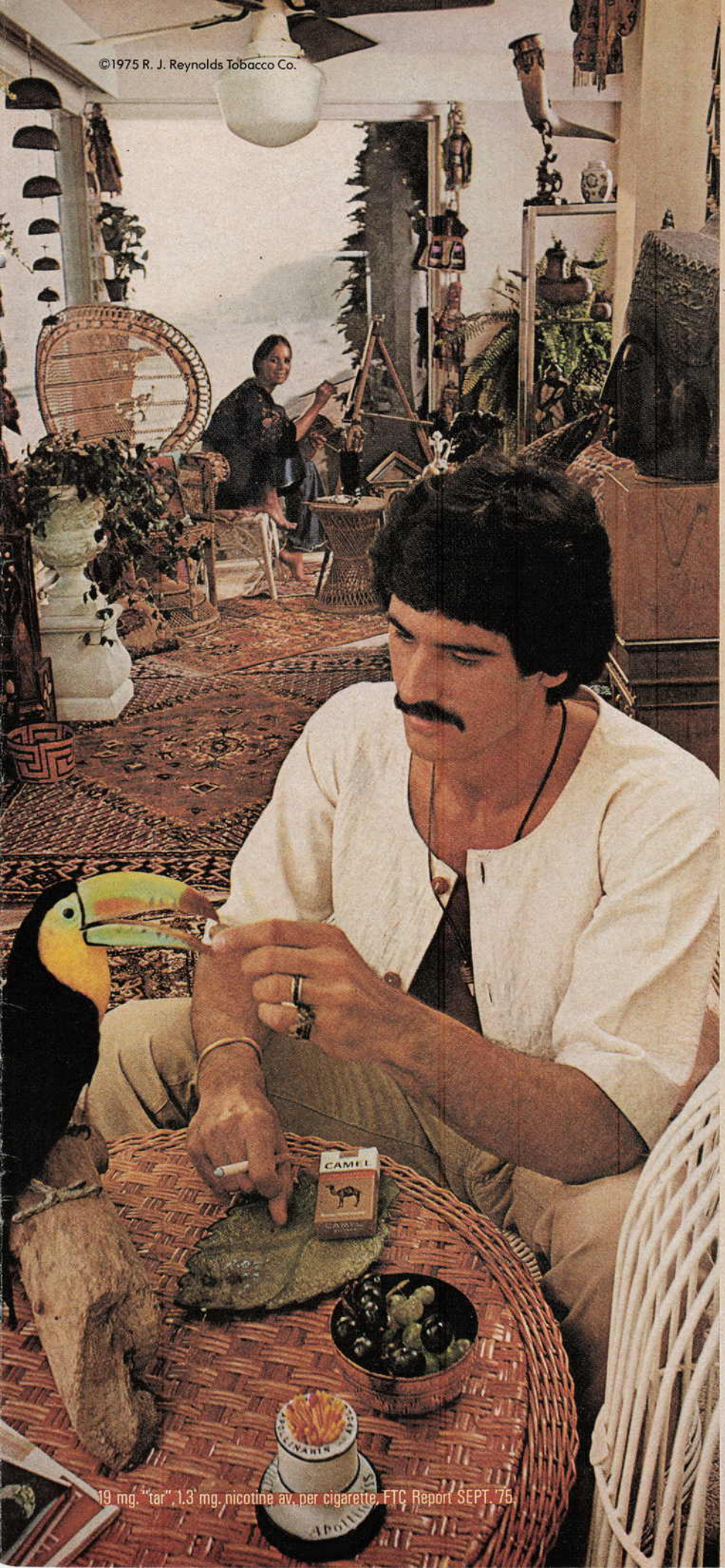
Enter Clive Davis, recently tsk-tsked from the presidency of Columbia Records and now founder and president of his own record company, Arista. Built upon the foundation of Bell Records' United States branch, Arista became heir to the Bay City Rollers' future in America. So one day (and it's most poetic to think of this as a terse, gaseous, after-lunch thought), Clive had an idea: the Rollers would be the next Beatles. Rollermania equals Beatlemania equals more money for bigger and better bar-mitzvahs. The cogs began to grind.

Two-page spreads appeared in the trades announcing that the Rollers were coming, and implying that they were indeed the new Beatles. Press releases flew like feathers from a shot duck. *Sixteen* magazine professed faintness and puckered its lips. And then it came: the Bay City Rollers' American debut, broadcast from London via satellite as part of Howard Cosell's first "Saturday Night Live" show. It was like a real-life Partridge Family.

Hype churned onward. A quickie paperback book about the Rollers appeared. *Sixteen* magazine not only put the Rollers on its cover, but also published issues of a special *Bay City Rollers* magazine, which featured articles such as "How To Dress Like the Girls They Like!" And, for a reason best left unexplored, radio station KGGO in Des Moines displayed its support for the five young dopes from Edinburgh by broadcasting their record of "Saturday Night" for three hours and forty-five minutes straight. The fruits of grease bloomed; the Bay City Rollers finally had a Top 10 American hit.

It matters little that the Bay City Rollers are a mere phantasm of hype. If boogie bands represented the demise of rock 'n' roll, then the Rollers represent its death wreath, for the vacuity of the Rollers is about as close to the renegade spirit of rock 'n' roll as the mushy sterility of Sammy Davis, Jr. A decade ago, five kids from Great Britain were topping the charts with stuff like "Satisfaction," "Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown," and "Paint It Black"—songs full of febrile sex, punk hostility, and cynicism. How did *that* become *this*? No one in 1965 would've believed it.

The hype will ebb, though, and it will be made clear that the Bay City Rollers were not the next big thing. But the image of those idiot Ipana grins and the strains of those Sunday-school songs will linger, and rock 'n' roll will swagger less boorishly for its folly.—*Nick Tosches*



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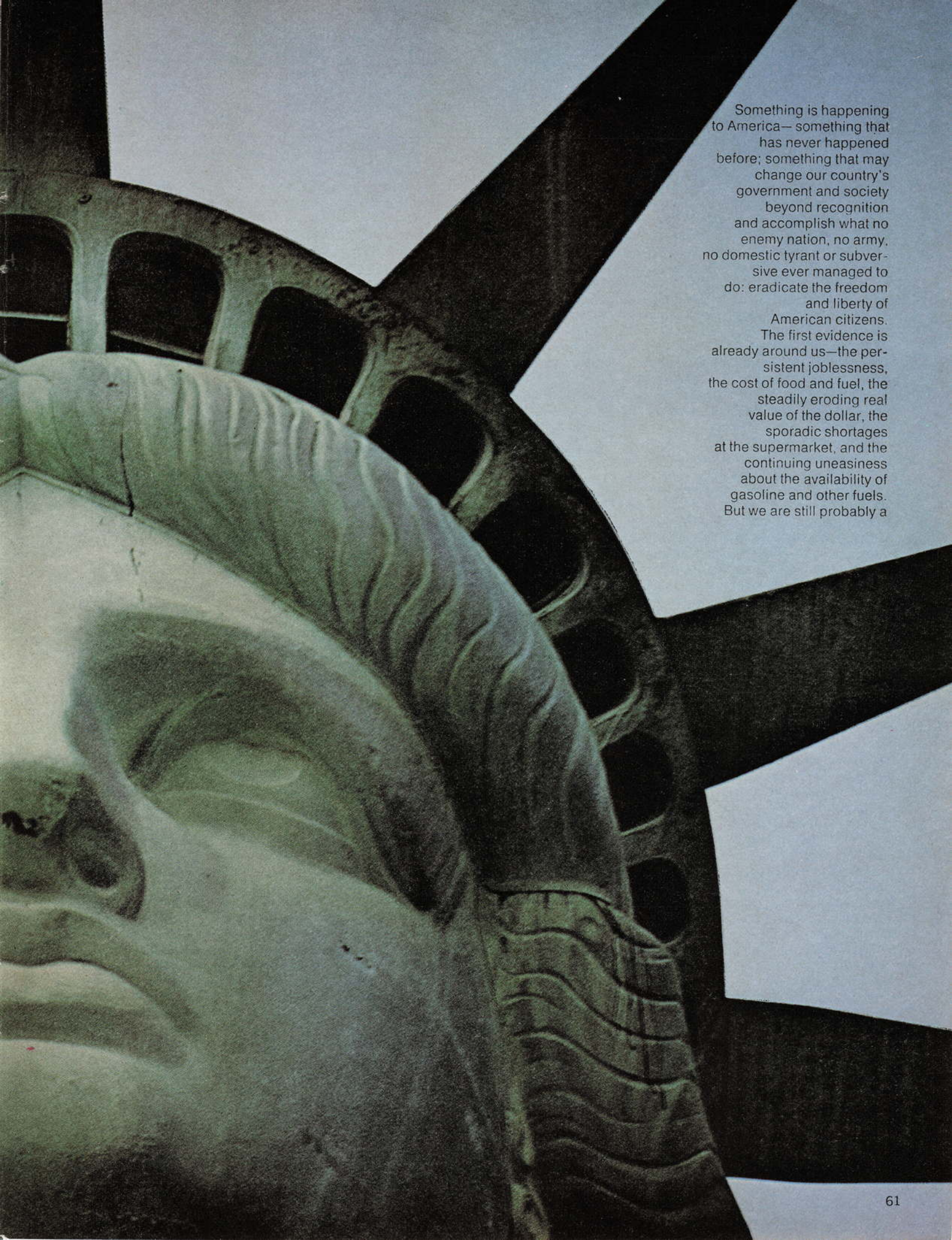
THE END OF THE AMERICAN DREAM

BY JEFF GREENFIELD

America has always equated freedom with abundance. But the old order changeth—and as we enter the Age of Shortages we'd better take care that our liberty isn't one of them.

Photograph By Cosimo



Something is happening to America— something that has never happened before; something that may change our country's government and society beyond recognition and accomplish what no enemy nation, no army, no domestic tyrant or subversive ever managed to do: eradicate the freedom and liberty of American citizens. The first evidence is already around us—the persistent joblessness, the cost of food and fuel, the steadily eroding real value of the dollar, the sporadic shortages at the supermarket, and the continuing uneasiness about the availability of gasoline and other fuels. But we are still probably a

few years away from the day when, for the first time in our history, Americans begin to realize that this "land of plenty," is running out of riches, that until a new source of energy can be found we will be living in an Age of Scarcity. And the most chilling consequence of this scarcity will not be unemployment and longer gasoline lines, it will be the most serious threat to our *political and social freedom* that we have ever faced. Traditionally, Americans have believed in and valued freedom above all else and assumed its continuity largely because the very wealth of the land made government control—whether of our property, our work, or our thoughts—absurd. But now that scarcity may well become a pervasive characteristic of our national life, we had better try to discover—and quickly—how our ideas about freedom can survive in a less plentiful, less bountiful country. The alternative to learning how to keep our freedom will be the loss of that freedom.

The idea of abundance, more than the idea of freedom or individualism, has long dominated both the world's vision of America and America's vision of itself. The sweep of the continent, the riches of the earth, the bounty of the frontier, the power of the machine—these qualities have written our history and shaped our present.

Columbus's 1493 letter from Hispaniola tells of an "earthly paradise" in the Western hemisphere. An English joint-stock company in 1609 beckoned Londoners to a land where "they shall have meat, drink, clothing, with a horse, orchard, and garden for the meanest family [and] one hundred acres for every man that hath a trade." As one social critic has written, "From the Spanish quest of El Dorado to the Twentieth-Century folklore of Sicilian and Slavic villages, the myth persisted of America as the land of untold riches, where everyone dressed in finery and the paving blocks were of gold." The most remarkable thing about this myth is the amount of truth it has contained for five hundred years.

Of course the history of America is also checkered with privation, suffering, and outrages—the destruction of the Indian civilizations, starvation in the early settlements, death on the frontier, the sweatshops and slums in our cities, the hard lot of sharecroppers and migrant workers, the persistent exclusion of blacks, browns, and women from full rights, and the inequitable distribution of wealth that endures to this very day.

Yet the reality of the Golden Myth remains: America *is* a society abundant above all others. Moreover, this wealth has endowed not just a tiny elite, but the great mass of Americans, first with land and the fruits of that land, then later with a share of our incredible industrial production. More than a hundred years ago, John Calhoun said that a "kind providence has cast our lot on a portion of the globe sufficiently vast to satisfy the most grasping ambition, and abounding in resources beyond all others, which only require to be fully developed to make us the greatest and most prosperous people on earth."

In the decades since, the story of gold in the Klondike, silver in Colorado, oil in Oklahoma, and coal in Appalachia has made Calhoun seem a modest forecaster. By the beginning of this century, Henry Adams could describe our country as the "child of incalculable coal power, chemical power, electric power, and radiating energy"—sufficient to make America into "a sort of God compared with any former creature of nature." And it is this image—and this reality—that runs like a river through our history, irrigating every element of our experience. We have so much, we consume so much, even our poor are, in comparison, so endowed (Harlem by itself would be one of the world's ten richest nations) that we cannot understand the threat posed by scarcity until we see just how the idea of abundance forms the bedrock for our most basic beliefs.

> God Himself was recreated in the image of America the Plentiful.

Every idea brought here from Europe was transformed by the richness of the American landscape. The philosopher George Santayana once wrote that American life "seems to neutralize every intellectual element, however tough and alien it may be, and to fuse in it the native good will, complacency, thoughtlessness, and optimism." And looking at the impact of abundance on our most basic ideas, this description seems exactly right.

God Himself was recreated in the image of America the Plentiful. Why believe in the sinfulness of luxury when the earth has brought forth such treasure? Instead of the biblical doctrine that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," American religion favored the notion of the Elect: the sense that God favored with worldly success those destined for Paradise. From Cotton Mather on down through Dwight Moody, Billy Sunday, Billy Graham, and Norman Vincent Peale, a major strain in our religious activity has been the comforting of the comfortable. It reached a peak of some sort when ad man Bruce Barton wrote *The Man Nobody Knows*, in which he described Jesus Christ as the "Great Salesman" and the Apostles as the first board of directors.

Our belief in individualism seemed to have resulted from the wealth of the continent. The early settlements in Jamestown and Plymouth, which emphasized collective effort, collapsed in large measure because there was simply too much fertile land for the taking. There was no need for men to work together when it was not too difficult for each man to enrich himself separately; nor was there any need for a powerful, intrusive government. "Here in America," Carl Schurz said, "you can see every day how little a people need to be governed. . . . Here you witness the *productiveness of freedom*." Indeed, our American Revolution was born as much out of impatience with Britain's economic policies as her political policies. Samuel Eliot Morison argues that "Boston became the hub of the American revolution largely because the policy of George III threatened her maritime interests."

The doctrine of "natural rights"—so central to the Founding Fathers—became through the first century of our history the unfettered right of the powerful to enrich themselves as they wished, without state interference. Those who didn't like it could pack up and carve out a new slice of our endless continent for themselves. Our corporate growth, manifest destiny, isolationism—all these reflect a sense of America as a self-sufficient, infinitely self-sustaining entity. Whether this Idea of Abundance has been *good* for us is a matter of doubt. What is beyond all doubt is the enormous influence the idea has had on our character, on our most definitive traits as a people and a culture. In his classic essay on the closing of the frontier, Frederick Jackson Turner summarized the impact of abundance on the American people. It had produced, he said, "that coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; that dominant individualism, working for good ends and for evil; and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which comes from freedom. . . ."

We can find this influence everywhere. Look at our newspapers and magazines—the startling use of white space, graphics, photographs. Look at the blaze of neon in Times Square and Las Vegas. Look at the way we live—in housing thirty miles from our jobs and five miles from a food store. Look at our pattern of typically uprooting ourselves more often in a ten-year period

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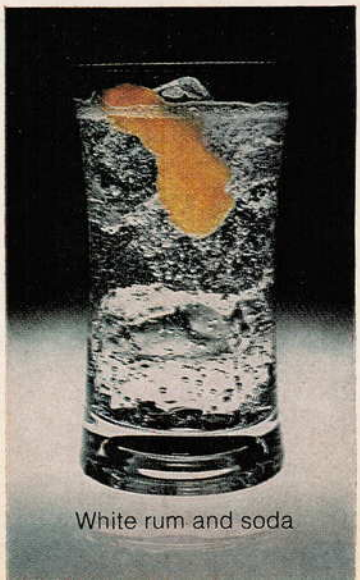
Mix your club soda with white rum from Puerto Rico.



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than most of the world's peoples do in a lifetime.

Listen to our political and cultural debates, and see how the concept of abundance bridges the widest-seeming gaps between Americans. Economic conservatives point to our material standard of living and argue that our system works for all who are willing to work. Liberals point to this same wealth and argue that in so rich a land, privation exists only by a conscious decision ("If we can put a man on the moon. . . ."). Our counterculture, with its professed distaste for the values of growth and acquisition, has been based on the capacity of the huge middle class to pay for the lifestyle of its disaffected children.

But there is something else that the pervasive idea of abundance has brought to our country. In America, growth has not been just a value, but the reason *to be*; possession is not just a means to happiness, but happiness *itself*. What has happened in America is that, as abundance came to dominate our thinking and living, it came to replace other, more traditional, sources of gratification. We made a kind of cosmic bargain—trading roots, community, stability, and craftsmanship for the dizzying excitement of growth, plenty, and power. Now, forces seemingly beyond our control are making that bargain obsolete. Instead of vast riches, we may be facing a sharp decline in our basic material expectations, and that may produce an incalculable alteration in our traditional sense of possibilities.

> A new civilization found new ways of holding men together—less and less by creed or belief, by tradition, or by place, more and more by common effort and common experience, by the apparatus of daily life. . . . Americans were held together less by their hopes than by their wants, by what they made and what they bought.—Daniel Boorstein, *The Democratic Experience*.

To some critics, this "bargain," this exchange of stability for consumption, has produced the American capacity to solve problems and improve our lot. To others, ranging from Thorsten Veblen to Paul Goodman and Charles Reich, it has produced a corrosive loneliness—even as we possess more, we wonder more at our lack of satisfaction. But while thinkers debate the worth of the bargain, the fact that we are living within that bargain is clear.

To survey familiar ground once again: we travel in shiny cars along eight-lane highways to see America, and what we see are more eight-lane highways and Holiday Inns and McDonald's that we left behind at home. We relax in comfort before color-television sets, but we are remote from tangible experience and personal participation. There is no corner bar or grocery store to find companionship in—often there is not even a *corner*, no center of existence where we casually cross paths with neighbors. Because we live so far from our needs, we power 3,000-pound machines to carry a 150-pound man for a loaf of bread. The work we do seems less and less to be either productive or useful, so we take our satisfaction not in what we *do*, but in what we can buy with our labor. In fact, what we have *is*, for millions of us at least, what we do. The vacations, the snowmobile, the home—these are the ways we measure our lives.

This is not necessarily a losing bargain; affluence can be as gratifying as more traditional values. In the words of Max Lerner, "The loss of a sense of independence in the productive process has been replaced by a feeling of well-being in consumption and living standards. The values of income, consumption, status . . . are values, not emptiness or formlessness."

These words were written before the explosion of the 1960's; that decade taught us that prosperity without purpose may not be enough. But now we face a more basic question—one we have never had to ask before: what happens once we have exchanged the rewards of community, craft, and identity for mobile affluence—and *then* find our mobility and affluence draining away? What happens, in a society taught to measure happiness by the things we have, when we find we have less? The conclusion is frighteningly easy to suggest. If we have less, our lives must *be* less.

And the fact is that for the rest of this century, Americans *will* have less. Whatever happens to employment and the value of the dollar, our five hundred-year link with cheap energy, cheap food, and cheap raw materials, is ending. Certainly, the current picture is grim enough. Our industrial capacity is one-third idle, and eight million are jobless. Yet the cost of living rises at a faster pace than at any time since World War II, propelled by a combination of shortages, the near-monopoly control of much of our economy, and skyrocketing state and local taxes (the average American works four months a year just to pay the tax collector).

So great is the continuing rise in the cost of living that a family that earned $12,626 in 1967 will need $16,000 just to stay where it is in 1976. In fact, the typical family has now lost every penny of the real buying power it had gained since 1964. Pessimism runs rampant. According to a *Wall Street Journal* survey, businessmen and economists believe that a savage new round of inflation will trigger a major economic collapse sometime in 1977 or 1978—"future fear" the *Journal* calls it. A noted economist says that the "prospects for improvement in the American standard of life are much less than they have been." And Edward Donnell, chairman of the board of Montgomery Ward, says, "The age of conspicuous consumption is over."

Thus, after living through all of the social upheaval of the last decade, from domestic riots and a divisive, debilitating war to the murder of our leaders and wholesale corruption within the White House itself—after all of this—the single remaining consolation, the conviction that materially at least things will continue to get better, is also turning to dust. No wonder pollsters unanimously report the most pervasive national pessimism in measurable memory.

The foreseeable future holds no solace. In recent years, our abundance has been rooted essentially in the existence of cheap fuel on which to base our industrial machine and personal living habits. But now the era of cheap fuel is over. The foreign oil cartel will by 1980 have accumulated some $460 billion of cash reserves—virtually all of it drained away from the United States and Western Europe. And to avoid paying higher prices abroad we will have to pay hundreds of billions of dollars at home—there will be higher prices for light, heat, and gas, and more expensive tax-supported subsidies. Even then we may well lose the battle. The National Academy of Sciences says it is all but impossible for the United States to achieve energy independence within the next twenty years, and the United States Geological Survey recently found that we have less than half the oil reserves we once thought. One government official predicts that "we should expect to run dry [of domestic petroleum] around the year 2000." The Atomic Energy Commission, a zealous advocate of nuclear power, now admits enormous problems with the "breeder reactors" of the future.

The energy shortage of two winters ago demonstrated in a small way what will happen if America runs short of fuel. But if we must pay far more for fuel, the consequences will go far beyond car pools and chilly buildings. Cheap fuel is—*literally*—the motive power of an auto-based economy and lifestyle. If automobile production, sales, and use sag, then so does the vast web of our industrial life: steel, rubber, service stations, fast-food franchises, shopping centers, amusement parks, domestic tourism—all will flourish or atrophy on the mobility of the car.

And there is much more. Fuel powers the tractors and combines of our agricultural life. Fuel powers the machines that nurture the fruits in the vast orchards of California and Florida. Fuel powers the trucks that abridge space and season to put fresh vegetables on wintry tables thousands of miles away. Inflate the price of fuel and you inflate the price of food. Mix this fact with the growing worldwide demand for our bounty to see that the Secretary of Agriculture is obviously right when he says, "The era of cheap food is over."

And more. Oil is the core of petrochemical products. Jack up the cost of oil, and the price goes up for plastics, synthetic fibers, records, pipe, packaging, furniture, etc. Moreover, Japan and other industrialized nations compete more strongly for our wool, cotton, and wood. The price of clothing soars. Paper shortages cut the

Discover What Vitamins Can Do For Your Hair.

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

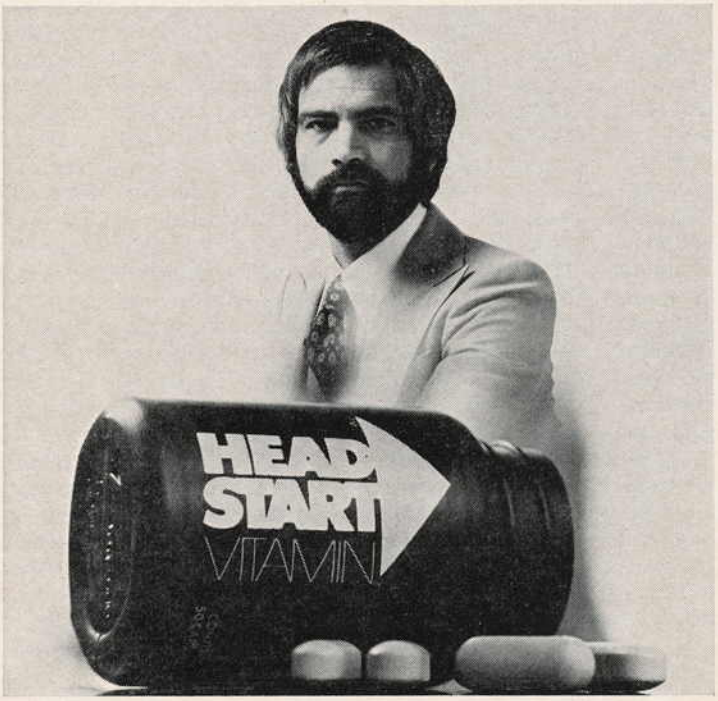
My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.



In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than ½ of our users are females! Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and. . .I have tried many. . ." E.H., New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement. . ." W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail. . ." S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference. . ." E.H., Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more." H.A., Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable. . ." V.M., Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors. . .tried everything. . . nothing happened until I started using Head Start. . ." R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works." J. T., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." D.D., Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work" . . . Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" H.L.S., Hollywood, Fla.

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size and circulation of newspapers and magazines.

In sum, abundance as we have known it—abundance in the sense of an unlimited source of sustenance for ourselves, our machines, our way of life—is over.

What happens to a society where freedom has been equated with abundance? Well, if we have less, then perhaps we shall be less free. Once a society has to make hard choices about who gets what, then the political process becomes much more ominous and threatening.

America has always professed to believe in self-reliance, to feel, in President Ford's phrase, that a "government big enough to give us everything we want is big enough to take it all away from us." Even after the New Deal, the New Frontier, and wartime controls, we have managed to retain a healthy skepticism about what Washington should be doing for us and to us. Yet, virtually unnoticed during the energy shortage of 1973–74 was the incredible, unchallenged expansion of government power into every area of our lives. The federal government became our thermostat adjuster, our highway patrol, our wage negotiator, our price-setter, our custodial engineer. We were told that we might have Christmas lights on our tree but not on our shrubs. We were told that we could buy gasoline on Saturday but not on Sunday. Prospective homeowners had to petition local boards for emergency fuel supplies if they wanted to move.

If this is how the federal government intends to respond to future energy shortages—with detailed, case-by-case power over local and personal choice—then the federal power implied is total. In extreme form, it suggests the power to shut down television stations to conserve energy, the power to allocate newsprint, the power to decide that the Indianapolis 500 will take place but not some rock concert, the power to permit college basketball games to be played but not professional ones.

And if scarcity results in this kind of government control over energy, what will happen if other shortages take place—shortages of food, lumber, wool, cotton? Will we have a federal agency allocating newsprint? Will government boards send fruits and vegetables to different parts of America, based on their conception of regional tastes? If this sounds impossible, remember that a hundred years ago the idea of a government zoning land would have been just as laughable in many parts of America. Then, as urban centers grew more crowded, the idea that every landowner had full control over his property was replaced by tighter and tighter controls. We now face—with no preparation and with little recognition that it *can* happen—the possibility of government "zoning" fuel and other scarce commodiites.

Moreover, a stronger government with control over our lives means that there is a greater potential for bitter national division. All of us know that in influencing government, some citizens are more "equal" than others. But when government decides who will drive, who will work, who will suffer, and who will prosper, then political and economic power obviously become much more consequential. Truckers can shut down a city by blockades or by strikes that sever the chain of food supply. Farmers can dump milk and slaughter livestock to maximize prices in a food-shortage economy. Oil companies can cut production to force prices to climb even higher. And the rest of us can watch and wait for the government to tell us whether we shall work, whether and what we shall eat, whether we shall be cold. . . .

Once before within recent memory America faced substantial shortages—during World War II. And some observers say optimistically that the experience brought us closer together, made us a more united people. From Rosie the Riveter to dollar-a-year bureaucrats, our work had a purpose, a common goal. And that, of course, is exactly what we do *not* have now. We aren't fighting for our survival as a free nation; we don't have Tojo, Mussolini, and Hitler to revile; we don't have magazines and newsreels promising us better days just ahead. Furthermore, World War II was actually a time of providential prosperity compared with the preceding Depression—indeed, it was war that ended the Depression. Meatless Tuesdays were not that much of a hardship for families that had lived through foodless Tuesdays a few years earlier. Today, scarcity will come only after more than two decades of feverish consumption by people who have literally never known the meaning of hardship. Finally, we are more *apart* from each other now. We live neither in cities nor on self-sufficient farms, but increasingly in far-flung suburbs, unreachable by public transportation. We are neither accustomed to nor organized for cooperative sacrifice, and this will make scarcity far harder to cope with.

"Can you describe it?"

What, then, can we do? Without some very hard, very fundamental changes, a leaner existence will mean for millions of us a lesser existence. Since we have cashed in so many other sources of gratification for possessions, since we have chosen to cast our lots separately instead of together, we have created a vicious cycle: increasingly dependent on consumption for gratification, we have become a society that is built to consume wastefully. And since we have shaped our political ideas of freedom from our material bounty, we face a future in which we will see ourselves as less free because we will have less chance to evade limits on our impulses.

The first step toward a solution is the clear recognition by our political leadership that we can no longer afford to consume without acknowledging the consequences. Nearly a century ago the closing of the frontier meant that we could no longer swallow up virgin land, drain it of its

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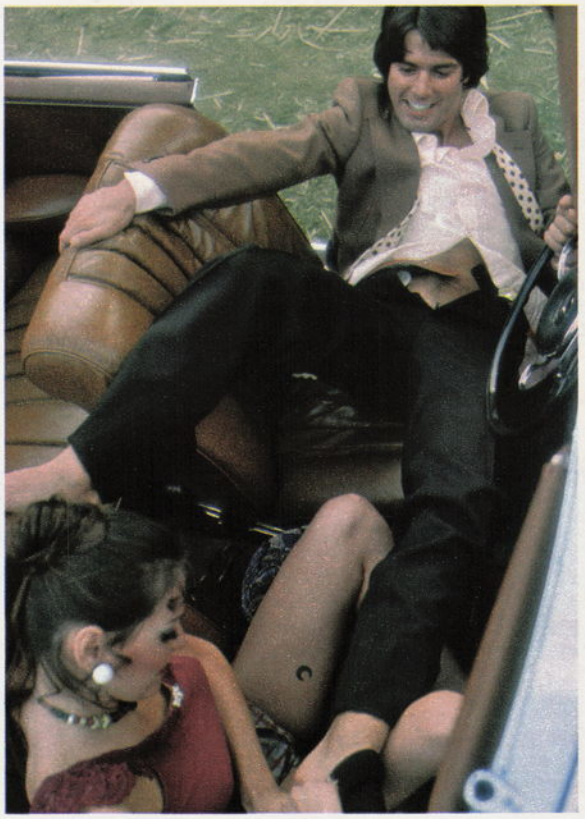
AUTO EROTIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

If you're tall, trim, and twenty—and even your short shorts have cleavage—you don't need a ticket to ride, baby. All you need is technique. For Terri, it didn't take much more than the lifting of an educated thumb to stop a car dead in its tracks—although

we strongly doubt that Clarence even noticed Terri's uplifted digit. His eyes stopped midway between the cutoffs and the choker, shifted down, took in the big end, then back up to top —by which time his feelings weren't exactly in neutral.

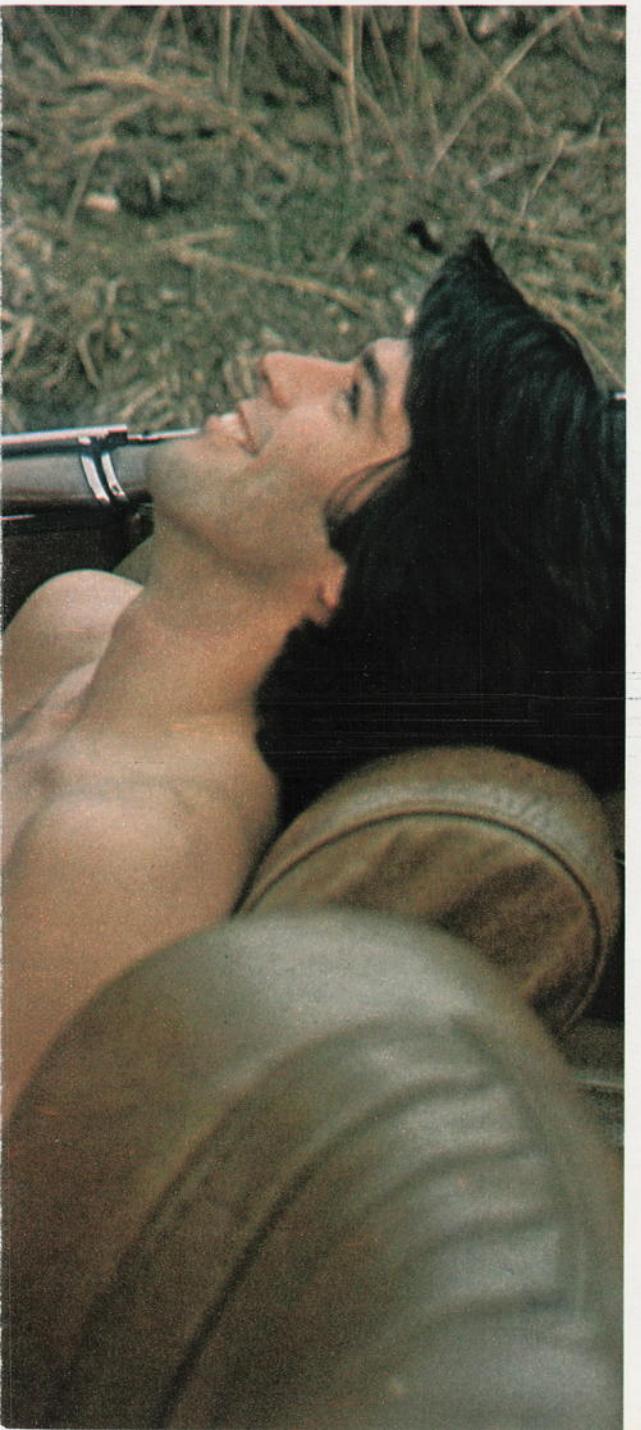
But things didn't really get into gear until Terri climbed into the convertible; and with her kind of bodywork—plus her penchant for clean-cut commercial types—the shift was automatic (although the action was strictly manual). An old-fashioned girl, well



Man's wardrobe by Mike Bain, Los Angeles; hairstyles by Peter Vargo, Los Angeles; makeup by Jeff Hamilton, Los Angeles.

"His eyes stopped midway between the cutoffs and the choker, shifted down, then back up to top—by which time his feelings weren't exactly in neutral."

versed in stick-shift procedures, Terri soon had Clarence revved up to the point where he was overheating more than a little. The solution seemed fairly obvious—even to Clarence. It was just a matter of pulling onto a shoulder and letting out some steam. And simply as a matter of sound road sense, Terri decided to check out Clarence's transmission, while stripping down her own chassis for a cursory examination at the same time. Not a man to take such things lying down, Clarence quickly rose to the occasion, unfastened his seat belt, and let out his clutch. All systems were obviously go. Acceleration was perfect, although Clarence's tachometer was hovering dangerously near the red.



"Fill her up!" groaned Terri, when her odometer had ticked off the full distance. Clarence, an old pump hand who knew how to use a nozzle, obliged.
"It's definitely Super, not just Regular. High octane...." smiled Terri, as she settled down on his shock absorbers for another lap or two. Never before had Clarence more deeply appreciated the wonders of internal combustion. He was definitely not a Wankel man. For all we know, they're still out there taking turns on the turnpike and racking up record mileage—to say nothing of endurance runs....

A "people washer" egg? An atomic-powered heart? Coast-to-coast commuting in twenty-one minutes? These are not figments of some science fiction writer's imagination, but tomorrow's realities.

BEYOND 2001

During the nine months between conception and childbirth, the human mind develops the ability to think. No one knows precisely *when* the embryo or fetus thinks—before he becomes a newborn child. Then, the infant tells us: by crying out, his demands change our lives. Organisms become a fact of life, unthought of—even as they begin to think of us.

Whole families of embryonic facts "think" of us: forthcoming products, services, processes, and ideas—the offspring of innovators and entrepreneurs. Usually we aren't aware of an innovation until after its conception, or until the developer of the item proudly announces its arrival. But even before the innovator launches a new product, he creates elaborate plans to manufacture, distribute, market, and publicize his invention. The inventor and his brainchild truly think of me—before I think of them.

Though familiar to us now, detailed facts about most budding ideas or developments-in-progress were quite unknown during their incubation period to the man in the street. The idea for frozen foods, for instance, originated in 1908, but the foods themselves weren't introduced to the public until 1923; and television, although conceived in 1884, wasn't seen by most consumers until 1947—a time lag of more than half a century. It was fifty-six years from the idea of photography to its realization on a mass level, and twenty-two years from the concept of instant coffee to the availability of that brew on the grocer's shelves. Even a product as humble as the "roll-on" deodorant took seven years in the "research and development" phase.

Of course, it takes longer than nine months—usually much longer than the inventor expects—to hatch a worthwhile invention. And successful innovations are those systems-in-motion that find widespread adoption and application in the marketplace because they fulfill needs.

"The greatest invention of the nineteenth century," said Alfred North

Illustration By David Wilcox

By Stephen Rosen

Whitehead, "was the invention of the method of invention." Perhaps in the twentieth century we've invented a kind of "birth-control" process for new inventions, or an elaborate obstacle course that allows only the fittest innovations to survive. Great energy and imagination are called for to leap these hurdles—personal struggles, financial barriers, even ridicule by experts.

In 1901, Rear Admiral George Melville, the Chief Engineer of the U.S. Navy had this to say about the possibility of flight: "If God had intended that man should fly He would have given him wings. . . . The airship business is a "fake" and has been so since it was started two hundred years ago. . . . Never has the human mind so persistently evaded the issue, begged the question, and, 'wrangling resolutely with the facts,' insisted upon dreams being accepted as actual performance."

Against steep odds the dedicated inventor, entrepreneur, or visionary strives to realize his dream—*only* by "wrangling resolutely with the facts." Such a man would certainly agree with H. G. Wells: "Will is stronger than Fact; it can mold and overcome Fact."

It's often said that "Some people see things as they are and ask why; I dream of things that never were and ask why not." This is brave talk, and sometimes reckless talk. But the question "why not?" has heroic dimensions. In earlier times the individual who persisted in championing his idea or product in the face of all inhibiting adversity was regarded as a hero. Mythology commemorates Prometheus (whose name means "foresight") because he stole fire from the sun to bestow upon mankind, but was punished by the gods for his audacity and courage. Theodore Roosevelt spoke of the man "who, if he wins, knows the triumph of high achievement and, who if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly." Today's developers and visionaries are those inventors, scientists, and entrepreneurs who "dare greatly," who ask "why not?"—and then go ahead and do something about it.

It may come as a surprise that the predominant feelings toward science and technology among three-fourths of American adults are "satisfaction," "hope," "excitement," and "wonder." Yet, despite this, a small but vocal minority of debunkers are afflicted with the doomsday syndrome—that gloomy habit of foreseeing the worst aspect of progress. It's not the *inventions* of men that are dangerous, but the *intentions* of men.

However, change does encompass such a vast panorama that a guide to the future is necessary. We're discomforted or shocked by the rapid speed-up of change, the accelerated pace of oncoming events. To decelerate from "future shock" we need a shock absorber—a future *cushion*.

Facts are cushions. Facts enlarge and inform our expectations; they provide an early warning system that gets us ready for the future. And facts also bridge the gap between what we think and what really exists, between what we know and don't know, between the past, present, and future. Facts about the future—*future* facts—tell us the way things *will* work.

Unless something special happens, we remember more details from a day last week than from a day last year. Our minds tend to bunch up events of the recent past and to space them out as we think farther back. This "immediacy effect" is probably due to our time-biased memory of the distant past, which we often override when we recall *important* events. By symmetry, our minds create a *forward* immediacy effect, as events imagined *ahead* in time crowd in upon the near-term future and stretch out over the long-range future. Yet facts, it seems, override this natural time bias, for facts help us to grasp *vital*—rather than merely *immediate*—things to come.

The "facts" that follow are systems in motion—products, services, processes, or ideas—that are (1) at least one year away from mass-market realization; (2) likely to "succeed" after they appear; and (3) probably important future influences on the average man in the street. They are, in short, facts with a future.

A "People Washer" Egg

It's a clean trip—an adventure in personal hygiene and comfort. It's an ultrasonic bath developed by the Sanyo Electric Company of Japan. This machine showers and bathes the body, cleans the skin, massages the muscles, and dries you. All you do is lift a finger.

This people washer looks like a large dinosaur egg. Except for the head (which sticks out of the egg) the entire body is cleaned. The round shape permits free, rapid circulation of water and air. It's easier to use than a dishwasher, clothes washer-drier, or even a tub-and-shower combination. There's no need to wait for a tub to fill, and no need to take a shower after a tub bath. Because the unit is sealed, there are no puddles on the floor—and no steam to peel the paint from the ceiling. Because the air-bubble-filled water is in constant motion and because the bath uses sound waves for cleaning instead of soap, there are no messy rings left.

It's simple to operate. Just select the water temperature, climb inside the egg, and start the machine. It goes through its cycles automatically: first you are enveloped by a warm shower and two minutes later the ultrasonic washing begins with bubbly warm water. The bubbles are activated by ultrasonic sound waves, which cleanse you. The bath fills gradually over five minutes with warm water. At a set level the water intake automatically shuts off and the hot water begins to whirl, cleaning your body even more thoroughly. The ultrasonic sound waves continue. While the water whirls around and over you, hundreds of miniscule floating rubber balls massage your skin and relax your muscles.

After seven minutes of washing and rubber-ball massage, all of the bath water drains from the sphere and the body is reshowered for two minutes. The shower and ultrasonic waves cease and all the water is drained out. Now the dry cycle begins: low-moisture air circulates through the chamber. Five minutes later you are ready for the office, dinner—or just plain sleep. The entire cycle takes only fifteen minutes.

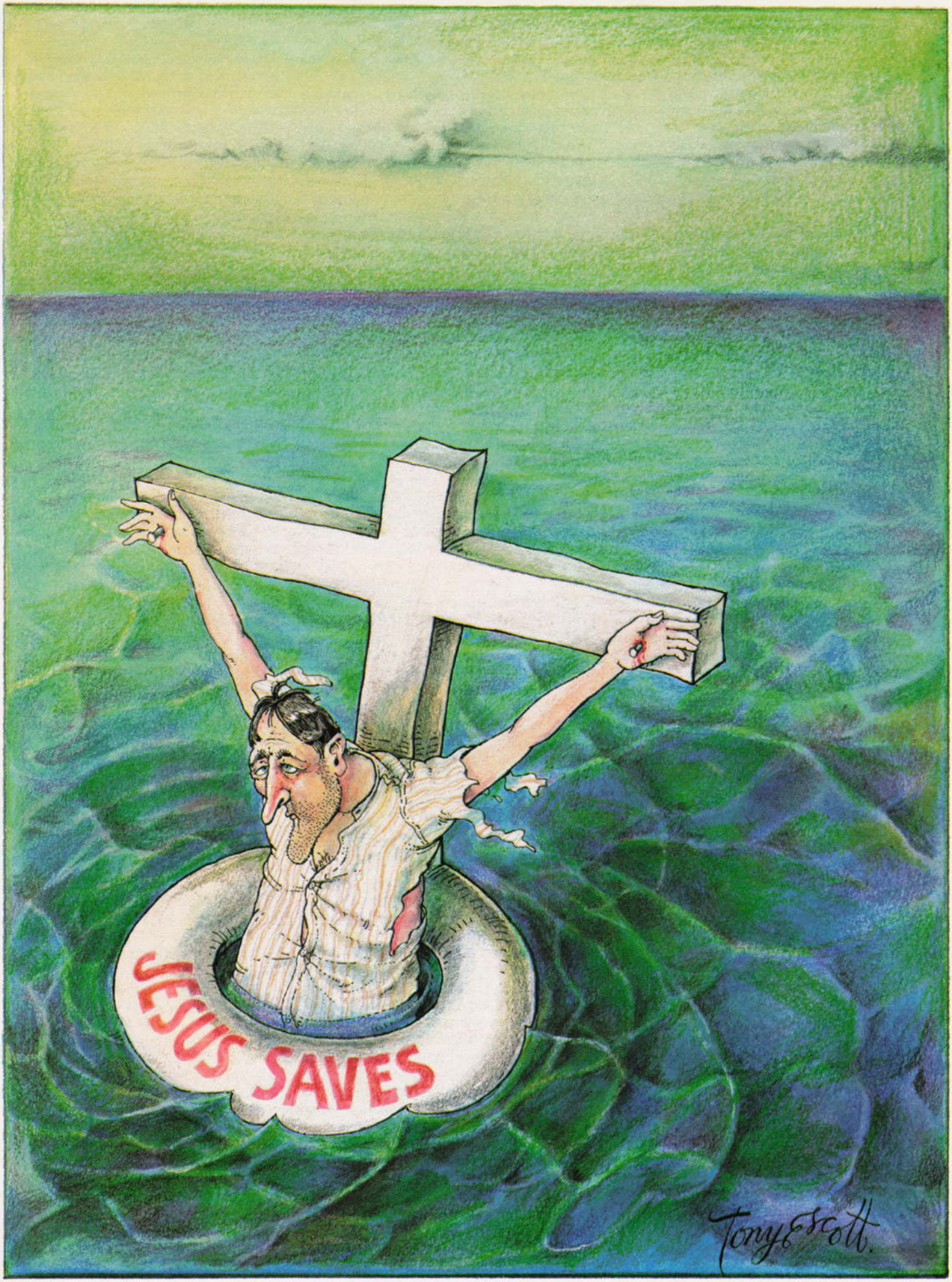
Pollution-Free Energy from Offshore Winds

For centuries windmills have been used to grind grain and pump water. During World War II the Germans actually used windmills to supplement the energy of their dwindling coal and petroleum supplies. In recent years, several nations have seriously considered harnessing wind power to generate electricity on a large scale. Now more will turn their thoughts to it as they face an energy crisis.

Professor William E. Heronemus, a civil engineer at the University of Massachusetts, and others believe the time has come to take a second look at giant electricity-producing windmills as a possible energy source to supplement oil, coal, and gas. Professor Heronemus envisions windmills of every size and description. Some would generate electricity directly. Others would produce hydrogen gas electrolytically, which could be stored or piped like natural gas and then reconverted to electricity by fuel cells. There could be windmills for individual houses; small-scale windmills are already available commercially in France (called the Aerowatt) and in Australia (called the Dunlite). Acres of large units would supply most of the electricity needed to power a town. And, most ambitiously, there could be tremendous offshore arrays of windmills to take advantage of the strong, reliable ocean winds.

Professor Heronemus has drawn up a tentative plan for a wind-power system located off the northeast coast of the United States. Thousands of windmills would float like huge buoys in the coastal waters; larger windmills would be anchored to the ocean floor. A complete system could generate an estimated forty-nine billion kilowatt-hours per year of electricity, and there would be no air, water, or thermal pollution. As a by-product of electrolysis, the windmills would deliver five billion gallons of pure drinking water and over thirty-five billion pounds of pure gaseous oxygen—at no extra cost.

The major drawback of wind-produced electricity has always been the high construction costs. But Professor Heronemus believes that the cost of conventional power per kilowatt-hour has risen now to a level where windmills could compete with nuclear and oil power plants. After an initial investment of $43 million, he says the


JESUS SAVES
Tony Scott

windmills could begin producing revenue. The total production and transmission cost per kilowatt-hour he estimates at seventeen and one-half mills, which compares favorably with the current costs of nuclear-produced electricity—twenty mills per kilowatt-hour.

So-called breeder reactors might bring down the price of nuclear energy, but Professor Heronemus believes thermal pollution will be an increasing problem as more nuclear power plants are constructed; it takes countless gallons of cooling water to run an atomic installation. A balance of nuclear, solar, geothermal, tidal, wind, and fossil energy production, he asserts, might avoid the environmental dangers inherent in relying too heavily on any one resource.

In Professor Heronemus's words, "Those who insist that there is only one way toward solution of our energy problems—the route of very large breeder reactors or even larger fusion reactors—should at least stop and pay some attention to the possibility that they have long since entered that economic purgatory called the region of diminishing return. And while they are stopping to think, they will be well advised to remain carefully concealed behind their radiation shielding, or their gray matter may change color."

Professor Heronemus also believes that Alaska has a valuable, untapped resource —in addition to its oil fields: "There is also a vast and powerful wind field along the Aleutian chain and the south coast of Alaska. Those winds are strong enough to bring out an energy product to the lower forty-eight states without spoiling the economics."

Wind power is a by-product of solar power. By linking the two—mounting a windmill on the roof of a solar home—we might make households capable of producing almost their entire energy needs. Stormy weather would obscure the sun, but the winds could offer enough energy to get by on. A home windmill and storage battery could provide electricity for about five cents per kilowatt-hour. By the 1980's this cost and system might also be competitive with fossil fuel electricity. The giant windmills at sea would then supply energy for industry.

Nuclear-Powered Artificial Heart

A nuclear-powered artificial heart system is now being tested in live animals.

For the first time, scientists have produced totally implantable hearts that can operate internally. Experiments with the hearts are being conducted by Thermo Electron Corporation in collaboration with Harvard Medical School under the sponsorship of the National Institutes of Health.

Heart disease is the number one killer in the United States and in other countries. Approximately 200,000 persons still in their productive years succumb to diseases of the heart annually. Heart disease also severely restricts the activities of a large number of persons and shortens their life span. Obviously, millions could benefit from the development of a good artificial heart.

Artificial heart research is relatively new, but already it's come a long way. The first milestone was passed in 1967, when a blood pump implanted in an animal performed successfully. The heart, in its function, is fundamentally a pump—or, rather, two pumps. The right ventricle pumps blood under low pressure to the lungs, where carbon dioxide is released and oxygen is picked up. The left ventricle pumps oxygenated blood to the arteries at high pressure. Most heart failure takes place in the left side of the heart because it works about four times as hard as the right side of the heart.

Much early artificial heart development was concerned with the left heart. The typical system consisted of a booster pump connected between the left heart and the descending aorta.

Later, booster pumps were connected with both the right and left hearts. A current system is powered by an engine fueled with a capsule containing plutonium-238. Various animals have survived for one or more years with a nuclear implant, suggesting that humans will be able to tolerate the exposure to radiation.

The next step is to design a totally implantable artificial heart suitable for human beings. Tests are under way with such hearts in animals. The artificial hearts are similar to the human heart in structure: they have two atriums and two ventricles with valves to control the blood flow. Included with the artificial heart are an energy storage pack, an energy converter, and a heart-control computer to regulate the action of the heart so it will meet the body's changing needs. The computer, presently six inches long, may be reduced to the size of a dime with the help of present-day technology.

Much work remains to be done before scientists will have a total heart implant that can be used safely in the human body. Meanwhile, animal experiments are providing invaluable information about the effect of the artificial heart on other body organs, the circulatory system, and the nervous system. Investigators are using this information to improve the structure of the artificial heart.

"The development of a totally implantable assist and artificial heart," declares Lowell T. Harmison of the National Heart and Lung Institute, "is a goal no less challenging than that of placing a man on the moon. The technological basis for these achievements exists now. The challenge posed by these developments can be met within this decade."

By the next century artificial hearts may be as common as artificial limbs are today. Eventually, millions of lives may be prolonged for decades, first with artificial parts for the heart, and then, later, with duplicates of the human heart.

Recreation on Mt. Trashmore

"Making a mountain out of a molehill" may be only a proverb. Making a mountain out of trash is a reality.

The city of Virginia Beach, Virginia, has created a mountain out of a swampy, fifty-acre garbage dump. The former trash heap is now being converted into a unique recreation area that will offer those who visit there bicycle trails, riding paths, tennis courts, a 10,000-seat amphitheater, and two man-made lakes.

Dubbed "Mt. Trashmore," the project was first proposed by Roland Dorer of the State Public Health Commission. His intention was to find a substitute for the traditional ways of garbage disposal—burning, burying, and dumping—which create pollution and health hazards. Dorer suggested dumping all the trash in one spot, covering it with dirt, and compacting it to form a solid "mountain."

Creating the mountain "resort" meant draining much of the swamp and building roads leading to and from the site. The garbage was then spread out over the entire site and covered with a layer of soil. The fresh soil helped decompose organic elements in the trash, eventually turning it into new soil.

Alternate layers of soil and garbage formed building blocks. After a layer of garbage was laid, it was rolled over by mechanical compactors. Since the compactors exerted tremendous pressure on the garbage, all items, including auto parts and refrigerators, could be used. No sorting of the trash was necessary.

Mt. Trashmore was completed in 1972. It rises to a height of sixty-five feet and consists of 640,000 tons of garbage.

Phase II of the project, building a recreation area on the mountain, is now under way. Grass has been planted on a layer of topsoil, and the addition of two nearby lakes increases the size of the area from its original fifty acres to 125 acres. Eventually, the lakes will offer small paddle boats and fishing. An unusually heavy snowfall in the winter of 1973 gave Mt. Trashmore an added dimension. Residents were able to go sledding and skiing on its slopes. Earlier, during the summer, a soap box derby was held at Mt. Trashmore, marking the first public event to take place in the newly created park.

Mt. Trashmore has been so successful a venture that Virginia Beach has begun work on a second mountain project. This is scheduled to be a twenty-year undertaking, also based on a recreational concept.

Traditional methods of solid-waste disposal pollute the air and land. Trash mountains not only solve this health and ecological problem, but they also offer great potential for recreation. This dual purpose is particularly advantageous in urban areas, which suffer from heavy wastes and from the lack of park facilities. Either urban land is unavailable or acquisition is very expensive.

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"There's nothing nicer
than the feel of water and sun
all over my naked body."

SANDY

"I'm a woman who's into very natural men."

BIRD OF PARADISE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

I'm a woman who's into very natural men," says Sandy Bernadou with the air of a girl who really loves nature. "Uptight social types just don't turn me on at all. But if I meet a tall guy with a healthy body... maybe I can be persuaded to loosen him up a little." If Sandy seems to be stressing that health is wealth, her attitude is only natural for a nineteen-year-old Capricorn raised in California's Sierra Nevada mountains. Outdoor activities like hiking, surfing, swimming, and even powder-puff football are among her passions. "When you keep in shape you not only have a healthy body, but a healthier mind and soul as well," she says. And it takes no superjock to appreciate the fact that Sandy's 35-23-35 form is in *very* good shape indeed.

Sandy's love for nature takes many forms. She taught herself to surf at nine ("There were so many good-looking guys surfing I just had to find a way to be part of it"), and she's always been a powerful swimmer. "When it's warm, if I'm not surfing then I'm swimming—preferably without a bathing suit. There's nothing nicer than the feel of water and sun all over my naked body. That's Paradise! When I feel good about my body, I feel good about myself—and that, of course, is what is really important.

But simply feeling good physically isn't *all* that's important to Sandy. Love is a very necessary part of her

"I love a candlelight dinner, a warm fire, and a fur rug to curl up on."

life too. "To me, it's two people sharing themselves intensely...completely...so that they're together even when they're apart. And, most of all, really *caring* about each other. Not that I think love should be totally serious—it has to be funny and crazy as well. Otherwise it's not the real thing. You know, the craziest place I ever made love was on a rock overhanging a river. That rock—and believe me it was *hard*—was only about four by two feet. That wasn't so bad—but it was on the edge of a cliff with a long, long drop....Talk about breathtaking experiences!"

When she's not starring in cliffhangers, Sandy studies telecommunications at her college and makes plans for a career in broadcasting—although she admits to a healthy interest in acting, too. After class, however, or on long weekends, Sandy's sybaritic—and totally feminine—instincts emerge. "I love a candlelight dinner, a warm fire, and a fur rug to curl up on," she says, with just the trace of a purr in her

"The craziest place I ever made love
was on a rock...
on the edge of a cliff."

Interior Design by Paul Swidler/Wardrobe by Holly's Harp

voice. "My favorite drink," she adds with a smile, "is a Tequila Sunrise with a lot of cherries in it to play with."

While she obviously doesn't lack for suitors, Sandy is still strictly a one-man woman. "Dating several fellows is fun for a while, but a real relationship needs to be developed and you can't do that if your energy is being diverted into too many channels. I wouldn't mind being married and having a family—but that's far in the future. Children and husbands are a full-time occupation and, right now, I've got time to squander and I like it that way."

Right now Sandy fills her days pretty much as she pleases and lives each one as it comes. "For me, there's only now and what happens *happens*. Day by day I find I'm enjoying my life more and more. Of course, some day I'd like to be successful—financially independent. If I had enough money, I'd buy a chic black Pantera, get special plates on it that say 'Miss B,' move to the islands, and buy a big house on the coast of Maui."

When that day comes, Sandy, we hope you'll drop us a postcard with your return address. A house, after all, is not a home....

MISS SANDY BERNADOU/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

BEYOND 2001

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Eye Movements Command Machines

Eye trackers monitor eye position and movement. But ultimately they may find a far more exotic use, enabling man to control machines and equipment—simply by moving his eyes.

A variety of eye trackers currently exist; some employ contact lenses, others skin-mounted electrodes, and still others eyeglass-mounted photoelectric pickups. A sophisticated eye tracker is under development by Hewitt D. Crane and T. N. Cornsweet. It operates in infrared so as not to interfere with normal vision, needs no attachments to the eye, and can measure eye position with the astonishing accuracy of about one-sixtieth of a degree.

A highly focused, invisible infrared beam is directed at the eye of a subject, at an angle of about 20 degrees from his straight line of vision. The eye reflects this beam much as a mirror reflects a flashlight beam. However, the eye, being more complex, contains four distinct reflecting surfaces: the front of the cornea, the rear of the cornea, the front of the lens, and the rear of the lens. Thus four distinct images, known as Purkinje images, are reflected by the eye.

These images are in turn reflected by a special mirror angled across the subject's field of vision to reflect only infrared light without obstructing the subject's vision. Reflected light from this mirror is then divided by a beam splitter and directed toward various servo-controlled photocells and motion sensors. Through an analysis of the relative positions of the various Purkinje images, this mechanism tracks movement of the eye and even provides a graphic display of such movement.

Despite its extremely high accuracy, the tracker is limited to a two-dimensional visual field of 10 to 20 degrees in diameter. It requires a subject's head to be positioned by a chin and forehead rest. This must be eliminated before dramatic applications become feasible, but these technical problems are soluble.

Since a tracker determines where the eye is looking, future man may guide and direct various operations of machines and equipment. A jet pilot or antiaircraft artilleryman could fix his eyes on a target enemy plane—and then fire away simply by blinking. A sports or news cameraman could film the action simply by looking at it, his cameras and microphones being shifted automatically by his eye movements. With an eye tracker, a crane operator at an industrial or construction site could direct his crane by looking first at what he wants to move and then at the location he wants it moved to.

Indeed, many operations are open to direct manipulation with an eye tracker.

Dr. Crane says the eye tracker "might well have impact on remote manipulation applications as well as many other areas —clinical testing, psychological testing, research in vision or perception."

"Gad! They can keep the thrill of the chase."

New Rural Society

Long-distance medical diagnosis, "live" satellite theater performances, and "faxmail" are all part of the New Rural Society.

The New Rural Society is the title of a national pilot effort which aims to correct population imbalances, relieve urban problems, and revitalize rural communities. It's being conducted in Windham County, an undeveloped highly rural area in Connecticut. The effort stems from the work of a panel on communications technology created in 1968 by President Johnson's Advisory Group on Telecommunications. Peter Goldmark, president of Goldmark Communications, Inc., is chairman of the panel.

Windham County (whose western border is twenty-five miles east of Hartford) consists of ten townships with a population of 65,000, centered around the city of Willimantic. The goal of the Windham study is to expand their existing towns moderately by providing facilities to attract new people into the area and by stemming the tide of commuters from the area. The findings may be applied beyond these local goals, perhaps nationally.

Complete utilization of telecommunications (electronic transmission of impulses) will serve as the foundation of the New Rural Society. Phase I of the project, currently under way, looks at businesses, industries, and government agencies to determine what office practices result in meetings, memorandums, and other communications. This phase includes laboratory experiments to learn what electronic communications systems can most successfully substitute for face-to-face meetings between individuals and for conference situations. One assumption of these studies is that companies are reluctant to establish branches in rural areas because of anticipated communications problems.

Future phases of the project will create electronic links between the towns in Windham and Greater Hartford. They hope to bring increased employment opportunities, health and educational services, and cultural pursuits into the area.

One electronic link already functioning is a new mail system connecting Willimantic and Hartford. Known as "faxmail," it's a facsimile system which sends letters, pictures, graphs, medical records, invoices,

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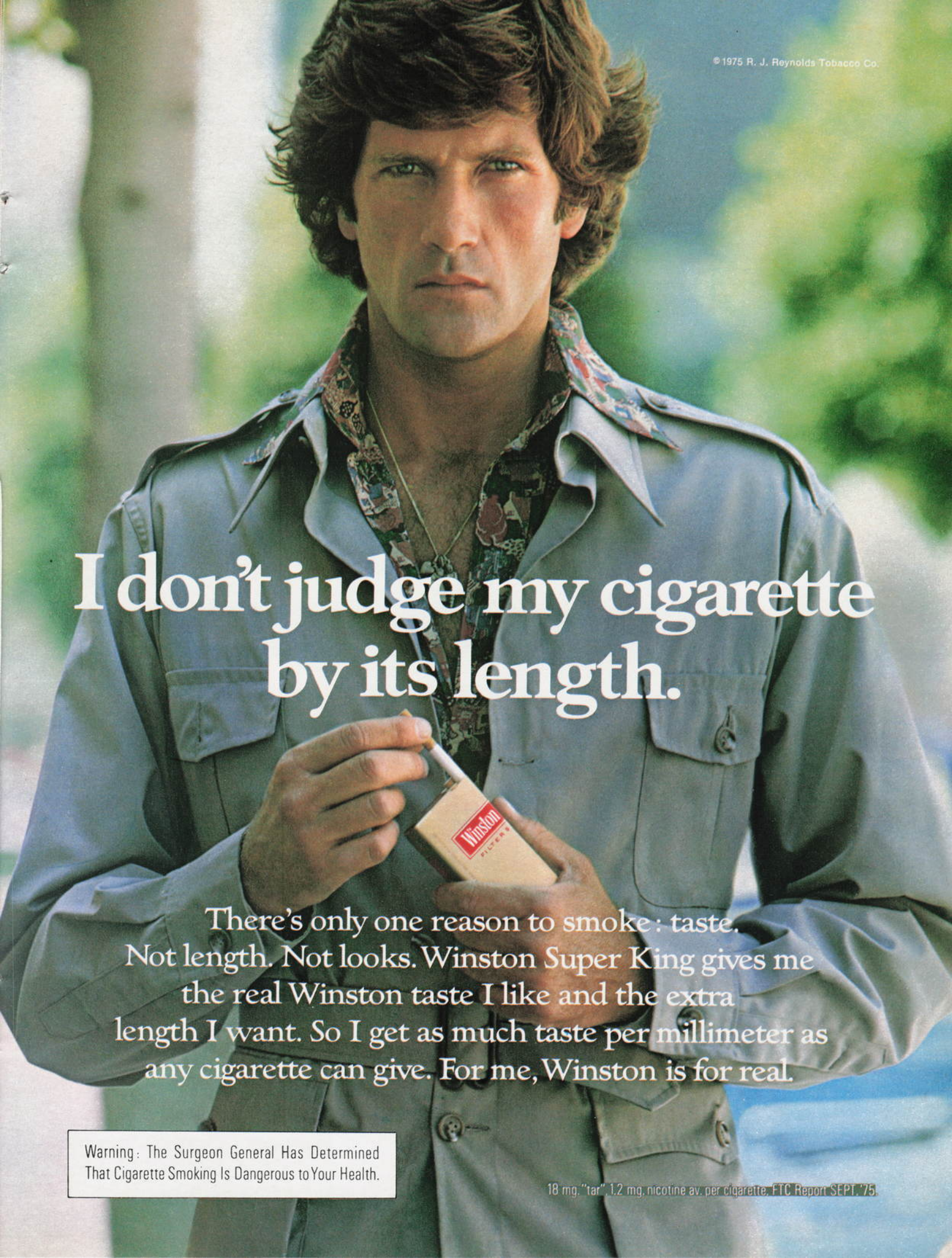

©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
I don't judge my cigarette by its length.
Winston
There's only one reason to smoke: taste. Not length. Not looks. Winston Super King gives me the real Winston taste I like and the extra length I want. So I get as much taste per millimeter as any cigarette can give. For me, Winston is for real.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

As a private eye and free-lance gynecologist
Phil Cohen packed a .38 caliber monologue
—the quickest pun in the west—
and a quart of White Christmas Rum
in the bottom desk drawer.

THE LAST ENCORE

With a little help from the weather it looked like it was going to be another one of those days. The sun had missed its cue, the sky was littered with scraps of clouds like discarded shrouds, and the wind from the ocean was as cold as a missionary's handshake. I sat in my office on Second Street waiting for a client to call. Any client. I had been keeping my mind off the empty feeling in my back pocket by watching Hollywood Squares on my antique Sony, but the picture tube died in the middle of a line by Totie Fields about a Christian Science Eating Room, so I'd switched over to the bottle of White Christmas Rum I had hidden from myself in the bottom desk drawer. It had been given to me by an ex-client who was either astigmatic or knew less about liquor than Billy Graham's mother. It tasted like a wino's lapel.

I didn't hear her open the door to the office, but I did hear her close it softly behind her. And when I lifted my eyes to look her over I understood at last why Franklin had invented bifocals. She was as tall as Verushka and had the kind of body that would have made a censor do penance. There was a wild cascade of hair the color of a panther's mane down over her shoulders and a constellation of dusky freckles across her cover-girl face. She was wearing red patent-leather boots with platform heels, a matching miniskirt that could have been hidden under a walnut shell, and a red and white striped sweater as subtle as Manolete's cape. Standing there in the middle of my office, she looked about as exotic as a hummingbird in a bomb shelter.

She hesitated just long enough to lay the foundation for a smile—then she said, "Mr. Cohen?"

It was an easy question to answer. "Yeah."

By Larry Tritten

She nodded slightly and moved forward. She gave me a small white business card. I held it up between two forefingers and read the print: PHILIP COHEN—FREELANCE GYNECOLOGIST AND PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. I made the kind of face Carson makes when his monologue begins to limp. I'd had the cards made up the day I got my license, which had been the same day I'd finally landed a two-week booking at the Sahara in Vegas after three years of working fifth-rate clubs like Kempczynski's Grill in Council Bluffs, Iowa. I'd turned my back on show biz. Seeing *The Big Sleep* six times had done something funny to my brain.

I waited for her to talk—and when she did, she said, "I figured you were the right person to come to—a private eye who used to write for "Laugh-In," who knew Jonathan Winters when he was working on bird calls and Don Rickles when he was still in the Hitler Youth Movement." She paused and let the flattery nudge my ego. "I'm Trixie Seltzer," she said.

That meant she was Frankie Seltzer's wife. She certainly wasn't his mother, and Frankie Seltzer wouldn't have had a sister who looked like her. Genes weren't that flexible. Frankie Seltzer was a pint-sized stand-up comic who looked a little like an overweight but undernourished muppet. He was well known by his colleagues but he had never been much more popular with the public than St. Vitus Dance. His material was all as blue as a pool hustler's cue tip and his best routine—an elaborate business involving the use of three props, an electric cattle prod, a trampoline, and a female volunteer from the audience—would have made the CBS eye blink five times in rapid succession if they'd ever let him do it on TV.

"So, how's Frankie?" I said.

Trixie Seltzer made a face that might have been suitable for Albert Schweitzer's funeral. "I don't know," she said. "Nobody knows. . . . He missed a TV appearance three days ago, and he hasn't been seen since."

"And you want him to be seen again?" I asked.

She let that pass. She got a book full of blank checks out of her purse, tore one out, and laid it on my desk. It was just the right thing to do, considering my mood.

"All play and no work makes Jack a droll boy," she said, fixing me with a gaze that would have chilled an iguana.

She was right about that. Besides, business hadn't been too keen lately and I obviously needed a new Sony.

2

I was drinking rye—straight from the bottle—and listening carefully to Cheech and Chong's second album, trying to figure out what was happening to American comedy, when the phone rang in my apartment. I got it off the hook on the third ring, mumbled a "Hello," and heard a voice say, "You are Philip Cohen, private investigator?" It was a familiar voice: Jack Benny's.

"Yassuh, Mist' Benny," I said, going along with the bit. My Rochester ran a poor second to this impressionist's Benny, but then I never was very good at impressions.

The voice at the other end of the line jolted into a Bogart lisp. "You got a case today, sweetheart," it said with slow menace. "Unless you want your nape pleated and an upbeat version of "Sorrento" played on your rib cage, you'll forget it. Why not take in a movie instead? There's a great X-rated film at the Rialto—Linda Lovelace and Euell Gibbons in *Deep Oat*. . . ."

At least his material was better than Cheech and Chong's. But I never cared for threats. I'm the sensitive type.

"Is this a threat?" I asked.

"Does Jagger have hips?" the voice snapped. Early Edward G. Robinson this time and good. But I'd heard better.

I hung up on Richard Widmark's psycho cackle from *Kiss of Death*. I had another pull on the rye and thought about the call.

I didn't have any idea who the impressionist was, but there was something I did know: he'd been calling from an outside pay phone. I'd heard the sound of passing traffic in the background—and something else, too. The distant but unmistakable sound of someone playing "Chopsticks"—on the tuba.

L.A. is weird—true, I thought—but even in L.A. there weren't really *that* many street musicians who specialized in playing "Chopsticks" on the tuba. I knew of one, and his beat was that section of La Cienega below Santa Monica Boulevard dominated by art galleries, artists, and art lovers.

I decided to play a hunch.

Half an hour later I parked my 1957 Corvette on Sherwood, in front of a gallery called the Dada Museum whose window featured a display of biodegradable sculpture. It was six o'clock. My man with the tuba was three doors up in front of another gallery. He was a bearded relic who looked like he'd been recycled through a couple of dozen incarnations with no visible improvement. His audience had dispersed and he was retiring his tuba for the day, bent over a lidless cigar box on the sidewalk and counting the spare change he'd gleaned from itinerant music lovers. I took a single out of my pocket, folded it once, eased up to him, and dropped it into the cigar box.

"Patron of the arts," I said.

A smile rippled through the beard. "Jesus loves you," the mouth twittered.

I smiled. "Then he's got a corner on the market."

The aging hippie looked thoughtful. "Love's the morning *and* the evening star," he admonished, picking up my bill and biting the edge of it absently.

"It only works with coins," I explained.

He slipped a watch out of a pair of jeans that looked like they'd been worn at Verdun. It was one of those soft-melted watches you see in paintings by Dali and if it told time I'd eat my cuffs, lint and all. "I'm late, I'm late, for a very important date," he chirruped, mimicking the White Hare from *Alice in Wonderland*. I could see a great future for him in weaving baskets.

I took out a five-dollar bill and tickled my chin with it. When the musician's eyes met Lincoln's, I said, "That phone booth across the street see much action in the past hour?"

It was something for him to think about. He thought—or at least the wrinkles in his forehead undulated. After a moment or two he took the bill out of my hand and said, with painstaking elaboration, "Well, brother, I am given to hallucinations, but I could have sworn that twenty-two minutes ago a dark-haired man in a white pencil-striped suit, pink broadcloth shirt, and baby-blue cotton tie lived in that booth for three minutes, then got into a lime-green Maserati with a personalized license plate reading MUMMER, and went on his way. . . ."

Nice, I thought, *very* nice.

I left my man and browsed on down the street. When I looked back he was struggling to get his tuba into the passenger seat of a 1930 Ruxton Phaeton before slipping behind the wheel himself. It was a car that anyone could have owned for considerably less money than Germany spent on ball bearings in 1944.

I made a mental note: Quote. California is a joke, and Los Angeles is its punch line. Unquote.

3

By standing in a line a little longer than the fuselage of a Boeing 747 at the Department of Motor Vehicles and paying fifty cents, I could have had the name of the owner of the vehicle with the license plate reading MUMMER mailed to me. Instead—with the help of someone in City Hall whose name I once helped keep out of the tabloids in connection with a touchy little affair concerning two Vegas hookers, an underage runaway whose brassiere could have served as a hammock for Willie Shoemaker, and a water bed filled with Thunderbird—I got the name in ten minutes over the phone the following morning.

The Maserati belonged to Bart Enders, which came as quite a surprise. Enders was one of the rare few who'd touched all bases in show biz. Twenty years ago he'd started out as a stand-up comic playing the Borscht Belt; then he'd come out to Hollywood to become an actor, working his way up from brief appearances in films like *Bikini Beach Blood Beast* to major parts in things like avant-garde director Polan Normanski's pig Latin version of *Hamlet*. But at that point he'd turned to writing—getting started by doing monologues for Marcel Marceau and reaching his peak with an original screenplay called *Stammers in Limbo* that reputedly

earned him a hard contract paid for by the New York Society of Film Critics. Next, he'd lost a big bundle as a producer, backing a Broadway musical based on the love letters of Adolf Eichmann; and in recent years he'd settled into the role of agent—but not too successfully since most of his clients were quadrupeds who had been out of work since the Sullivan show was cancelled. Enders' name was no longer coin-of-the-realm with either the public or his colleagues, and the last I'd heard he was operating out of an office the size of a Baptist wine cellar in downtown L.A. I'd heard via the grapevine that he was auditioning lots of comics, hoping to make his way back into the limelight by discovering another Woody Allen or Lenny Bruce.

So I inhaled two cups of black coffee to keep my blood moving and drove over to Enders' office. It was on lower Spring Street in a bleak mausoleum of a building crowded between an Andorran restaurant and a taxidermy shop. In the latter an old geezer who had probably voted for McKinley could be seen slumped busily over a defective owl. I shuddered, brushed the smog off my shoulders, and rode an elevator that reminded me of the Hindenburg up to the second floor—passed an invalid cockroach in the hallway, and knocked on Enders' door.

The glazed pane managed to stay in the door in spite of the volume of the voice that roared, "S'open!"

I went in. Enders sat behind a wooden desk against the far wall. He was a big man, tall, with a face like a used tire. His suit looked like it had been pressed by a wrecking ball. The jeweled rings on his right hand were bright enough to provide reading light for half the population of Reno. He was reading a copy of *Current Comedy* and didn't look up.

"Okay, let's hear your shtick," Enders muttered.

I paused and thought about it, then struck a cute stance, plucked at my tie a couple of times like Carson, and ad-libbed: "Well, it's great to be here in Hollywood, you know? And how about these Hollywood parties? Why the other night I went to a Hollywood party and was talking to an unemployed director. He just didn't have the knack. He cast Charlton Heston as an atheist, Raquel Welch as a nun, and Lassie as a chicken killer . . . ."

Enders didn't crack a smile, but his eyebrows came to life and he squandered a quick look on me. A bored look.

"Next," he said.

I stepped a little closer and drew a happy face in the dust on the edge of his desk. "Actually, Enders," I said, "I'm not here to audition. The thing is, I want to ask you what the going price for threats is these days."

Enders reached out and with a quick flick of a forefinger changed the happy face's smile to a frown. This made his own frown turn to a smile. Then he glanced back over his shoulder at another door behind his desk and called briskly, "Neal!"

It took the door about two seconds to open and a guy who looked like the product of a wild night of passion between a roller-derby queen and the Hunchback of Notre Dame stepped into the room.

"Large Neal," Enders said, "I want you to meet Philip Cohen." His gaze stabbed at me. "Cohen, I want you to meet my friend, Large Neal . . . ."

Large Neal held out a fist the size of a cornerstone. I was just dumb enough to extend a hand in greeting, but that wasn't the idea at all. Large Neal folded my hand in his and urged me forward. He opened his mouth and made a sound like the MGM lion. Then he cuffed me with his other hand and I spun like Margot Fonteyn. I spun for a long time, and when I stopped spinning it was accompanied by a sound that must have registered on the Richter scale.

4

I opened my eyes in darkness. Darkness so complete that at first I wasn't even sure whether or not I was still dreaming. But the pain was real enough. My head hurt—all of me hurt. I was as shaky as an octogenarian on an ice floe. I thought about the pain for a while, decided that it was a nonprofit enterprise, and tried my luck at figuring out where I was. As my eyes adjusted to the dark my mind cleared a little—not much, but enough for me to recognize the steady drone of tires on pavement and identify the thin stream of cold night air flowing back over me from the car's front window. I snapped at the fresh air like a greedy piranha. I tried to sit up but it was no good. My wrists were lashed together, my ankles tied. I gave it up and went back to sleep.

The next time it was easier. The sun was making its debut and I got to a sitting position just as we passed a road sign that said Placerville was eight miles ahead.

Placerville is over 400 miles from L.A. in California's old gold-mining country.

"Mornin' bo." Large Neal lipped.

I got myself up further and found I was staring at the back of a neck like a sequoia stump. I saw that we were traveling a dirt road through surrounding pines. Things were just starting to focus when we pulled off the side of the road and rolled to a stop.

Large Neal opened the back door and poked me with something hard. It was a Browning .380.

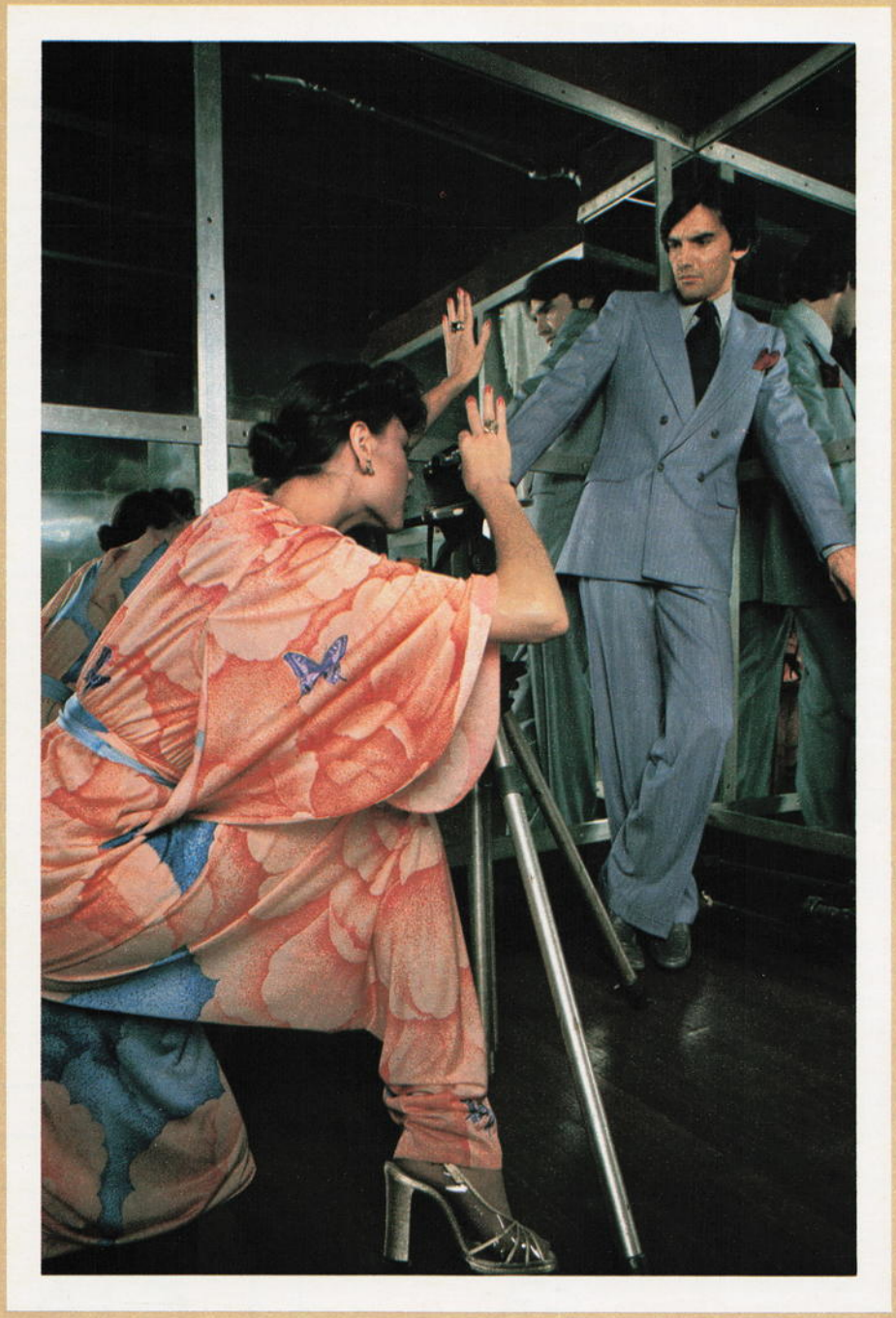
I got out of the car and we started to walk. We went up a wooded slope and into a little shaded clearing where Large Neal waved me to a halt. It was so quiet you could have heard a mouse blink.

"Bart's land." Large Neal explained. "We figure nobody will snoop for your carcass up here."

Check. Who'd look anywhere? I thought. But I noticed that Large Neal was taking a silencer out of his jacket pocket. I had only seconds to ad-lib an epitaph.

My throat felt like I'd been gargling with ashes. It wasn't easy but I managed to force myself to smile. I looked that behemoth right in the eye.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148



FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING / PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL SILANO.

This Spring—The Aim Is Elegance.

SUITS TO SHOOT FOR

This spring suits combine American ease with dressy European elegance. The fitted tightness of the Cardin-type cut is gone, but all the tailored elements that make up the European look are still here—the double-breasted 1940's silhouette, peak lapels, and high side-vents. To complement the look, shoes have lost their chunky form and there is a revival of solid-colored shirts and classic stripes with white collars. The French cuff is mandatory. Elegance is back as the definitive fashion ingredient—and it's *right* for right now. That's the delightful message of the spring season.

Far left. The blue-gray wool-blend double-breasted pinstripe suit ($180) by YSL Clothing. Silk tie by Giovannelli. Shoes by Vittorio Ricci. Her dress by Hanae Mori. All girls' shoes available at Baker's. Fifth Avenue. New York. All Jewelry by Ideas in Form Jewelry Inc. New York. All men's silk pocketsquares and ascots by Giovannelli.

All-wool double-breasted striped blazer ($135) with white wool pants ($50) by Van Gils. Shirt by Manhattan. White shoes by Don Robbie. The three-piece "silk look" dacron-polyester suit by Johnny Carson Apparel. The cotton-polyester oyster-colored trenchcoat by Giovannelli. White shirt and black print tie also by Giovannelli. Black velour hat by Dobbs. Her dress by Hanae Mori.

The polyester-wool-blend pink double-breasted suit ($170) by Daks. Shirt by Manhattan. Tie by Berkley Cravats. Her dress by Hanae

Mori. The wool-gabardine wheat-colored suit ($350). The shirt and silk tie ensemble by Giovannelli. Her dress by Stephen Burrows.

The polyester-wool-blend black-on-white pinstripe suit ($165) by Oscar de la Renta for Eisenberg International. Shirt and tie are by Giovannelli. Shoes by Vittorio Ricci. The gray-twill polyester-silk-blend suit ($245) by Arthur Richards, Ltd. Shirt and tie by Giovannelli. Her red wrap dress by Stephen Burrows; the other dress by Hanae Mori.

The neat mini-box brown-on-white check wool single-breasted suit ($260) by Lebow. Shirt by Yves St. Laurent. Silk tie is Ungaro by Giovannelli. The all-cotton brown-on-white-stripe suit ($135) by Don Robbie. Shoes by Don Robbie. Shirt by John Henry. Wool tie by Giovannelli. Both dresses by Stephen Burrows. (For "where to buy" information, see page 156.)

BEYOND 2001

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

and purchase orders via telephone wires. It may slowly replace regular mail and the use of messengers. Available during the working week to businesses, professional organizations, and private individuals, faxmail costs nothing to users beyond what they pay to bring the items to and from the two terminals. The effects of the service, particularly on business, will be assessed.

Another possibility is the use of two-way television to link a large urban medical center to local hospitals, in turn linked to mobile medical units. Since the number of doctors residing in big cities is disproportionate to the rural population, nurses and paramedical aides who conduct tests and examinations in rural areas will consult with doctors in urban centers. Entire diagnoses can be done over two-way television. A similar arrangement in education would link local colleges via two-way television to large university campuses.

Cultural performances, sports events, and local news stories can be telecast by satellites hovering over towns. Local antennas would pick up high-definition TV signals.

Goldmark hopes the New Rural Society will exist substantially by the year 2000. He says, "We must plan the reasonable enlargement of smaller communities in rural areas on the basis of an efficient, self-sufficient network of communications, transportation, and services. With meticulous planning and follow-through, the New Rural Society will become reality. We have everything we need to solve the problem; we need only innovate, not invent."

Some 80 percent of Americans live in urban centers, on less than 10 percent of the land. This creates a concentrated drain on energy and natural resources. And social discomforts may arise from overcrowding. But building new towns is too slow. Planned expansion of existing towns, taking into account the services and communications networks that attract people into cities, is a practical future.

New York to Los Angeles in Twenty-one Minutes by Subway

Researchers at the Rand Corporation envision a "tubecraft" system capable of carrying passengers between New York City and Los Angeles in twenty-one minutes. The VHST (Very High Speed Transit) vehicles would shoot through airless tunnels deep underground at nearly 14,000 miles per hour.

A tubecraft would look like a streamlined subway car without wheels or a subterranean airplane without wings. According to Dr. Robert M. Salter, Rand's head of physical sciences, the vehicle would ride on, and be driven by, electromagnetic waves, "much as a surfboard rides the ocean's waves." Superconducting cables would produce powerful opposing magnetic fields so the 100-passenger craft would float in the middle of the tube, and air would be pumped from the tunnels to reduce friction.

A proposed route would connect New York City with Los Angeles with brief stopovers in Chicago and Amarillo, Texas. Even with these stops, the total transcontinental time would be only thirty-seven minutes. There would also be a network of connecting tunnels to Boston, Denver, San Francisco, and other major cities.

Dr. Salter believes a coast-to-coast tunnel could pay for itself in about thirty years. He estimates that the central corridor of the system would cost about $90 billion, although the price could come down with such advances in tunnel building as nuclear or laser drills.

The fare for a transcontinental trip would be kept to a minimum to encourage heavy travel; a ticket might cost as little as fifty dollars. The tunnel would service other industries to help defray building and operational costs. It could include pipelines, power lines, laser and microwave communications channels, and a comparatively slow (100 mph) railroad freight system.

Not only would tube travel be faster than air travel and other modes of transportation, it would also be cleaner and more efficient in terms of energy consumption.

Dr. Salter speculates about a world with tubecraft: "It is probable that we might even be able to link up American and Euro-Afro-Asian systems by tunnels under the North Sea via Greenland and Iceland and via the Bering Strait. . . .

"Are there compelling reasons for the VHST? The answer is an emphatic yes! We no longer can afford to continue to pollute our skies with heat, chemicals, and noise, nor to carve up our wilderness areas and arable land for new surface routes. Nor can we continue our extravagant waste of limited fossil fuels. We need to get the bulk of truck traffic off highways and free these routes of much of the commuter auto traffic in order to restore to motorists the pleasure and convenience of driving through the countryside."

Around the world in three hours by subway? It may not be all that farfetched. The technology for a tubecraft system is in the offing. England may someday be linked to France by a tunnel. Magnetically levitated vehicles are being developed in Japan, Germany, and the United States. A special drill called the Subterrene, which melts through rock, is being developed at Los Alamos. Put it altogether, add $90 billion, jump on—and you are the commuter of the future.

Hidden Energy

They are invisible. At the size of a tennis ball, they're as heavy as our planet Earth. They may make up half of the universe. And someday they will beam power back to us from outer space. What are they?

Black holes in the universe.

Astrophysicists think that stars exist in many species—like the fauna of the animal kingdom, the flora of jungles or forests, or the races of mankind. And they also change and evolve from one stage to another. They are born and they die. Red giants, white dwarfs, X-ray sources, binaries, OB supergiants, neutron stars, pulsars. These are only a few of their names.

Astrophysicists also believe that after stars consume their nuclear fuel, gravitational forces tightly pull their burned-out remnants together into a superdense object. This process is called gravitational collapse. And the object may be a black hole. Its nuclear constituents—protons and neutrons—are so tightly compressed the compact mass prevents light from leaving its surface. So they are invisible. Space near them is "warped" à la Einstein's relativity theories. A nearby object falling into a black hole is never heard from again.

These properties make it difficult—almost impossible—to detect them by normal means. And so black holes are a controversy among specialists, though more and more indirect evidence seems to pile up for their existence. "I was uncertain that the discovery of a black hole was sufficiently well established," says astronomer Dr. Tom Bolton of the David Dunlop Observatory in Ontario. "Recent events have removed my last doubts."

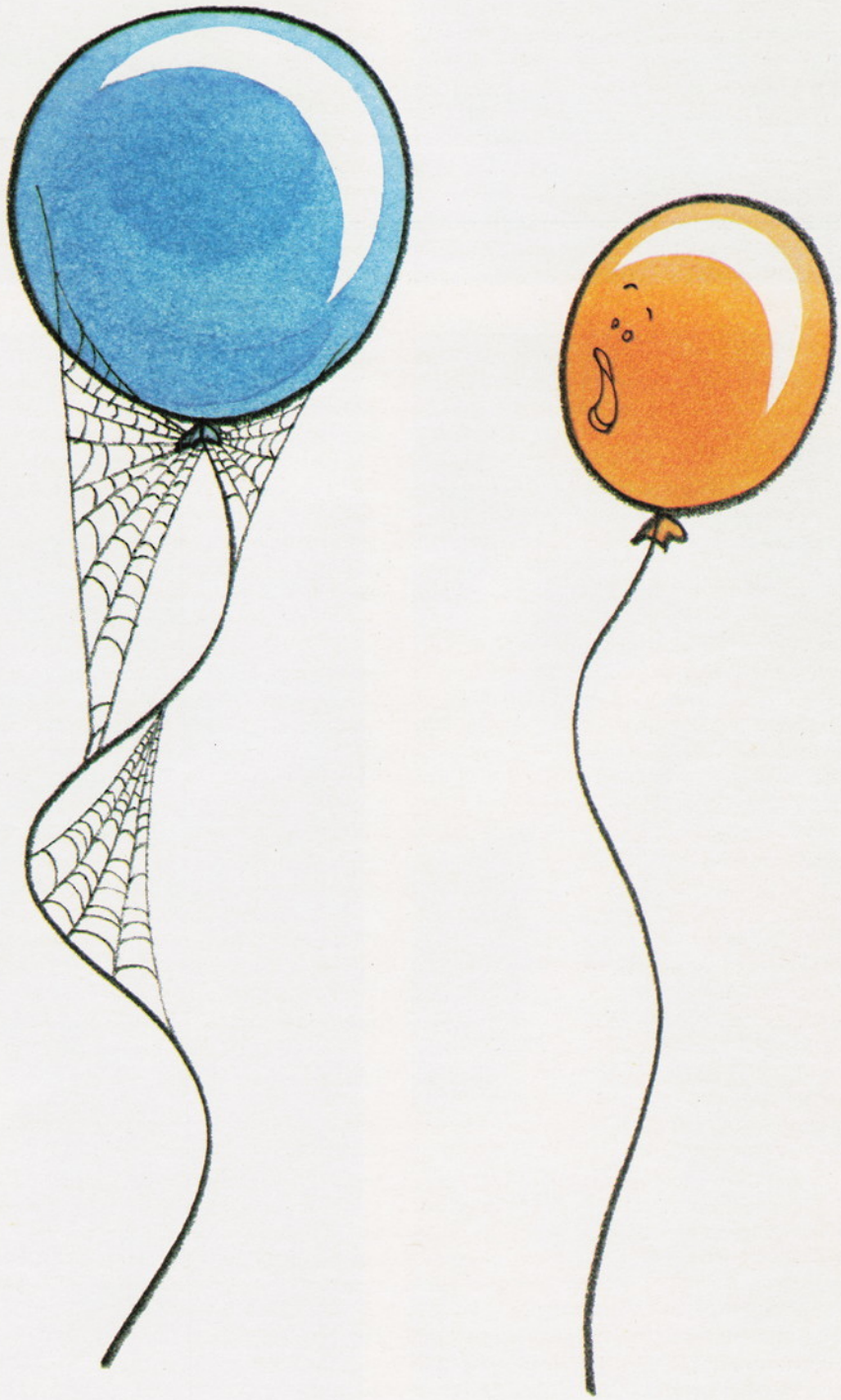
Dr. Lowell Wood and colleagues at Livermore Laboratories think it may be possible to tap black holes for useful power. Suppose a tiny black hole—a "holelet"—were to be found in earth's orbit. A satellite station power plant sent up could track it from a safe distance. Employing the same principles for terrestrial fusion power—that is, forcing hydrogen atoms together to release energy—it would shoot fusion fuel at the hole. The enormous gravitational force would squeeze the fuel together and release incredibly vast amounts of energy, something scientists have not yet accomplished on earth. The energy, radiating away from the hole, could be captured by the power-plant satellite, reflected to earth, or converted to a form suitable for reflection to earth.

There's no such thing as a free lunch. And it would be an expensive feat of engineering to pull this one off. But the payoffs might exceed the immense costs.

Black holes may also tell us something about the future of the universe. Dr. John A. Wheeler of Princeton sees no evidence from relativity that a star will eventually emerge from the black hole. "Nor is there any indication that the matter will emerge somewhere else in space. But may it emerge somewhere in another universe?" Perhaps a black hole—the collapse of a star—is an early warning of a black *universe*. The gravitational collapse of the entire universe. The ultimate future? ○

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I think I know why you only come once."

"I want sex to be nice and slow—stroking and touching, stopping and starting again."

CROWN'S JEWELS

At twenty-four, Georgina Crown has already made her mark as a model and tried her hand as a singer and an actress. But the jewel in this Crown is Georgina's total sense of her own womanliness. "After all," she says, "your first duty is to be yourself, no matter what others may want to make of you. When I was growing up in Surrey, England, all my boyfriends wanted me to be what *they* thought I should be—*their*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN NEUMANN

fantasies of me. But I just wanted to be myself. Coming to London made a real change in my life. It helped me reach for horizons I never even knew were there, and my singing career has let me discover what I really want to become."

And while Georgina's path to success is, for the most part, still to be traveled, her generous 37-23-36 form demonstrates a certain statistical advantage on the way. "Sensuosity is something I want and need in every part of my life. From my

songs to my clothes to my men. The best times in life come when you are communicating with and touching other people... emotionally as well as physically. Like when I'm making love. I want sex to be nice and slow—stroking and touching, stopping and starting again, as if we both had all the time in the universe until—suddenly—there's really no place else for both of us to go than straight over the edge. When it's like that, it's delicious! The kind of man I date had better understand that slow and steady is what wins my race."

And though her attitudes may seem a little too positive to some, they simply reflect the fact that Georgina is that kind of woman who knows what she wants, where it's at, and how to get it—in short, how to make her own music. "When I was younger I used to listen to the radio and albums and sing along. But I didn't know about the magic of an audience. Now, when I sing at a club and I'm all

Wardrobe by Touché, Montreal.

alone in that spotlight and the song is really going over, I can feel all that love and empathy coming right back at me from the audience. That's a fantastic feeling—all those people responding to the mood I'm setting and feeling warm and good inside. On a good night, singing is *almost* as sensuous as making love!"

We can't speak for the rest of your audience, Georgina, but you're definitely playing our tune.

THE HONDA CVCC

Swift, smooth, and tough—in the spirit of the Samurai.

By Joe Oldham

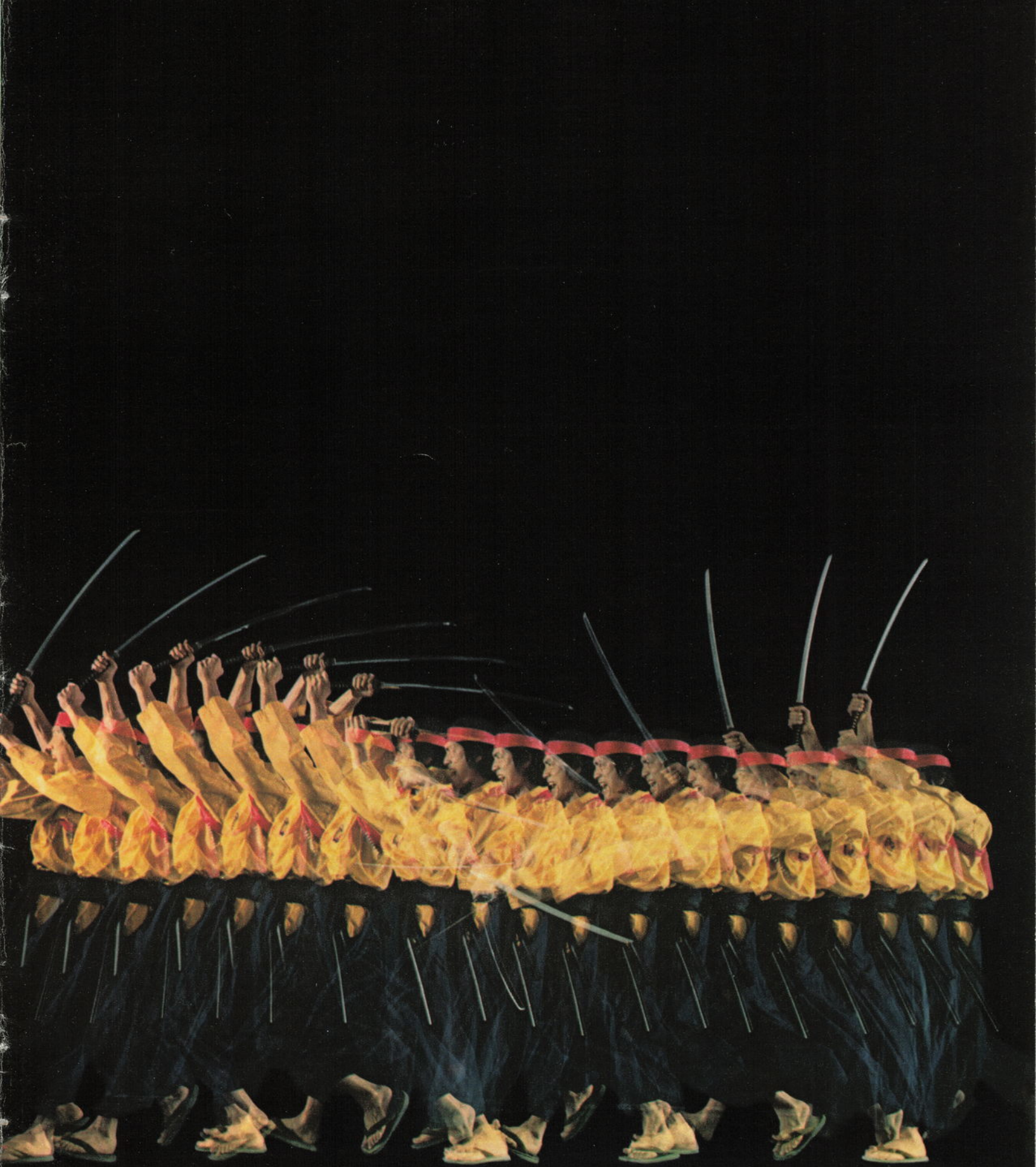
The Honda Civic CVCC is much more than simply another Japanese import. It is small—certainly. It is also—like the sword of the Samurai warrior—well-machined, sharp, and quick; and like kendo, it is the result of a very rigid discipline. Just as a Samurai must prove his steel, the Civic CVCC proves a point—that you *can* build a car with a power plant other than the conventional internal combustion engine and *sell* it.

While the moguls of Motor City were just sitting in their executive suites staring at their wing tips and giving lip service to a pollution-free automobile with an alternative power source, Honda built one. And while Detroit maintains that the American public won't buy such substitutes as the Wankel rotary, the diesel, or anything other than a "normal" engine, Honda's sales have tripled over the past decade.

But this is not surprising when you consider that innovation has always been a Honda hallmark. Through their American subsidiary, American Honda Motor Co., the firm has dominated the motorcycle market here for years, racking up 50 percent of the total market at its peak. In the 1960's, Honda began designing and building small economical automobiles for the home market, cars which rapidly became the darlings of the Beautiful People because of their spectacular entrance into the international Formula 1 Grand Prix circuit. However, when Honda began exporting their N600 sedans to the U.S. in 1971, the company had clearly missed the mark in tailoring a car to American tastes and driving conditions. The old 600 had a twin-cylinder motorcycle engine and was, quite frankly, a turkey as far as sales and performance are concerned.

With the introduction of the Civic in 1973, it was clear that Honda had learned from its mistakes and scored a bull's-eye. The Civic was perhaps more significant than anyone realized at the time of its debut. It was the first of a new breed of car—the urban people-mover. It was compact, yet comfortable for the passengers. It got excellent gas mileage, yet had peppy performance. Still, there was one shortcoming. The Civic CVCC wasn't inherently "emissions friendly," as the automotive engineers put it. Its conventional engine had to depend on external devices and internal adjustments to rid itself of the pollutants that are the end product of all internal-combustion engines.

With the introduction of the CVCC engine last year, Honda completed the concept of the perfect urban vehicle. For the uninitiated, CVCC stands for Controlled Vortex Combustion Chamber. In effect, it's a new design based on an old engineering principle known as the stratified charge. What Honda engineers did was to modify the internal components of the



"One thing you won't think about the CVCC is that it's underpowered."

engine (primarily the cylinder head) to allow the engine to burn an unusually lean mixture of fuel and air. The result is highly efficient combustion that emits hardly any pollutants into the atmosphere. A happy side effect is that, because less gas is mixed with air to burn in the cylinders due to the lean mixture, gas mileage soars out of sight. In recent federal EPA mileage tests, the 1976 Honda Civic CVCC scored 44 miles per gallon for highway driving, making it just about the most miserly car with a gallon of gas we know of. Of course, EPA tests are conducted on a laboratory dynamometer and have little to do with real driving, but even if you have a lead foot, you'd be hard pressed to drop below the high 20's.

Thus, the Honda Civic CVCC is the ideal mode of transport for the young man who is too ecology-minded and cash conscious to buy a conventional gas-guzzling, resource-sapping car.

To find out just who the average Civic CVCC buyer is, we talked to Dan Zack, president of Briggs Honda in South Amboy, New Jersey, which is one of the largest retailers of Honda automobiles in the country.

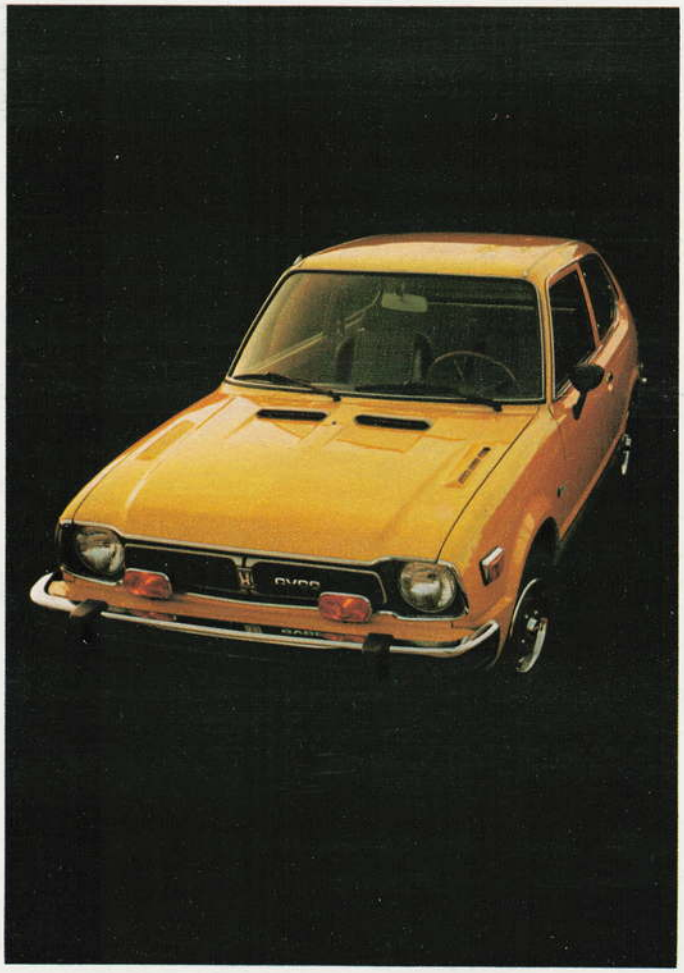
"We find most of our buyers are young people usually under thirty-five," Zack said. "Most of them seem both sophisticated and informed about such subjects as air pollution and our country's energy problems. Almost invariably they ask us some very specific questions about the CVCC's gas mileage and the pollution-free nature of its engine."

What Zack's salesmen are able to tell these potential buyers is that the CVCC is one of the only automobile engines sold in this country that can meet the tough 1976 federal EPA emission standards without any add-on devices at all. It has none of the catalytic converters, thermal reactors, and spark-retard devices that tend to destroy the driveability of the car. An extra plus is that since the CVCC is not saddled with all that extra hardware, the engine doesn't have to carry any extra weight. So despite a displacement of only 1,487cc (just over ninety cubic inches) and an output of just 53 horsepower at 5,000 rpm, the CVCC still delivers snappy performance.

The CVCC is available in regular coupé, wagon, and five-speed models. Our test car was a five-speed, which not only means you get the extra gear but also such goodies as special instrumentation, thirteen-inch radial tires, styled wheels, deluxe upholstery, and other appointments. Needless to say, the five-speed model is the sportiest of all Hondas.

The larger wheels and tires gave our test car even better handling than the stock Civics. With its precise, light, rack-and-pinion steering, the response to driver input was immediate and direct. Though the CVCC five-speed is a front-wheel-drive car, as are all Hondas, there was no steering-wheel pull when cornering hard with the power full on. Like all front-wheel-drive cars, the Honda tends to understeer, but not to excess. The big wheels and tires help here, too.

Pulling up to the line, revving the engine, and dropping the clutch hard will produce wheel spin and a 0-to-60 time of thirteen and a half seconds—easily within contemporary standards. And while we did find something paradoxical about making rubber-burning, drag racing-type starts with the Civic, it is a necessary part of securing quantitative test results.



Action Photograph By Phillip Leonian

One thing you *won't* think about the CVCC is that it's underpowered. The CVCC engine pulls willingly and strongly and, if you use the gearbox well, you'll find yourself having lots of fun while negotiating your runs. And if you can have fun *and* be considered a socially aware consumer at the same time, you're years ahead of most of the drivers around you.

It was no accident that the CVCC was one of the top cars tested at Bob Bondurant's endurance tests on the West Coast last year. With the advent of the CVCC, solid engineering, snappy performance, smooth handling, and a comfortable interior and ride have become as much a tradition at Honda as the Samurai is in Japan. ○+

"They're very difficult to breed—cut one in halt and he just dies."

PATTI SMITH

Patricia Lee Smith hit the linen on December 30, 1946, in Chicago, and was raised, the eldest of four children, in Deptford Township, New Jersey. She had been slapped about by tuberculosis; she was a frail-seeming punkling, skinny and daydreamy. She attended Glassboro State College, briefly, and tried doing piecework at a toy factory. Both made her carsick. In 1967 she came to New York. From there she went to Paris with her sister Linda. She wanted to be an artist, but her drawings became poems. She returned to New Jersey, then to New York, where she slowly but steadily became arch moll of rhythm'd word.

Patti coauthored a book with playwright Sam Shepard, *Mad Dog Blues & Other Plays*. She appeared in a film, *Robert Mapplethorpe Gets His Nipple Pierced*. Late in 1971, Telegraph Books published her first volume of poems, *Seventh Heaven*, which she dedicated to Mickey Spillane and Anita Pallenberg. She began to publish prose-poem essays about rock 'n' roll in such magazines as *Rolling Stone* and *Creem*. A second book of poems, *Kodak*, appeared in 1972. By the time Gotham Book Mart published her *Witt* in 1973, Patti had become a legend on the New York poetry circuit. She was feared, revered, and her public readings elicited the sort of gut response that had been alien to poetry for more than a few decades. Word spread, and people who avoided poetry as the stuff of four-eyed pedants found themselves oohing and howling at what came out of Patti's mouth. Established poets feared for their credence. Many well-known poets refused to go on after Patti at a reading, she was that awesome.

The music, too. It had started with just Lenny Kaye on guitar. Intuitively the two reinvented melic poetry. The band grew: piano, another guitar, then later drums. Finally, after all those years, rock 'n' roll had a poet.

In early spring of 1974, financed by her friend, artist Robert Mapplethorpe, Patti issued two thousand copies of a record, "Piss Factory" coupled with "Hey, Joe," on the Mer label. The rhythmics were coarse and truculent, the images were alternately raw and aflash with hallucination. In "Hey, Joe" she transmuted a sixties rock classic into an Iliad of subliminal violence that culminated with a fantasy image of Patty Hearst worshipping black revolutionaries in a world ruled by phantom guitars and confused girl-things.

Poetry readings became concerts, audiences grew. Patti spewed forth a mix of sheer rock 'n' roll power and delicately wrought poetry. She sang a Marvelettes song, "The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game," or sometimes Van Morrison's "Gloria," and then, somehow, she was in some ineffable dream-closet:

yum yum the stars are out. I'll never forget how you smelled that night. like cheddar cheese melting under flourescent light. like a day old rainbow fish. what a dish. gotta lick my lips. gotta dream I daydream. thorazine brain cloud. rain rain comes coming down.

The music ebbed to feedback sounds and low piano:

*I'm gonna peep in bo's bodice. lay down darling don't be modest let me slip my hand in. ohhh thats soft thats nice that's not used up. ohh don't cry. wet whats wet? oh that. heh heh. thats just the rain lambie pie. now don't squirm. let me put my rubber on. . . .**

The record companies came to sniff and hedge. Finally, she signed with Arista, and her debut album, *Horses*, was released late in 1975. Everyone from *Rolling Stone* to the *New York Times* showered it with petals. Still, some said, Patti was too weird to sweep the masses. The ever underestimated masses, however, proved otherwise, and Patti and her album rose to the top of the national charts.

This interview was conducted by Nick Tosches in New York City. It begins with the one question with which all interviews should begin.

*From "Rape": copyright © 1973 by Patti Smith.

Photograph by Robert Mapplethorpe

Penthouse: Were you a horny teenager, Patti?

Smith: Yeah, I was horny, but I was innocent 'cause I was a real late bloomer and not particularly attractive. In fact, homely. See, nobody told me that girls got horny. It was tragic 'cause I had all these feelings inside me. I was like one of those boys in school who flap their legs frantically under the desk. I always had this weird feeling between my legs and I had no idea what it was. I didn't know girls masturbated. I never touched myself or anything . . . I did it all in my mind. I was so horny in school it felt like my body was filled with electricity. I felt like I had neon bones or something. All my report cards said, "Patti Lee daydreams too much." I didn't know what it was but I couldn't wait to get home each day. And when I got home I'd just lay down and let my mind spill out, y'know?

Remember when Anne Frank was real big and *Life* was doing all that stuff on Nazi atrocities? Well, I'd read that stuff and I'd get really cracklin' down there. Anytime I'd read about a dog getting beaten or any weird thing, it would trigger me off, and the only way I could relieve myself was by laying in bed and putting a flashlight on inside my brain. There'd be this flood of light and then these movies would start up in my mind. Nothing specifically dirty or anything, just a lot of abstract action. It was like being horny in a really vague way.

My one regret in life is that I didn't know about masturbating. To me that's really sad. Think of all that fun I could've had!

Penthouse: Were you a juicy date?

Smith: I never had any dates. I never really had any boyfriends. I was the girl who did the guys' homework. I was really crazy about guys but I was always like one of the boys. The guys I always fell in love with were completely inaccessible. I didn't want any middle-of-the road creep. I always wanted the toughest guy in school, the guy from south Philly who wore tight black pants. Y'know, the guy who carried the umbrella and wore white shirts with real thin black ties. I was really nuts over this guy named Butchie Magic 'cause he let me carry his switchblade. But I couldn't make it with guys.

I was always trying to pick guys up. I'd ask guys out and stuff like that. I had no pride. I was the biggest lurch at dances, waiting for the ladies' choice. I'd lunge at my prey like a baby wolf. I was really skinny, and guys would tell me I wasn't their type. But I was ready, y'know? I got along better with the niggers, but they didn't wanna fuck me either. They kept saying, "You gotta stay a virgin 'cause if we find the right rich colored guy he'll pay five hundred bucks for a virgin white girl." I believed in love, so it never worked out.

Y'know what it was? I was really stupid. I mean, on one hand I was totally aware, totally in tune with cosmic stuff. But when it came to basics, like the fact that I was a girl, I just never noticed it. I was so involved in my boy-rhythms that I never came to grips with the fact that I was a girl. I was twelve years old when my mother took me inside and said, "You can't be outside wrestling without a T-shirt on." It was a trauma. In fact, I got so fucked up over it when my mother gave me the big word that I was absolutely a girl and there was no changing it, that I walked out dazed on a highway with my dog Bambi and let her get hit by a fire engine.

And then that whole thing about masturbating. Most girls, I guess nobody has to tell them, they just figure it out, right? I had to be told. Some girl actually had to show me a hairbrush and demonstrate exactly what to do. I just never figured that stuff out naturally.

I'm still pretty dumb about girl stuff. For a while I said, "Ah, girls are stupid." But after seeing all these Jeanne Moreau movies, I think being a girl is where it's at. Like when I'm about thirty-five I'm gonna start wearing black cocktail dresses and become a real cunt.

Penthouse: Do you get a kick out of being sexy?

Smith: I guess I like it. Actually, the only time I ever tried to cultivate being sexy was when I read *Peyton Place*. I was about sixteen and I read that this guy's watching this woman walk and he can tell she's a good fuck by the way she walks. It's a whole passage. He's telling Allison McKenzie, "I know you're a virgin." And she says, "Well, how?" And he says, "I can tell by the way you walk." And I thought, *Uh-oh, everybody knows!* I was ashamed to be a virgin, so I tried to cultivate a fucked walk. I tried to figure out what it looked like. I figured I'd watch any hot woman I could. I mean, look at Jeanne Moreau. You watch her walk across the street on the screen and you know she's had at least a hundred men.

Penthouse: In a lot of your material, such as your version of "Hey, Joe" and your poems "Rape" and "Sally," there's a preoccupation with violent sex.

Smith: Yeah, that's a complex thing. It's ironic how God made women, how women are real intellectual in bed. I mean, it's really hard for a woman to get out of her mind, y'know? I think guys are more emotional. Men are supposed to be the strong ones, they have pressure on them to be strong, but when it comes to sex men are much more emotional than women. I really don't like how women are in that respect. The only way I can lose my mind in bed is to destroy myself in a fantasy.

I wrote a poem where this guy comes in this girl's window and she's sitting there and she has this real dense mind, so he simply takes a pistol and shoves it in her mouth and shoots it. That's what I think of sperm—it's the shell that bursts brains, y'know? I mean, women need their brains burst out.

Penthouse: Do you feel that girls want to get slapped around?

Smith: Yeah. It's not masochistic or nothing. I just think that women need help in getting their minds out of bed. It's the plight of women. It took me years to get over that, to be totally, physically involved. When I was younger and couldn't come, I figured there was something wrong with me. I went to all these doctors and shit, and I kept saying, "There's something wrong with me." Most broads don't come, but nobody told *me* that. I used to beg girls in the bathroom at school, "Please tell me, is something wrong with me?" It was like, "Would you look at my pussy and see if it's made right? I'll look at yours." And all of a sudden they'd think I was a queer, y'know?

Penthouse: What did doctors tell you when you told them you couldn't come?

Smith: They'd say, "Oh-ho-ho. You're a normal young girl." They'd say stuff like, "Tell your partner to engage in more petting." Petting. Let me be your dog.

Penthouse: Do you jerk off a lot?

Smith: Only when I'm working. It's such an intense procedure for me. It's like a ritual, 'cause I take it real seriously. I try to eat some hashish and then I read a little. It doesn't have to be dirty, just so long as it's well written.

I think masturbation is a really important function in art. People don't like to hear that kind of stuff, but it's true. That's what Genet did to create. I can always tell when somebody's been jerking off. All the great writers, Alexander Trochi, William Burroughs, and Arthur Rimbaud. To me, fucking and masturbation and art is all the same because all it is is total concentration. And that's what performing is, too. When I'm doing a long piece, a ten-minute "Gloria" or a really long "Land of a Thousand Dances," I have to concentrate just like I'm trying to come with a guy or just like when I'm masturbating. A good artist's always got his hand in his zipper.

Penthouse: Do you feel any ties with the current flock of female writers?

Smith: Well, the only parts I like out of any of those women books is the dirty parts. But I don't think their dirty parts are any good, really.

Most women writers don't interest me because they're hung up with being a woman, they're hung up with being Jewish, they're hung up with being something or other. Rather than just going, just spurting, just creating. These women get so caught up with their heritage that they can never really spiral out. I mean, to me Erica Jong ain't a woman; she's just some spoiled Jewish girl who'd rather whine than go out of her brain.

They don't do anything to me, those broads. I don't care whether they're men or women, that's bullshit. A good writer can get into any gender, can get into any mouth. When I write I may be a Brando creep, or a girl laying on the floor, or a Japanese tourist, or a slob like Richard Speck. You have to be a chameleon when you're writing, and to get caught up with being a Jewish girl or a black girl or a divorced girl or a girl period, to me that's a big bore and a lot of silly bullshit.

I've never felt grounded because of my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

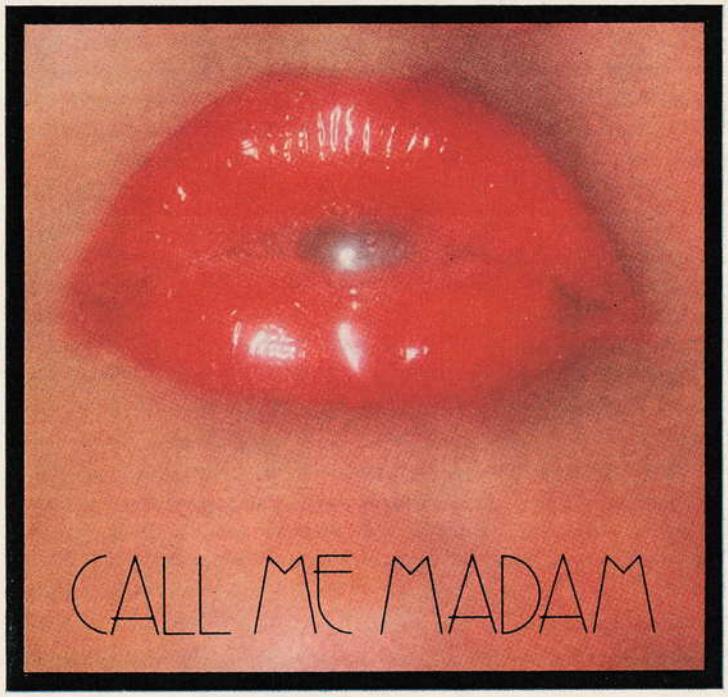
"We wound up in the famous sixty-nine position. She came once and, quivering like a lamb, she was about to come again."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a twenty-year-old undergraduate at a Western university, and I have a real problem.

Now when it comes to girls I've always been for honest relationships and no big future plans, especially marriage. At this time I'm going out with three girls, two of whom I have sex with. My problem is that one of the girls is really attached to me and wants to get married. She knows how I feel about it but insists on getting serious and is very jealous of my other girl friends. I really like her and we have a great time together so I don't want to drop her. She's also got the best body of the two. She refuses to take the Pill, saying it would make her fat. But I know this is just an excuse so she can get pregnant. I am always very cautious and wear a condom when we ball.



Well, one night after a great dance we went back to my apartment and got into some heavy-duty petting and foreplay on my water bed. Our clothes were off and we were getting so hot I remember my picture window steaming up. She nuzzled my ear and neck with her lips and tongue. Her hand was all over my cock, while I was doing her clitoris and ass. It was as though I never wanted to ball a girl so badly in my life, but I had to call a time-out so I could grab a rubber from the drawer. I opened the drawer and—shit—I was out. Like a dumb shit I'd forgotten to keep a stock of them. She wanted to do it anyway and so did I, thinking the odds of her not getting pregnant were in my favor. Then, like a warning from heaven, I heard the sound of an ambulance siren. Getting a hold on my senses, I stopped before I was in her. But I had to get off somehow and she was almost in tears because she wanted it so badly.

We had never gotten into oral sex that much, but if ever there was a time for it, this was it. So after a lot of fondling and mouthing we wound up in the famous sixty-nine position. It was great! She came once and, quivering like a lamb, she was about to come again. Her tongue and tender lips were exciting me to the point of no return: we came together!

Suddenly, she gave out a moan and pushed me off. Holding her stomach she doubled up like she had a big stomach cramp. I asked her what was wrong but she just shook her head. I reached around from behind her and started rubbing her belly. Through the dim light, I saw the unbelievable: she was actually spitting my semen from her mouth into her cunt! I jerked her head back in anger and asked her what the fuck she thought she was doing. She then burst into tears and tried to hold me. I pushed her away, got dressed, and stormed out. When I got back after having a drink, she was gone.

I didn't see or hear from her for ten days, then I got a note. In the note she said she loved me and wanted to get married, and that since she now carried my child, I had to marry her.

Xaviera, you're the only one I can ask. Is it possible for a girl to get pregnant this way? She won't have an abortion. If this isn't just a trick to get me, I couldn't allow my child to grow up without a father. Then again, I treasure my freedom. What should I do?—M.B.H.

You might reverse the roles and say, "Kiddo, you got fucked!" That is, if you really believe her note.

Let me clue you in on the facts of life. First of all, the chance of her getting pregnant from your sperm—transmitted from mouth to vagina—is so minimal that I wouldn't even worry about it. However, it could happen since sperm can live for twenty-four hours after ejaculation. Even if a man pulls back and ejaculates against a girl's clitoris, instead of inside her, she still could get pregnant if she rubs it well inside her vagina.

Second, a woman usually ovulates on approximately the four-

Photograph by Frank Laffitte

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

teenth day after her period began, the most fertile day of her cycle. In general, she is only fertile for a day or two. In fact, to discover that she has been impregnated, she'd then have to wait at least sixteen days to see whether her period is late or not. Then a pregnancy test has to be taken. As you may know, the pregnancy test won't register positive until she is at least ten days overdue. If you add the days up, you'll see your girl friend is putting you on.

You are far too young to give in to some chick who is just nuts about your nuts. I'd bet you anything that she isn't pregnant.

I would love to hear from you through *Penthouse* to see whether I'm right or not. Next time around, you'd better make sure you've got a well-stocked drawer of rubbers and a change of girl friends.

NOT HOW LONG YOU MAKE IT

I'm a seventy-year-old man who's been married to a good lady for over thirty years. We've had a great sex life, climaxing each time we have relations.

Over the years I've become quite heavy and so has my wife. It's become too uncomfortable for her if I get on top while she's lying on her back since she just can't support my weight anymore. So I get on while she's lying on her tummy and stick in my penis. Like many men who are getting older I'm not able to get a real hard erection. But I never miss an ejaculation. I've learned to support my penis with my hand, even though I can't get it in as deep as I used to.

Almost a year ago I had to have surgery on my prostate gland, and since then I've enjoyed sex more than I've been able to for many years. Unfortunately, other men I've talked to say they've had the same kind of surgery and can't get it up at all anymore. I feel very sorry for these men and still think they can do as well as I can.

Seventy and still going strong.—C.K.

The opinions and reactions concerning postoperative sexual capacity are quite diversified. Knock on wood! You are one of the lucky ones. Remember, a prostate operation as well as a hysterectomy is done for medical reasons and not to beautify the body as with plastic surgery. Some people win, others lose. Keep up the good work.

BETTER LATE THAN NEUTER

I'm a twenty-two-year-old male in my third year of graduate study. My life is free of serious emotional trauma, but I wonder if I am emotionally neuter? Have you come across such a person? I've been seduced by girls, leading us to mutually satisfying sex, but I've never pursued any female. For instance, I've never gone out on a date. I value the friendship of people regardless of their sex. I also have no reason to suspect homosexual inclinations. I'm happy keeping in touch with humanity and going about my reflections and work. In every physical respect I'm a normal man. Then what is missing?—F.H.

You must live a perfectly content life, but I don't envy you since your life must be something less than exciting. I suppose what you don't know, you won't miss.

You are still very young and most probably very interested in finishing your studies. I hope for you that someday you'll meet the right kind of girl who'll be able to switch your motor on. Someday some chick will push the gas pedal, and whether you want it or not, you'll move and hopefully run hot as hell. Love and sex are great experiences, even though disappointment and pain may sometimes accompany them. Believe me, one is worth the other.

THE HORNY FATHER-TO-BE

I'm quite disturbed over an insatiable desire I have ever since my wife became pregnant with our first child. All through her late pregnancy, I have perhaps ten erections per day. As she continues to balloon in size, they are becoming more intense and frequent. We have always had what I would consider an average sex life. Now it is nothing short of fantastic. I'm afraid the reason for this change might seem weird to you, and I would like to know if I should seek help.

I get ecstatic when I undress my wife before sex, and I really never got that much thrill from it prior to her pregnancy. Now as I remove her bra and suck those gigantic milk-swollen tits, the blood rushes to my nine-inch cock so fast that it makes me dizzy. By the time I get to removing her panties and view that huge ballooning stomach, my dick is virtually dripping with desire. I can never wait to just thrust my tool inside her to its full length. Once my dick is in her my fantasies begin to run wild. You see, I imagine that the life within her is licking and sucking my cock like a big lollipop. This drives me into convulsions, and I come as often as three times without taking my cock out of her.

My wife is pleased with all the attention I've given her lately. Should I reveal my fantasies to her?—Indiana

Some women become more beautiful as they become more pregnant. There is a certain glow that radiates from their faces, a look of happiness and contentment is easily detected. Their lines become rounder, their faces and bodies fill out to become softer and more feminine. They grow to be true "Rubenesque" women. I myself adore pregnant women, particularly when they're really swollen and almost ready to give birth.

If I were the happy father-to-be, I'd also go out of my way to love my wife even more than before. After all, she is now carrying your child. If you love big firm tits, this is the time to take advantage of the situation. But be careful! Sometimes the nipples of pregnant women can become quite sensitive and painful.

Under normal circumstances, a man and a woman can have sex during her pregnancy until approximately two weeks before she is due to deliver her baby. Then it gets tricky since a man's penis might cause her water to break prematurely.

A good suggestion for you is to rub baby lotion on your wife's body to prevent her from getting stretch marks after the baby is born. It can also be quite an erotic form of foreplay. Once she is all oiled up, you can make nice, slippery love.

I agreed with most of your letter and found nothing strange about your desires. But when I got to the part about you imagining your baby sucking and licking your cock, I got a bit sick to my stomach. Really, you can't be serious. I hope you'll still be able to get off on your wife after her pregnancy. After all, what with the population explosion, it's just not a good idea to keep your wife in a constant state of pregnancy.

I WANNA CLEAN-SHAVEN GAL

I was fascinated by your Letter of the Month a while back from a guy who got off on bald beauties. The writer of the letter claimed that he and his wife are too conservative for her to shave her head. They should read some of the past letters in Penthouse *"Forum" on ladies who've shaved their heads completely bald. I know these letters finally convinced my wife to try the bald style.*

Of course, my wife realizes that society is not ready for women to be walking around hairless. This would be too traumatic an experience for most people. Her solution is a nice selection of wigs which she wears to work and wherever we happen to go. She even wears wigs at home except when it's time for us to play our games. Then it's off with whatever hair she is wearing and we start with my lathering her bald head, gently running the razor across it to remove any five o'clock shadow, leaving her head as smooth and clean as a baby's cheek. Nobody knows my wife's preference for baldness except one couple whom we swing with. When my wife dropped her wig in this guy's lap it almost blew his mind. In fact, this guy's wife is now seriously considering having her head shaved clean.

Since you are considered a leader in styles, Xaviera, you should give some thought to trying this neat and clean bald look yourself. Just thinking about you with a clean-shaven head drives me out of this world.—J.F.

For your information, when I was about seventeen I used to wear my hair so short that it almost looked as if I were bald. During the summer months I used to trim my girl friends' hair very short. Indeed, I got a tremendous thrill out of clipping, cutting, and trimming their heads. Totally bald? No, I haven't tried that yet. I'll leave that to others. Sorry to disappoint you. Besides, I hate to wear wigs just as much as I hate wearing false eyelashes. I'll stick with Mother Nature, but don't let that stop you.

TAKING THE MATTER IN HAND

My husband is thirty-two years old and I am

thirty-five. We have been married for three years. Our arguments are usually over the fact that three times a week is just not enough sex for me. When we have sex, I must say, it is good. But my husband is what I'd call a lazy lover. He'd rather take care of himself with magazines, pictures, and masturbating. After doing himself, he then tells me he's tired!

I've tried his way. I have my own vibrator and sexual stimulators, but what I want is a man, not a cold machine or sterile pictures. Maybe I need a younger lover to fill in when my husband has taken things in hand.

I'd like to know why a man of thirty-two still prefers his single-day ways of taking care of himself? It certainly leaves me nowhere. I just don't get it when he tells me I'm the sexiest woman he's ever met.—D.D.

Perhaps your husband does seem a bit immature, but then again, three times a week is not below the average for American couples. The average couple in their first three years of marriage usually have sex about three times a week.

If your husband wants to live out his own fantasies with the help of books and his own right hand, then I'd say let him do so. Don't nag him. He is taking care of your needs regularly but seems to need the extra private activity of masturbation. Why deprive him of his pleasure?

Regarding younger lovers, you might just find such men to be even more immature than your husband.

REDUCED AND ABANDONED

It is my deepest hope that you can help with this problem of mine as it is slowly destroying a ten-year marriage. I'm only twenty-eight years old, and yet for the past four weeks I've been neither kissed nor cuddled. Why? Because I had a hysterectomy. After reading your books and column in Penthouse, *I figured if you can't help, no one can.*

Not being able to take birth-control pills, I was using an IUD. You see, neither my husband nor I want any more children as we already have two. In three months I was scheduled to have the so-called band-aid sure because I wanted to be positive there would be no more pregnancies. The IUD caused a great deal of trouble, and I was hospitalized for over a month's time. Finally, the doctors had to perform a hysterectomy for I was bleeding internally. One of my first questions was whether it would affect my sex life. The answer was no. Never did I think that it would be my open-minded, progressive, loving husband who'd do me in. I had the surgery, came through with proverbial flying colors, and came home to a stranger.

I've been home for a month now, feeling human again and very horny. The doctor says any sex is a no-no for a while yet, but that's never bothered us before. During the past month, I've been patted on the back at bedtime. And that's the only time I've been touched at all. Just like one of the guys. I get an occasional kiss on the forehead or cheek, but that's it.

Xaviera, I'm still the same person I was when I went into the hospital only I'm healthier, fifteen pounds lighter, and minus a few parts. He offers no explanation; he just says, "I don't know. . . ." If I thought he were with someone else, it wouldn't bother me so much. He is a handsome and very virile man who really enjoys sex. He needs it. But now I can stand completely nude in front of him, and he won't even look up.

What do I do? On the one hand, I'm screaming for some love, for someone to hold me, to show me they care. On the other hand I want no part of him at all . . . ever! Do you have an answer? I hope so because I desperately need one.—C.C.

It sounds strange, but whenever I find myself in bed with a man who's had a vasectomy I don't seem to enjoy sex to the fullest extent. Silly, but it's true. However, I do realize that many men have undergone a vasectomy in order to prevent women from needing a hysterectomy. Perhaps your husband feels slightly awkward towards your slightly altered body.

I recently spent a few weeks in the hospital myself. In the course of those weeks I met various women in the ward who'd undergone operations for tubal ligation or hysterectomies. One woman who'd had her hysterectomy several months earlier came to see a friend of hers in the hospital. The visiting woman seemed quite depressed about her sex life. Her husband had turned cold because her vagina, as he put it, "felt like a bottomless pit." Apparently, there was little inside this woman to keep a firm grip on his penis.

However, one of my best girl friends, a divorcée with three kids, felt hornier than hell after her hysterectomy. She says the doctor gave her a "tuck-job" to keep her twat tight. From what my friend says, no one could tell that she'd had three kids or a hysterectomy. She's delighted to be finished with menstruation and birth-control pills. Her sex life is flourishing since she's split from her cold husband. She was told to have no sex for at least six weeks after the hysterectomy. Even then her orgasms were very weak for at least another three months, but then all hell broke loose.

With regard to your husband's cool attitude—remember your doctor's advice on abstaining from sex. Maybe your husband just doesn't want to hurt you. When you get the green light from your doctor to engage in sex, try seducing your husband. Don't just stand there nude, do something!

TOWARDS THE MULTIPLE ORGASM

I've been married for six great years but have not been able to have more than one orgasm during sex. My husband is a fantastic lover; he's just a bag full of tricks. We've tried just about every sex trick there is, but the only time I have an orgasm is when we are having oral sex. I reach my climax and then I have to fake the others, and I'm a good faker. I've tried to have more orgasms because sometimes we go on from twenty to thirty minutes longer before we're finished. I've tried concentrating and relaxing, and as far as I know just about everything one could possibly do. I would like to have at least two orgasms during sex. It really seems unfair. If you could give me a few suggestions I would surely appreciate it.—Adele

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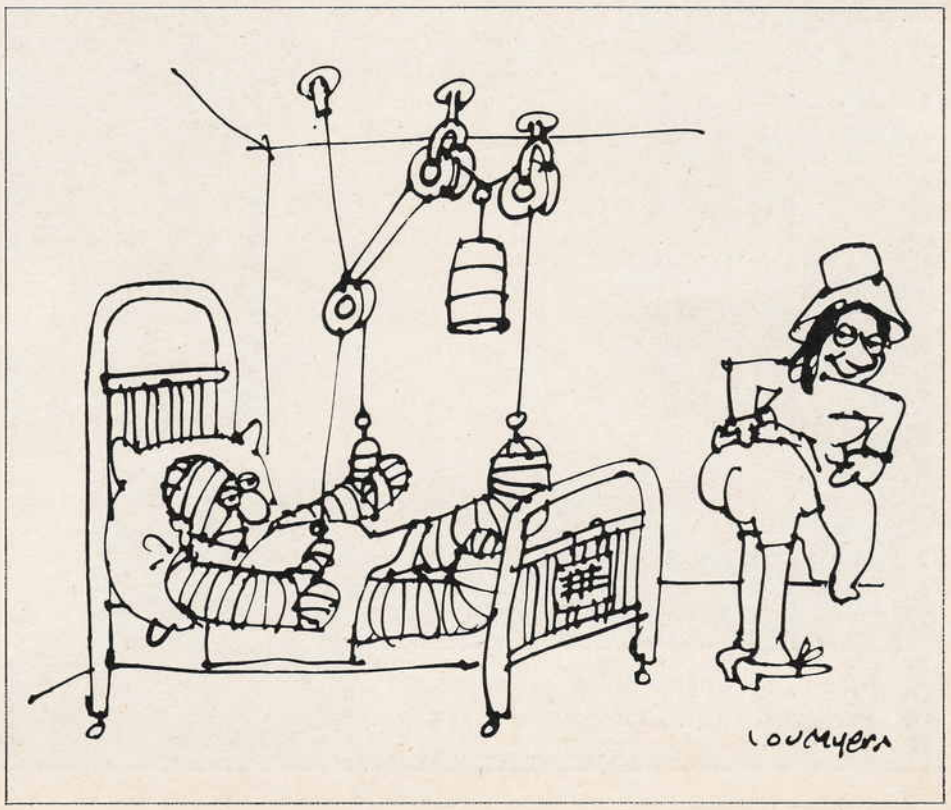

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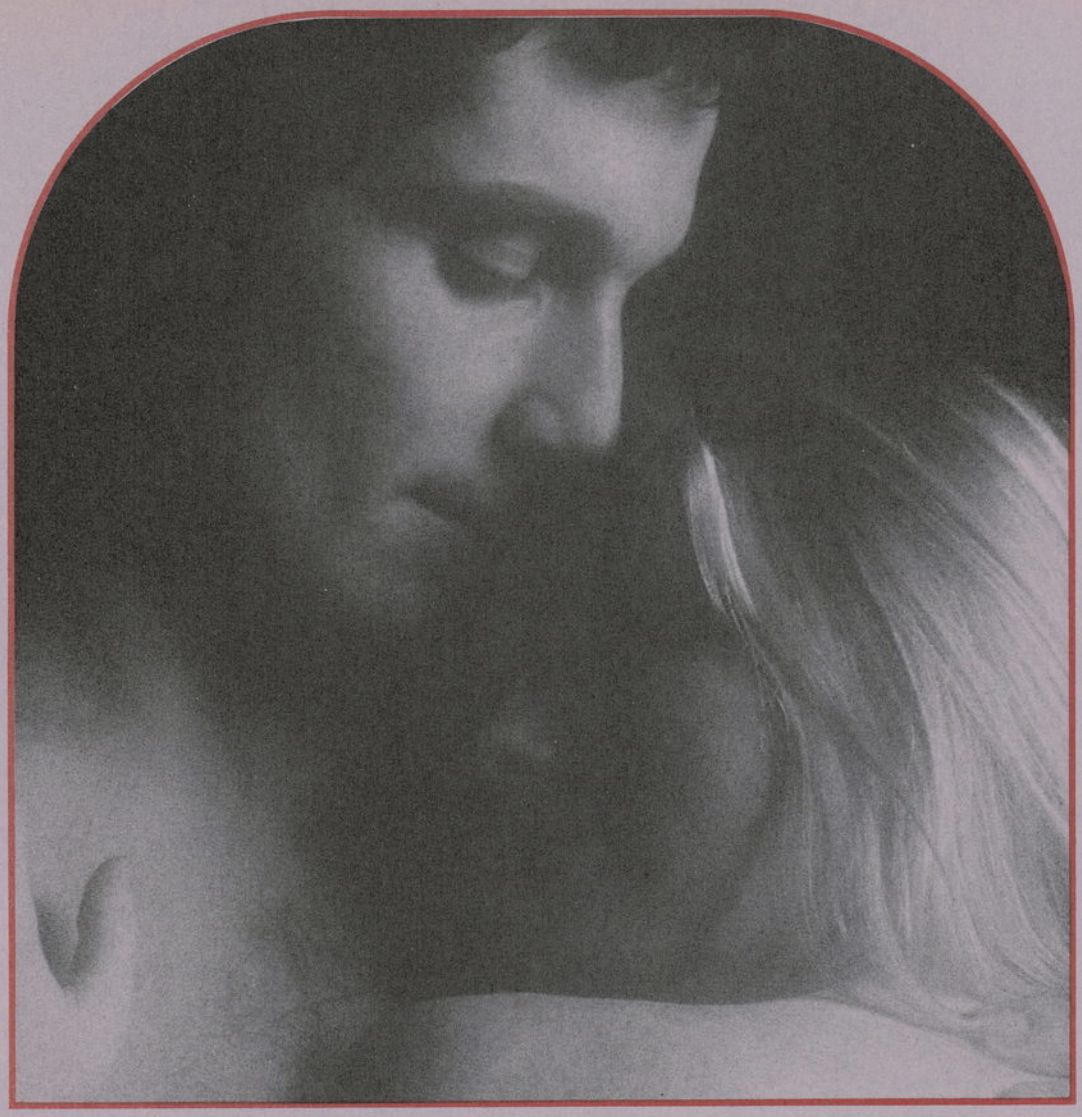


Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLE OF THE MONTH

James C., 38, 5'8", 165 lbs.
Blond hair and brown eyes.
James is an electrical contractor.

Betsy C., 19, 5'5", 105 lbs.
Brown hair and brown eyes.
Betsy is involved with counter-culture lifestyle.

JAMES'S STORY

Marriage as an institution is very important to me, but I never realized how important until I met Betsy. I met my wife, Anne, Betsy's aunt, when we were seniors in high school, and married her when we were twenty after my two-year stint in the army. I'm a fairly conventional guy and I make the mistake of expecting life to be conventional too. You settle down with a woman and think you'll have children and grow old together and make as good a life as possible. Then everything goes wrong and you wonder what you've done to bring all this shit down.

Anne couldn't have children. We found that out pretty soon, and then she got sick. I lost her two years ago. We were married for sixteen years. They were really good years. I don't regret a thing, not even the painful parts. But I do regret not having children. I want very badly to have some kids.

Betsy was my little niece by marriage, not by blood. I was home on leave from the army when she was born, and Anne and I visited her mother in the hospital. I've always known her yet I've never known her. She was Norma's oldest child and always more than a little spoiled. I guess I haven't done much to change that.

I live out here on the Cape close to the ocean. I bought this place two years after Anne and I were married and I've continued to live here. I admit I was pretty lonely until Betsy showed up a year ago last summer.

When we first knew each other Anne was a virgin, which was pretty common at the time. But we got very deeply involved before we were out of high school. By the time we graduated we couldn't bear to sleep apart. We'd sneak each other into our rooms at night, which was very exciting and damned dangerous because her old man would have killed me had he known I was fucking with his daughter. Anyway, shortly after I went into the army she wrote to say she was pregnant. It was a false alarm, of course, but we were looking for any excuse to marry. We went through a whole rigamarole with her parents and finally convinced them we were serious about each other. I bought her a diamond and they let us sleep together, which made life a lot easier when I was on leave. We married the moment I was out of uniform.

Our sex life was fine for years. We didn't try any of the far-out stuff Betsy is into, but we were really happy together —not ashamed or any of that making-love-in-the-dark kind of thing. I got into electrical work through my father who was a union official in Worcester, Mass. I've done all right. I'd say everything was pretty good until Anne got sick.

She was sick for nearly three years amd we couldn't make love at all. I hadn't been with a woman in five years before Betsy. I'd never consider going to a prostitute and when Anne was alive I would never have cheated on her. I felt sort of numb for a year after she died.

One day early in June, 1974, Betsy showed up on my doorstep with a backpack, wanting to stay with me for awhile. I knew that Norma had been having trouble with her for a year or so. She'd been arrested for smoking pot; and Frank, Norma's husband, caught her with some guy in her room. I had to laugh about that because it brought back old memories. I figured the kid had it rough and it wasn't too much her fault. Things have been changing so fast the last few years. I said she should stay with me as long as she wanted. She had a boyfriend. I thought he was a creep at first until I talked to him—pretty intelligent guy, going to college somewhere up near Boston.

She was no trouble at all; quite the opposite. She'd do the dishes and take care of the laundry, even tidy the place up a bit. I'm a bit of a slob when left to my own devices. It was great having her there. She was out almost all night every night until she got to feel comfortable, and then she'd bring the guy home and screw him in her own room. I didn't mind that a bit. Sometimes I'd listen to them and masturbate. I've had to masturbate a lot during the last few years and I'm not at all ashamed of it. It's a whole different kind of pleasure from

Photographs By Robert Farber

conventional sex.

Occasionally we'd be together and have long talks. She had some crazy ideas about how things should work. When I was her age, men were being *jailed* for ideas like the ones she was expressing. She's very intelligent, you know, and sometimes she'd make me so mad I'd have to remind myself how young she is. You grow out of all that idealistic crap if you see enough of life.

One morning, a month or so after she came, I got up around six o'clock. I'd been wiring houses out around Orleans and the job was finished, but I was still on schedule. I decided to go for a walk down by the ocean. Betsy was just coming in as I was leaving, so I asked, "Why don't you take a walk with me?" and she did.

She was very happy that morning. I didn't think too much about it at the time, but months later she told me she had never felt so close to nature or me. We got down to the beach and the sea was lovely—the sun real bright and everything. I love the Cape, summer or winter, I don't care. There wasn't a soul out there and the tide was up, the sandpipers chasing waves. I could see Betsy was loving it. She said, "Let's go swimming."

I hadn't brought a suit. I didn't even expect the tide to be in. She said, "Who needs a suit," stripped off her jeans and jersey right there, and ran into the breakers stark naked. I have never seen a lovelier sight than that. I was shy to look at her at first but she was so natural naked—big lovely breasts bouncing when she ran and a little patch of hair on her vagina. I was ashamed to get undressed because I had such an erection.

She was pretty insistent, though. Finally I took off my clothes and ran in, hard-on and all. The water was cold, but I couldn't get my hard-on down. Just the nearness of her excited me. She was eighteen at the time. I stood up and the water was about to my knees. She walked over to me, took my cock in her hand, and stroked me until I came on her belly. I was embarrassed to look at her, but she looked up at me while she washed herself off and she said, "It's nothing bad, James, it's just nature."

When she said that I thought, "Gee, that's right." Then I was shocked—a young kid like that more comfortable about something as natural as sex than an old know-it-all like me!

We didn't repeat that scene too quickly, but she was considerably more open about running around the house naked than she had been. I won't try to say I didn't enjoy her new frankness. I'd masturbate, thinking about her, sometimes three or four times a day.

That fall I was working, rewiring some cottages out on Manomett, across the Bourne Bridge. This was after Labor Day and all the summer people had gone. I was wondering if Betsy would be heading north, now that her boyfriend was back at school. I think I was a little afraid to bring up the subject. I sure as hell didn't want to be alone again.

Well, she was still there after four months, and I wanted to celebrate, so I took her to a restaurant in Orleans and we had lobster. It was nice. I remember she wore this frilly little dress, very old-fashioned looking, and her hair long. I felt like a million dollars being out with her.

There's not much to do on the Cape in the winter, no movies or anything, so we went home and I started a fire in the living room. We sat on the rug in front of the fireplace and talked for hours. I enjoy talking to her more than I can begin to explain. At times it's very frustrating, but it's also very stimulating. She really makes my mind work and I appreciate that.

It must have been close to midnight. She was leaning on her elbow splitting a splinter of wood with her fingernail and I was just gazing at the fire when she said to me, "You masturbate a lot, don't you?"

Now, what do you say to that? I was taken aback and I finally admitted, "Yeah, I do." I wondered if she'd seen me at one time or another.

She mentioned, without looking at me, that she masturbated a lot too. "No one knows how to do you like yourself," she said. And I agreed. She went on to describe how great it felt to imagine an ultimate lover and roll her clit around with her fingers. "Would you like to watch me?" she asked. I assured her that I would like very much to watch.

She stood up and pulled that lacy dress up around her waist. She had on silvery bikini panties, and she turned her back to me and stripped them down so I saw her ass and her pussy lips from behind. Then she lay back on the floor with her legs spread wide, parting her cunt hair and rolling her first two fingers hard on the hood of her clit. I couldn't believe it was happening. She closed her eyes and started humping her ass in rhythm with her fingers. She threw her legs way back and thrust the fingers of her other hand right into her vulva. Her breathing was wild and I knew she was going to come. It was only then that I took my own pants off and started masturbating myself.

She came with a convulsive shudder, her head rolling frantically from side to side, and she was making little yelping noises in her throat. When she took her fingers away I could see a thin film of froth clinging to the hair at the entrance of her womb. There was a small puddle beneath her.

I still hadn't come. She beckoned to me with her head and opened her eyes slowly. "Clean me," she whispered. I looked at her, questioning. She made a licking motion with her tongue and I understood. I was thirty-six years old and had never before eaten a woman, but I can tell you I was ready to start.

I put my face between her legs and began by licking the winglike lips of her vagina. I was surprised at how pleasant it smelled. When my tongue dipped deep into her hole she gasped softly and I could taste her creamy come, smearing it all around my cheeks and chin. Then I started nibbling gently on her clit. She seemed to shiver uncontrollably, locking her legs around my neck and fucking my mouth as hard as she could. This time, when she came, she cried violently, tears streaming down her cheeks as though she were in pain. I came up to her and wrapped her in my arms, afraid I'd hurt

'Clean me', she whispered... She made a licking motion with her tongue and I understood.

her. She stroked my hair and assured me she had had a complete orgasm, releasing her tears along with her come.

I carried her to my bed and removed her dress. Kneeling between her legs, I searched with my cock for the entrance of her cunt. For the first time in five years I knew the indescribable pleasure of a woman's body, not to mention the undreamed-of experience of loving a very young girl. Neither of us slept until sunup.

That was the beginning of the best winter I can remember since the very early days of my marriage. Betsy moved into my room full-time and we slept together like husband and wife every night. I don't think a night went by when we didn't make love. Shortly before Christmas I got a job for two weeks rewiring some houses on Nantucket. I have a small cabin cruiser and we travelled over on that. We slept on the boat every night no matter how cold. We'd wrap up in my arctic sleeping bag and make love with the motion of the sea beneath us. We were both very happy then—even talked of taking a ridiculously long voyage in the little boat, living like Kon Tiki. Of course that was all just pipe dreams.

Once she convinced me to try pot. She'd bought some from a guy we'd met on the island, and before we went to sleep that night we smoked a joint. I still don't see what the big deal is, but it was a nice experience and my trying it seemed to make her happy. I decided to ask her if she'd marry me.

Before I did that I wanted to talk to her mother so the thing wouldn't come as too much of a shock to the family. I am, after all, old enough to be her father. Norma and I have always had a pleasant but formal relationship. I didn't quite know how to explain that I was having an affair with her daughter. I thought that straight and honest would be the best route. After all, Betsy was eighteen now and could legally make her own decisions as far as her body was concerned.

Norma knew that Betsy was there with me. She met my request to marry her daughter with amazed silence. Then she said a strange thing. She remarked that Betsy bore an uncanny resemblance to Anne when she was young. Now, I'll agree that there is a slight family resemblance, but I certainly wouldn't call it uncanny. I assured Norma that this had nothing at all to do with my love for her daughter. She advised me to think along those lines before I rushed into anything. She was also interested to know if I had discussed marriage with Betsy. (Betsy has always professed to be resolutely anti-marriage.)

I said that I had, but not in terms of a proposal. I was sure that once I talked turkey she would be as interested as any woman at the thought of a secure future with a man she loved. Norma suggested dubiously that I discuss marriage with Betsy before I made any further plans. I am quite sure she understood that Betsy and I were sleeping together, although she was very careful not to mention it in so many words. Norma was interested in seeing Betsy married, but she assured me she would feel guilty if I were not aware of Betsy's flighty nature before I assumed such a large responsibility. I thought I understood her. I was obviously wrong.

Against Norma's advice I bought an engagement ring as a surprise Christmas gift. I was very sure of myself, which now seems funny because Betsy had never once told me that she loved me or suggested that our relationship could possibly be a permanent one.

Betsy's reaction to my gift was a strangely cool one. "You know what this means?" I asked her as she held the jewel up to the light without speaking. She nodded vigorously. "Well?" I demanded.

"You know what I've always said, James," she said. "Nothing's changed. There are two billion people out there. Why should you or I tie ourselves to anyone when we can enjoy everyone? I don't want to be locked in." She was always going on like that. Afraid of being *locked in*. What was I trying to lock her to, a family? children? What's the matter with that? What the hell else are we on the earth for but to have children and raise them to be worthwhile people? It's not even like she has a job or something she wants to do. All she does is read and take care of the house and hang around the beach. That's all she seems to want to do. I don't blame her at all. It's all I want to do. But why not marry? The thing that's so hard to understand about kids today is their lack of commitment.

"No one knows how to do you like yourself", she said.

I didn't push the subject. I told her I was going to keep the ring and if she changed her mind all she'd have to do was ask for it. Things went on as they had been, but I guess it was then that I noticed a change in her. Oh, it wasn't something you'd put your finger on; I guess you'd call it a restlessness, a desire to move on which hadn't been there before. I ignored it, telling myself that it would go away. I knew I'd have to confront it sooner or later but I didn't know how.

We did a lot of things together—ice skating, horseback riding, things I would ordinarily miss. I was grateful to her for forcing me out of a rut. I was stronger than I had been when I first met her.

She was always talking about travelling. I'd saved up quite a bit of money while I was hoping to take Anne to Europe when she got better, and of course that never happened. I planned to take Betsy now, as a surprise, in the summer. I got a load of travel fliers up in Boston and hid them from her. The whole thing was very funny. I think she thought I was reading pornography.

Then, in May, I was helping a neighbor rig up a television antenna, and when I got home Betsy was gone. I didn't think anything of it until nine o'clock and then I started to worry. I got to thinking about that woman up near Boston who disappeared from her home without a trace and was never heard from again. There are so many nuts around. Like a nut myself, I called the police.

Well, you know how they are. I talked to a sergeant who knew me and even he was skeptical. "Has she been gone twenty-four hours? Have you any reason to think she's in trouble?" Anyway, they couldn't put out an A.P.B. but the sergeant said he'd do what he could. Betsy showed up an hour later in a police cruiser and she was furious.

I tried to explain that I'd been worried about her but she wouldn't listen. "Why don't you lock me in the bedroom?" she said. She went into the spare room and locked herself in. From that day on I never knew where she was. She kept the house in order, but I almost never saw her. It was like when we were first together, only I missed her now.

I knew she was with some other guy and I didn't know what to do about it. Sometimes I thought about finding out who he was and confronting him, but I knew where that would lead. I just kept telling myself that when the summer was over she would be mine again, but it didn't work that way. I had planned for us to go away together in August. As it worked out, she left without me. One day I noticed that things hadn't been washed. I looked in her room and all her stuff was gone. .

Well, what was I going to do? I felt bad for a while; I kept hoping she'd call or come home. After about a month I called Norma. She was pretty surprised—hadn't heard a word from Betsy in months and had no idea she'd left me. That didn't surprise her much, she said. She felt our relationship had been doomed from the outset. She suggested that I forget her. How can a mother be so callous about her own child? I said that to her. She said, "James, it's you I'm being callous about. If you think about it, you'll understand." Well, I've thought about it and I don't. Last November I hired a private detective to try to find Betsy.

He found her pretty quick, apparently got a lead on the guy she'd been seeing in West Yarmouth. He called me to say he'd found her in New York City and gave me her address. I drove down the next day.

Jesus, I have never seen such a filthy place in my life. She's such a neat kid. How she could live in a place like that is beyond me. It was on a street called Avenue B—the creepiest kinds of characters standing around out front. I was disgusted. The downstairs door was wide open, so I walked in. She lived on the fifth floor. When she saw it was me she was *really* glad to see me. She had no furniture, no money, no telephone. I don't know how she lived. The guy she ran off with had left her, or something—some elaborate tale. But anyway, when I asked her to come home she didn't hesitate. Her stuff was already packed.

She didn't talk much as we were driving back in the car. She didn't look at all well, circles under her eyes as though she hadn't slept, and she'd lost weight. I told her how I'd found her and how much I loved her.

She looked at me then and said, "I'm not going to say I'm not grateful to you for coming for me, James, but I don't want you to think anything's changed. I still can't marry you."

My whole gut caved in. I can't *believe* it. What do I have to do? What does she want? Now things are back the way they were last winter. We play together and we sleep together and love each other, but I dread the coming of spring this year.

BETSY'S STORY

There were four children in my family and I was the oldest. We lived in Medford (a small town outside of Boston) and my father was the foreman on a construction crew. He was a big rough man whom I loved more than anyone in the world. I never meant to cause him any pain, but I can't deny the person I am. Our tragedy was that we were kin to each other during a time of universal flux. The chasm between our two generations is too wide to bridge—it's no one's fault that we are born at the time when we are.

The first serious conflict I had with my father happened when I was seventeen. I got busted for grass at a party with a group of guys who went to a university near where I live. First, I wasn't supposed to be out with guys my parents hadn't met. Secondly, I was sleeping with Chuck when the police raided the place. The shit *really* hit the fan! One of the cops knew my father. I had to lie to Daddy and to the law and say that Chuck had thought I was eighteen, to keep him from getting busted bad.

I'd been doing well at school and my guidance counselor talked to my mother about my going to college. I was in a general curriculum for my freshman and sophomore years, and he said I was much better qualified for college than most of the kids in the college curriculum. My father is sort of anti-education. Well, not really education; it's college he's against. He thinks you get all mixed up with radical ideas and effeminate men. He thinks a woman should learn secretarial skills and marry as soon as she can.

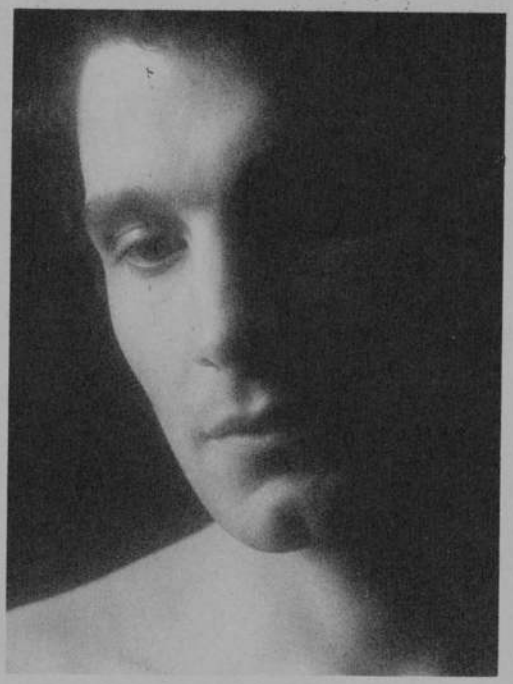
It was funny because when they caught me in bed with Chuck and told my father, he asked me what the hell I thought I was doing. I told him, "I had better know how to do that if I'm going to be a secretary." He smashed the hell out of me, but I thought it had been sort of a cute comeback under the circumstances.

Anyway, the day after the bust Daddy told me over breakfast that he wouldn't be sending me to college. As soon as I was eighteen, he said, I'd be on my own. I knew he wasn't joking. I knew what the guys on his job thought about people who smoke grass, and about college students. He was lucky he was the foreman. I did feel bad about that, but it's all such bullshit. I mean, there's nothing wrong with grass and there's nothing wrong with making love, and there's nothing wrong with being intelligent and going to college. Because a bunch of assholes think these things are wrong and give my dad a hard time about it, I should conduct my life to suit the opinions of others? Forget it!

Chuck was my first lover and really important to me, and when I called him and he wouldn't talk to me . . . whew! I was heavied out. I didn't know what to do. I'd never been with anybody but him. I realize now what he must have been through, his family and the cops and all, but I didn't think of that then. I just felt betrayed. I went sort of crazy. I took the cherries of most of the junior boys in my school in about a month, and I got caught with a boy in my room just before school let out. I thought my father was going to kill him. The boy jumped two stories from my window into my mother's garden, nearly killed *himself*! That was the proverbial last

straw. I knew I had to get out.

I had a girl friend, Jennifer, who was a lot older than I was, twenty, big deal. But at the time, those three years made the difference between where it was at and where it wasn't. She turned me onto a lot of far-out music, the Beatles, the Stones, and Dylan—mostly Dylan. That dude has really seen a lot. Anyway, I went to Jen looking for a place to go and she told me about some people in P-town (Provincetown, the tip of Cape Cod) who'd probably let me stay there.



She hitched down with me that weekend and introduced us. The people were all from the same university as Chuck, but they were a different crowd. Chuck was more of a jock, and these dudes were all into books and words. I'd never done much reading in school, but I got deep into some of the thoughts that were going down. They turned me onto Henry Miller and he really opened my mind—the whole idea of the poet no longer being the conscience of society, and poverty a tool for learning. I started thinking that maybe I was the reincarnation of Arthur Rimbaud, I felt so much like the way Miller described him.

There was a guy there too, Steve, who was really patient with me. I could sense that he was up for balling me, and I wanted him, too. One afternoon he took me out to Truro in his jeep, and without being asked I gave him some head while we were driving. It was really dynamite. We balled all afternoon out on the dunes.

I guess I was as happy then as I've ever been anywhere in my life. The only problem was Steve's woman, Joanna, who is an out-of-sight person. I got to love her a lot. She just couldn't get into my being with her old man—like I didn't want to take him from her or break them up. I just liked to talk with him and fuck him now and then. She had a real straight talk with me, you know, kind of woman-to-woman. I respected her a lot and decided it was time for me to split, but I didn't know where to go—and then I remembered Uncle James.

I guess I always knew he was out there, but I wouldn't have thought of him first off. He's thought of as sort of the weirdo of the family—a hermit, you know? He's a very good electrician, but he doesn't do much with it. He lives on the Cape all the time and works when he can. My father used to call him a bum which is very unfair, but I've told you where Daddy's coming from.

Well, I went to see him and he said I could stay as long as I wanted. He has a lovely little house close to the beach. I figured he was so nice, I'd do my share, keep the place clean and stuff. I could see from the way he lived and the things he said that he was a very unusual man, I mean, that he was really pretty hip. He doesn't read that much, but he's thought an incredible amount. In my own mind I guess I was sort of comparing him to Henry Miller, a wise philosopher who lives far away from other people. I introduced him to Steve and they dug each other, had a really good rap together.

One morning James and I went for a walk by the ocean together. I was grooving on the beach and surf and it was incredibly fine. I just decided fuck it, it's now or never. I stripped bare and went swimming. Blew his mind. It took him a while to get around to undressing too, but when he did he had the biggest hard-on I've ever seen. I could tell he was very embarrassed about it. I got horny watching it bob around, and I can't tell you how much I wanted to suck him off. I was afraid to. I didn't want him to think I was slutty. He talked to my mother occasionally and probably knew what was happening with me. I couldn't leave it alone, though. I finally gave him a hand-job and he came in about two minutes, this huge load of cream spewing out of his big dick. "Jesus," I thought, "what a waste." It could have given me such pleasure in my mouth or my cunt.

After that I didn't care about his seeing me naked and I'd sometimes just hang around the house without my clothes, but I knew that made him uncomfortable. I was wishing he'd ball me and get beyond all the shit so we could just be comfortable together. Whenever I was making it with some guy in my room I'd be aware that James could hear everything that was going on. It excited me knowing that he was listening, and when I came I'd scream especially loud so he could hear and get off on it.

As the summer wore on I cooled out about balling strange men. The gang in P-town went back to school and I had nowhere to go. I sure as hell wasn't going back to Medford. I had only a year left of high school but I thought what for? I could learn as much at home. I thought about enrolling down on the Cape, but I kept putting it off until I finally forgot it. I had plenty to do just digging on the seasons and reading, and James didn't mind feeding me.

He took me out to dinner late in October, and I was thinking as we were driving along Route 6, "I'm legal. I can screw with anyone I want." I decided I was going to make him that night.

We went home right after dinner and James built a fire. We sat around bullshitting for a while, and then I started to tell him how much I liked to masturbate. I saw him start to flip out, and he tried to change the subject but I wouldn't let him. I was wearing a dress and stroking my inner thigh right through it while I was talking to him. Then I asked him if he wanted to watch me do it.

I thought he would get really excited, but he was strangely careful, as though he thought I was trying to trick him or something. I got to thinking of it like a challenge, trying to make him really freak from wanting me. I took off my underpants slow and sexy like they do in the movies, letting him catch a glimpse of my cunt from behind. After that I pulled up my dress and went to work. I could see the fire dancing between my legs and James watching like he absolutely didn't believe what was happening. My fingers were doing wild things to my puss but I was wishing he would slip his tongue to me. I just couldn't believe there was a cock and a tongue a foot away watching me and not diving into the act. I remember wondering when the last time was when he'd gotten fucked. He took his clothes off just as I was coming. He didn't try to take me but just stared at the goo running down my ass. I took him by the ears and pulled his face into my

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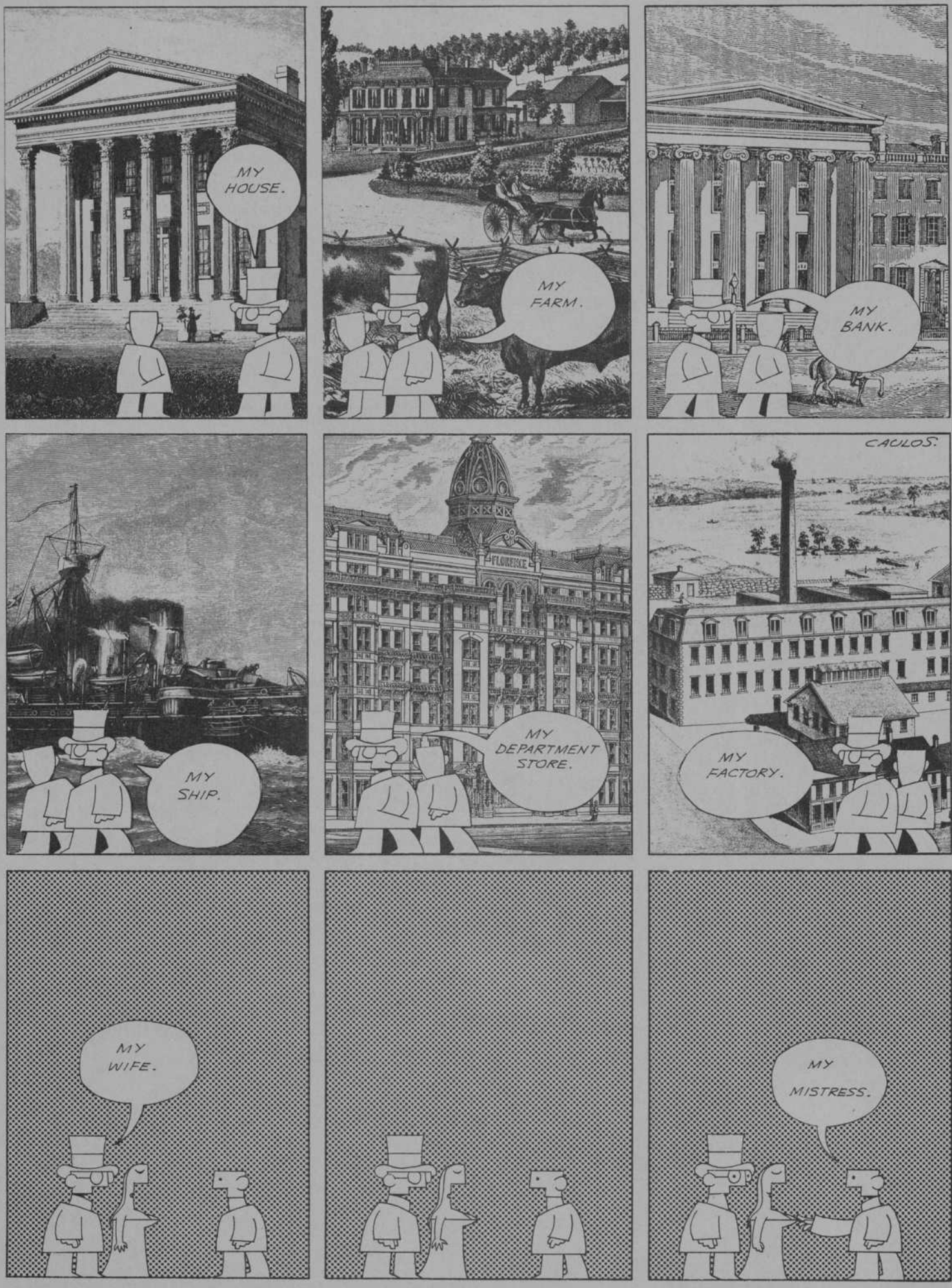
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I'VE BEEN MUGGED TODAY
HAVE YOU ?
R.GIUSTI

RAGGO AND THE MUGGERS

Only Mundu knew how to save New York from default—take crime out of the streets and put it back in City Hall where it belonged.

BY JOHN WALLACE

By the time the Mayor had wised up and given me the go-ahead on my plan to straighten out the mugging situation, it was almost too late. With general paranoia soaring to the red-alert level and Charles Bronson coloring class warfare black, the sale of handguns was booming. Jesus! My kid brother almost got his ass shot off by a couple of vigilantes at the corner of Fifty-seventh and Madison when he called a bus driver a mother and a pig for closing the door on his finger.

Anyway, if the truth be known, it wasn't my plan. I don't deserve all the credit for what's happened. It was actually my partner, Raggo Mundu, who dreamed the whole thing up. All I had to do was to sell it to City Hall.

Raggo Mundu! Jesus! Now there was a man! Why he could lift one, two, three, four, five, six wallets just like that, workin' a gaggle of Midtown businessmen as slick and cool as Nelson Rockefeller doin' the deductions on his income tax. Raggo Mundu! That silver-fingered son of a bitch! He could pop open seven heavy padlocks, six combinations, and five chain-lock security systems faster than I could get the top off a new box of cereal.

Class. Oh, yes indeed. Raggo had *class*. None of this bust-your-head-open-for-a-nickel stuff out on the street for old Raggo. No sir. Raggo was a gentleman, by God, one who worked the better places. Cruisin' the corridors of power in the Ford Foundation, the upper reaches of ITT, and the corporate suites of Con Edison, Raggo proved as slippery as a big, fat oil-depletion allowance or a hefty rate hike.

Hell, Raggo was getting big money out of the government long before Lockheed Aircraft knew what a pork barrel was. Moreover, Raggo did it with *style*; he'd always put the wallet *back*, leaving some unsuspecting executive with all his credit cards and enough cash for his taxi to the station, train fare, and a couple of drinks on the way home.

I first ran across Raggo when he signed up for my evening division course on urban problems. It's hard to say why a guy like Raggo Mundu would sign up for a college class—maybe just for the hell of it. But whatever his reasons, he came regularly. In the beginning, we didn't hit it off too well. Raggo made a habit of sitting in the back row and giggling whenever I discussed the latest academic theories of big cities and their problems.

One night, in the middle of my discussion of Professor B.B. Krumbfinger's important research on police problems in the urban ghetto, Raggo got to laughing so hard, I had to stop the lecture. Raggo jumped to his feet, wiggled his ass like a bee, and danced around his seat like O.J. Simpson doin' a quick shuffle on a hypnotized linebacker.

I was totally unnerved. I asked him: "Mr. Mundu, would you please tell me and the rest of the class what you find so funny?"

Raggo wiped the tears from his eyes and asked right back: "These here dudes—these professors—they really get *money* for writin' stuff like this?"

"Well—of course. That's their job, that's how they get promoted and get famous."

"How *much* money they get?"

"It all depends. If you're an assistant prof like me, you don't make much at all. But Professor Krumbfinger—well, he's a full professor. He probably gets something around $33,000 a year."

Raggo whistled. "Man, that's a lot of scoots for bein' a jive-ass. That's some heavy welfare client, that Professor Krumbfinger."

After class was dismissed, I called Raggo aside: "Look, Mr. Mundu, maybe this kind of thing isn't right for you, maybe it's not what you expected."

"What kind of thing?"

"Why, the academic experience." I answered, intoning the words solemnly as I had been taught in graduate school.

"Oh, is *that* what this is?"

I tried a different approach. "Mr. Mundu, you know you don't actually have to take this class to get credit. You might qualify for 'life experience credit' you know."

"What's that?" Raggo wanted to know.

"Oh that's for the student who has already learned things from his job, from his general life experiences outside the university. For example, what do you do on the outside?"

Raggo looked me over very carefully before he said, "Promise you won't tell?"

"Mr. Mundu, the student-teacher relationship is built upon mutual trust and understanding."

"Yeah, but are you sure you won't tell."

"You can trust me."

"Okay." Raggo said, and after checking out the room to make certain we were alone, he drew close to me and whispered in my ear, "I'm a mugger."

"A *what*!" I shouted and jumped several feet back.

"Uh-huh, that's what I said alright."

"Jesus, Mundu, you shouldn't have told me *that*!"

"You said I could trust you."

"But that was before I knew what—Good Lord, this is impossible—I mean—I mean I'm in a positively impossible position here

—Mundu, I can't—I'm not allowed to—I mean—Jesus! The Dean!—I mean—Whew! A mugger! Son of a bitch! Who would have thought? In my class!"

"Oh come on man, don't go all hysterical on me. It isn't *that* bad. Think of me as one of those urban problems you're always goin' on about. Shit, man, you can't catch it from me—everybody knows you catch it off of those toilet seats up on a Hundred and Nineteenth Street."

"Now look here Mundu, I'm almost broke—I told you I wasn't a full professor. Hell, all I've got on me is a dollar and fifty-seven cents."

Raggo laughed his ass off. He rolled his eyes back in his head, slapped his knee, and grabbed his ribs. "Hey, baby, you're too much! Like I don't want your nickels and dimes. Anyway, you ain't got a dollar and fifty-seven. You got a dollar and twenty-one."

"A dollar and fifty-seven," I insisted.

"Take it out and count it," Raggo challenged.

I emptied my pockets on the desk. Four quarters, a dime, two nickels, a penny—a dollar and twenty-one. I stared at Raggo in amazement. "Now how in the world did you know that?"

Raggo smiled mysteriously. "I got ways," he said. "All I got to do is look at you once and I can tell you ain't nothin' but a dollar-and-twenty-one-cent dude."

"You don't have to put it that way, do you?"

"Hey, baby, be cool. Ain't nothin' wrong with bein' a dollar-and-twenty-one-cent dude. Shit, man, anybody can see that you're an honest *nigger*, even though you're as white as sin."

Even an assistant professor type like me couldn't resist that one. I giggled and Raggo giggled right back. Both of us erupted into sudden, crazy merriment, and before I knew what was happening, we were truckin' around the desk.

Raggo said, "Hey, John! You got some good moves, baby, when you ain't busy bein' a tight ass."

Once we broke through the ice, me and Raggo got along fine. Actually, Raggo fascinated me. I had never met a real live mugger before. I suppose I fascinated Raggo. He had never come eyeball-to-eyeball with a professor. As the semester went on, we sort of did a switch. I started sprinkling my lectures with stuff like "wolfin'," "jivin'," "fat-mouthin'," and "gettin' down." Raggo, on the other hand, began to sound a bit like Professor B.B. Krumbfinger! He started goin' on about "feedback systems," "unresponsive bureaucracies," and "zero-sum games."

By the last class of the semester, me and Raggo were real *tight*. I mean we were *partners*. When Raggo turned in his term paper, I accepted it with a lump in my throat and a tear in my eye. I said: "Raggo, it's been quite an experience knowin' you."

Raggo smiled with embarrassment. "Aw shit, John, you're an okay dude."

I said: "You know, Raggo, I got a confession to make."

"What's that?"

"Well, sometimes I sort of daydream—well, think about you and me—I mean, like we get to be real partners, you know? Like sort of work together—maybe I could bump into the mark, jostle him a bit just before you come along and slip out his wallet."

Raggo's eyes were astonished ovals. "Jesus, John, you gone crazy? What kind of silly, jive-ass, million-miles-from-reality, insane, bizarre foolishness you talkin' about? You—a professor—doin' *that*?"

"Raggo, you don't know what it's like here. Night after night, the same boring lectures, Professor B.B. Krumbfinger's deadly prose, student papers, conferences, tests, exams. Fuck it, man! I want some excitement, you hear! I want something *real* to happen!"

Raggo studied me closely. "Hey, baby, you got it made here. You don't know how sweet you got it. I seen all these chicks, man, just goin' out of their minds over you, creamin' in their jeans when you write all that *mind* stuff on the blackboard. Shit, John, you know what this one chick told me—you know the one I mean—that tall blond with the long, silky wrap-around legs?"

"No, what did she say?"

"She say, 'Oooh, that Professor John! Every time he goes on about all these contradictions in American society, I want to rush right up there and be the *head* of the class!' "

"No shit?" I asked in genuine astonishment. "Right here in my class?"

"Right here in your class! Chalk dust and all! Man, you could be Super Fly of the night school if you'd just open your eyes to R-E-A-L-I-T-Y!" Raggo shook his head. "*Mind*, John. It's mind these ladies find sexy." Raggo stared off into space. "Adventures of the mind," he said quietly. "Jesus, John, if I could stand up here and—Professor Raggo Mundu." He picked up the chalk and fingered it absentmindedly as he gazed out over the empty rows of seats.

When Raggo and I parted that night after class, I thought that was the last I'd ever see of him. But when I read his term paper, I knew that our relationship was far from over. Raggo had done it! He had found the ultimate solution! His paper, "Muggers As Victims: The Case for Decriminalizing Crime," was the most brilliant piece of social science I had ever read. Stacked up against Raggo Mundu, that old fart Professor Krumbfinger was a wart on an elephant's ass!

Waving Raggo's term paper in my hand, I ran out of my office and streaked down the hall like Socrates with a hard-on, or a professor on the make, with a red-hot idea for some big government-research grant money.

But locating Raggo in a city of eight million people wasn't easy. Wandering in and out of fast-food places and subways, I quickly became discouraged. Torpedoed in the colon by a two-foot hot dog and terrified by a fifty-cent hamburger exploding in my alimentary canal like a depth charge, I got smart. Raggo wouldn't be caught dead in those places. I headed for midtown and the big office buildings on Park Avenue.

Once I was in the right territory, I found Raggo easily. There he was, spiffy as a Harvard corporation lawyer in a vested, elegantly cut, dark pinstripe suit, stalking a rotund, red-nosed businessman from Chicago. I giggled as I watched Raggo go to work. He slid that wallet out of there as easy as a fox suckin' on an egg. Slick? You bet your sweet ass he was slick. With fingers like his, Raggo never even *touched* his clients.

I waited until Raggo was through with his business and, after sneaking up behind him, I stuck my finger in his back. "Stick 'em up, lady. This is a case of Fallopian Arrest!"

Raggo chortled. "I ain't no lady and I ain't pregnant." He wheeled about rapidly.

"Professor John!"

"Raggo!"

Five minutes after I located him, Raggo and me were rolling downtown in his white El Dorado.

"But what makes you think the Mayor will go for it?" Raggo wanted to know.

"He'll go for it alright. Just let me do all the talking." I let my body sink into all that expensive leather in Raggo's car. "A million bucks," I breathed easily. "That mother will pay a million bucks to solve the mugging problem."

"You got big ideas, Professor John," Raggo said. "Very big ideas."

The Mayor didn't go for it. At first, he listened to my account of Raggo's plan with a look of utter disbelief on his face.

"Licensed muggers?" he asked, with his eyeballs rolling wildly in their sockets like psychotic marbles.

"Yes sir!" I replied. "Officially licensed muggers, trained and certified by the city."

"Mugger-of-the-Month Awards?"

"Of course. How would you suggest keeping the morale of the men high?"

The Mayor gave me a look that made me feel like an academic pissant. "You say you teach for the city?" he asked suspiciously.

"Yes sir," I said and snapped to attention. "Three years of service now in the Evening Division."

"Heaven help us," the Mayor groaned. "Have you got tenure?"

"Not yet, sir," I replied.

"Thank God!" the Mayor shouted. "Thank God! Thank God! Thank God!" He wept with joy.

"Pardon me, sir?"

"Get out, you crazy son of a bitch! Get Out! Get this goddamned maniac out of my office! Help!"

Heading back uptown with Raggo, I asked: "What did I do wrong?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

piece

by piece

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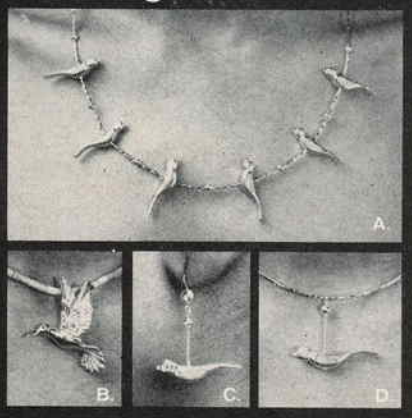

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AMERICAN DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

nutrients, and move on westward. And what is ending now is the age of "frontier consumption." As a society, America is facing the terrible lesson that individuals learn when they pass from youth to middle age. To personalize it: America can no longer stay up all night and drink and devour all it can, certain that it will be replenished in a new day. Our country has provided a kind of fountain of youth, but now we face childhood's ends.

Many of the critical decisions will indeed restrict our freedom—*if* we continue to define "freedom" as the right to a lifestyle independent of the real costs, what economists call "externalities." The right to clog city streets with automobiles carrying one passenger; the right to drive snowmobiles instead of sleds; the right of federally subsidized housing and highways to suburbanize all America—all of these "rights" create enormous costs. And an energy-scarce America will not be able to afford them.

The question is whether our political leadership, traditionally so cowardly in the face of powerful forces that profit by existing conditions, will use its power at the source of these problems or whether it will impose massive restrictions on the living habits of individual Americans. If Washington has to choose between requiring automakers to produce only fuel-efficient engines and banning Sunday driving, the choice *must* be made to impose efficiency at the top. If Washington has to choose between drawing more families to the suburbs or inducing them to return to more efficient urban living, this choice, too, is clear. If building codes can be changed to require more adequate insulation, isn't that better than banning Christmas lights? But the problem is that all these choices require a government with the guts to go after powerful economic interests; and we have seen precious little of that from government in recent years.

An energy-scarce age also requires some strong action by consumers themselves. The central message of Ralph Nader's activity is that there *is* no direction given to manufacturers by consumers—no seeking, for example, for an organized channel through which to check the wasteful growth of petrochemical packaging, a hundred different kinds of deodorants, and other production forms that waste precious fuel. The idea that some companies may shut down because others are gorging themselves on fuel products is unconscionable, but consumers have no mechanism for protecting jobs and energy sources.

This may, in fact, become a new kind of lifestyle for a nation no longer able to pay the costs of indulgence. It's true that we don't have a dangerous visible foreign enemy to fight—a Hitler or a Tojo. But a country whose people can no longer indulge every private source of leisure may well find a new source of purpose in the organized attempt to make the products they buy, the air they breathe, and the water they drink safer and more rational. Across a whole spectrum of our lives, we have become atomized—separate from each other in the way we live, travel, and play. Now conditions seem to be forcing us to adopt Benjamin Franklin's classic toast on the eve of the signing of the Declaration: "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

In New York—a city that will be struggling to save itself for years to come—a new ethic seems to be emerging, an understanding that we cannot pay for all of our public needs, that some of them must be supplied by citizens recognizing obligations. In the coming months, we may well see New Yorkers giving of their time to staff libraries, day-care centers, hospitals, and parks which cannot be supported by tax-dollars that are just no longer there.

In a national sense, this may be an encouraging wave of the future. Just as government must redirect our energy to more efficient uses—to mass transportation instead of the automobile, and public parks instead of private retreats—so citizens may have to redirect their energies toward greater common effort to keep us whole during the inevitable age of scarcity. This is not state socialism, but rather a spirit of cooperative, voluntary effort symbolizing much we have forgotten about our own past—from the Mayflower Compact to barn-raisings and rural cooperatives.

All this can be done. What we do not yet know is whether our political process, born out of an optimistic belief in an abundant land, can adjust to this new condition. The European democracies have long maintained freedom in their personal and political lives while applying strict limits to the ambitions of private power. To do the same, America must learn for itself the fact that civil liberty and the license to run roughshod over fragile resources are not the same thing.

Well before the coming of the age of scarcity—in fact, all through the post-World War II boom, as our incomes swelled with our doubts—we had begun to feel that we had lost all control over our lives, that we were being dragged without consenting into an ominous future. We seemed to have shifted from a sense of purpose to a sense of compulsion; or, as Daniel Boorstein put it, from a sense of mission to momentum.

No, there is no choice but to choose. To do nothing is to surrender to a fate no one desires. We do not have what Americans have always *believed* we have: all the time in the world, all the land, all the wealth, all the power, all the energy. We will either face the age of scarcity squarely, or we will fulfill the darkest fears of our bankrupt leadership and America will indeed become a pitiful, helpless giant. ○

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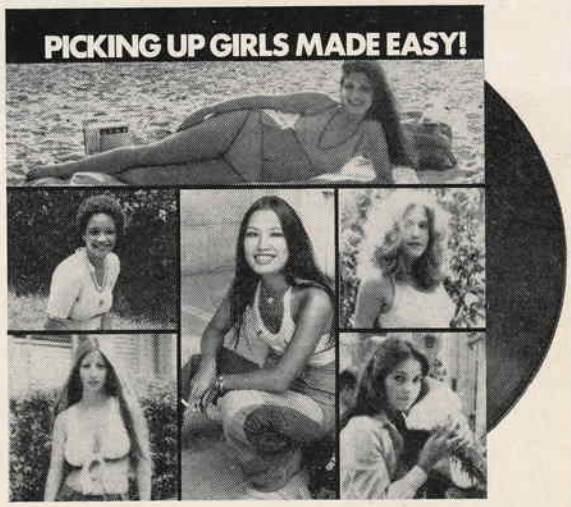

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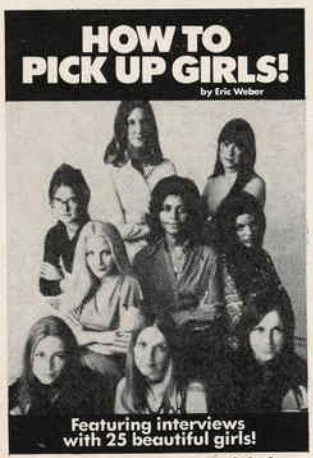

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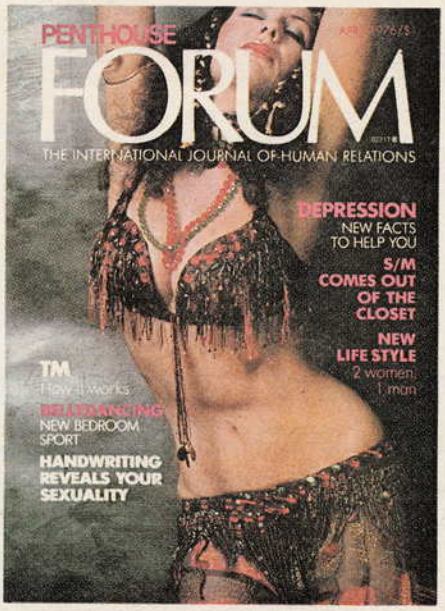

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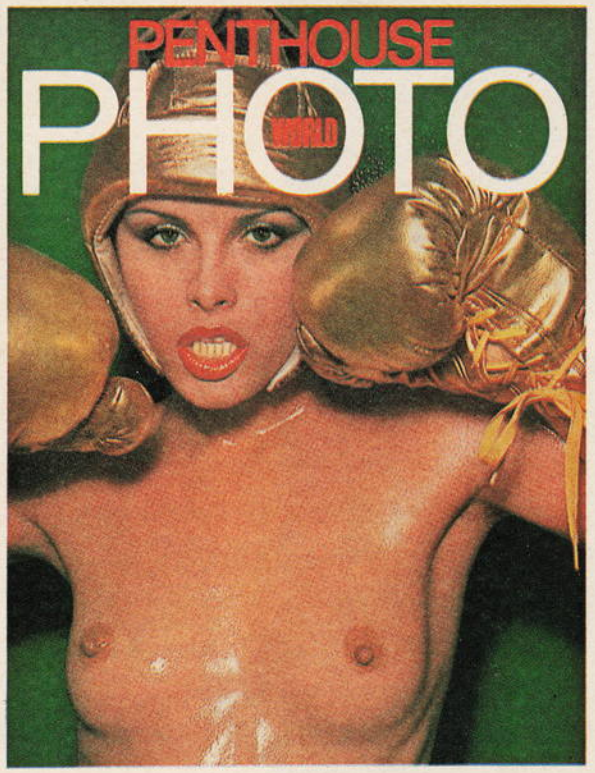

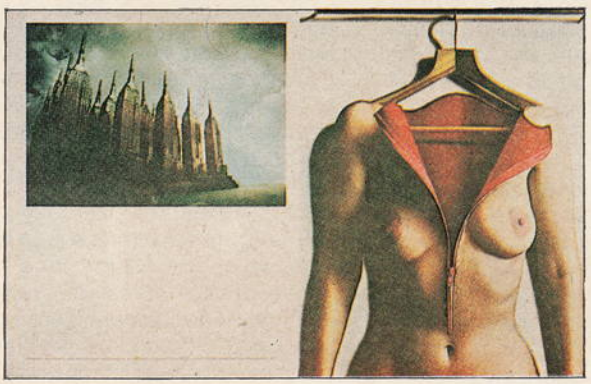

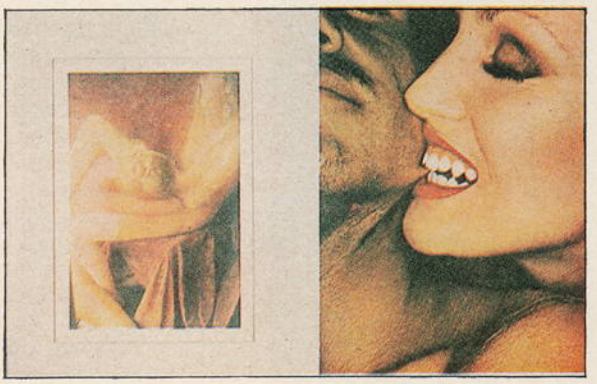

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MAKING IT WITH FORMER LOVERS

Many men and women often find themselves back in bed with someone they once loved. *Forum* takes a close look at the erotic and psychological dynamics of this common but frequently confusing situation.

ENCORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

"Neal," I said, "why did the Polack lose his job as an elevator operator?"

He didn't know.

"Because he couldn't learn the route," I told him.

He thought about it for a while and when it hit him he started to laugh abruptly. Well, either laugh or imitate a wounded macaw. He was only distracted for a moment but it was long enough for me to try something I'd seen David Carradine do on "Kung Fu." It worked out just well enough to send him into a long skittering stumble, which gave me a chance to drop-kick one of his kneecaps. That toppled him and he hit the dirt like a thrown anvil—the Browning sliding through a carpet of dead pine needles out of his reach. I got my fingers around the gun, twisted back, and raked his skull with the barrel, feeling a passion that Lionel Hampton never brought to the vibes.

Then I went down beside him like a collapsed lung. After a minute or so, when my heart stopped trying to get out of my chest, I took the Bic Banana out of Large Neal's shirt pocket, got out one of my cards, and wrote a note on the back: I AM AN EPILEPTIC. IF YOU FIND ME UNCONSCIOUS IN THE SUNLIGHT, PLEASE APPLY COPPERTONE.

I pinned the note to Large Neal's shirt pocket with the Bic's clip. Then I sat there in the shade for a long time before getting up and wobbling my way back down the slope to the parked car.

5

I got back to L.A. at ten the next morning, drank breakfast in a neighborhood dive off Hollenbeck Park, and drove over to Bart Enders' office. He wasn't in but there was a note on the door saying he'd gone to Vegas to catch the new all-nude United Protestant Choir's floor show at the Sahara. He was staying at the Beau Jest casino-hotel. So I hopped a midnight flight to Vegas and caught a cab into the heart of the glitter. The Beau Jest was at the end of Fremont, a huge electrochemical bouquet of incandescent pink, electric blue, and tangerine neon that looked like a hallucination by the Wizard of Oz. I walked through a lobby that looked like a cross between Byzantium and the Congo, got Enders' room number from a desk clerk who looked like he'd just bathed in champagne, and rose up to the fifth floor in an elevator that would have made John Glenn dizzy.

At the door to Enders' room I paused, listening for some sound of activity from inside. There was only silence, so I tried the knob. The door was open and I went in swiftly. I had my .38 out and my sense of humor was tucked safely away in the back of my mind.

The room was one of those neo-futuristic pastel rooms with a lot of kidney- and amoeba-shaped plastic and sponge furniture. I saw Enders right away. He was in the middle of the room, slouched back in a chair that looked more or less like an uptilted pink-rubber inflatable life boat. He saw me but his eyes didn't show a flicker of surprise—which surprised me.

We looked at each other, and he finally said in a thin voice, "Explanations?"

I nodded. I was leery of the look in his eyes because there was no tension in it.

Enders shrugged. "Yeah. Sure." He slipped down a couple of inches in the chair and his voice was almost a murmur as he began. "There's not much—very little, in fact. Frankie Seltzer and I got together a couple of weeks ago. He had an idea for an act—something involving an air hose, a stepladder, and two female volunteers from the audience, and I thought it just might be original enough to be a really big hit. In the meantime, I met Trixie Seltzer. From there on it was pure soap opera. . . ." His voice wavered a little, like he was having trouble getting it out. "Boy meets girl, you know? She taught me a lot about water beds. One thing led to another. Neither one of us had much money, and the next thing I knew we were planting Frankie's body in the same land where Neal apparently failed to plant yours. We were going to live off the insurance money. Trixie hired you to steer suspicion away from us. After th . . ."

Ender's voice wavered and dwindled. Something was wrong.

"You okay?" I asked.

Two-thirds of a smile fell off his face. He was acquiring a complexion like the hull of a freighter. "Yeah. I'm on my way out. I dropped twenty-five hits of blotter acid, swallowed twenty Darvon, ten Dexedrine, twenty-three sleeping pills, three Reagan buttons, and chased it with a shot of Vitalis and a carafe of absinthe. . . ."

I waited for the punch line.

"She ran off with a street juggler," he said weakly. "Guy too young to even remember Abbott and Costello. . . ."

I started to say something, but saved my breath. Bart Enders was as stiff as a ventriloquist's dummy.

I was just starting to like him, too.

It was an old story, I thought as I rode the elevator back down to the lobby. Women. They made you feel like a million and then they canceled the account. But Trixie Seltzer wasn't home free yet. There was a stage hook waiting in the wings for her too. I'd see to that.

I got outside and walked along Fremont amid the bright lights and pop-art colors and noisy tourists. Later I caught the new all-nude United Protestant Choir's act at the Sahara. And later yet there was a Barbie Doll blond from Idaho who helped me restore my sense of humor during those pre-dawn hours when it's almost quiet enough to hear a poker chip fall.

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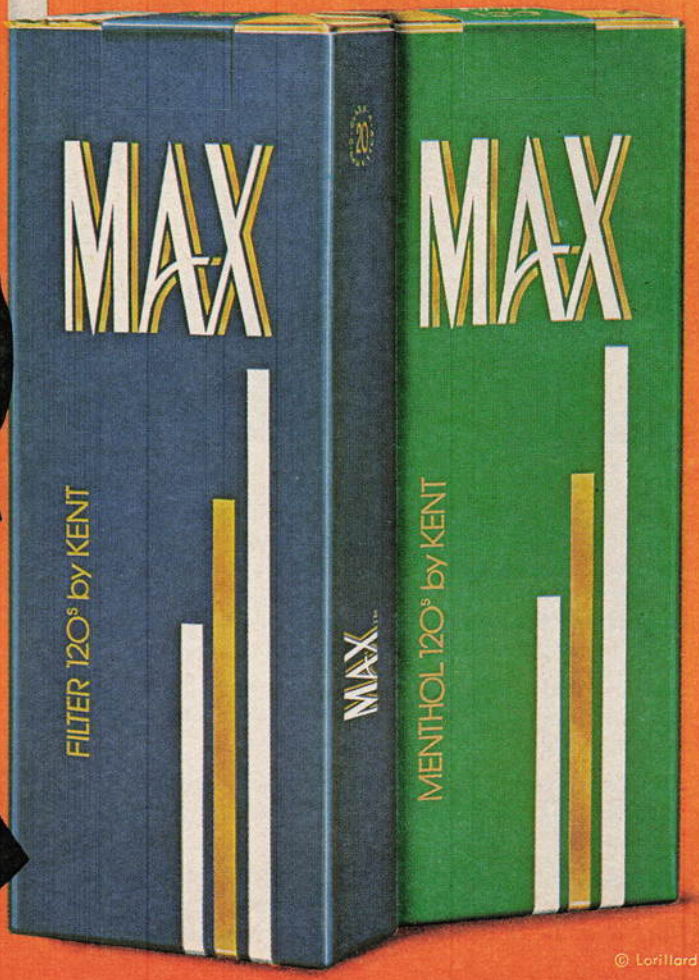

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PATTI SMITH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

ancestry or my gender. I think until women get away from that they're not going to be great writers. Now, I can tell you about some women writers who truly are fantastic. One is Anna Kavan. She writes stories like I approach "Land of a Thousand Dances": she's caught in a haze and then a light, a little teeny light, comes through. It could be a leopard, that light, or it could be a spot of blood, it could be anything. But she hooks onto that and spirals out. And she does it within the accessible rhythms of plot, and that's really exciting. She's not hung up with being a woman, she just keeps extending herself, keeps telescoping language and plot.

Another great woman writer is Iris Sarazan, who wrote *The Runaway*. She considered herself a mare, a wild runaway. She was a really intelligent girl stuck in all these convents with a hungry mind. I identify with her 'cause of her hunger to go beyond herself. She wound up in prison, but she escaped and wrote some great books before kicking off. Her books aren't page after page of her beating her breast about how shitty she's been treated; they're books about her exciting, telescoping plans of escape. Rhythm, great wild rhythm. What Erica Jong and people like that lack is rhythm, rhythm and strength. They write only boredom, pages and pages of fidgety self-examination.

The French poet, Rimbaud, predicted that the next great crop of writers would be women. He was the first guy who ever made a big women's liberation statement, saying that when women release themselves from the long servitude of men they're really gonna gush. New rhythms, new poetries, new horrors, new beauties. And I believe in that completely. But hung-up women can't produce anything but mediocre art, and there ain't no room for mediocre art.

Penthouse: Has the women's movement had anything to do with your growth as a poet?

Smith: No. I remember getting totally pissed off the first time I got a letter that started off with "Dear Ms. Smith." A word like Ms. is really bullshit. Vowels are the most illuminated letters in the alphabet. Vowels are the colors and souls of poetry and speech. And these assholes take the only fuckin' vowel out of the word *Miss*. So what do they have left? *Ms*. It sounds like a sick bumblebee, it sounds frigid. I mean, who the hell would ever want to stick his hand up the dress of somebody who goes around calling herself something like Ms? It's all so stupid.

I don't like answering to other people's philosophies. I don't have any philosophy, I just believe in stuff. Either I believe in something or I don't. Like, I believe in the Rolling Stones but not in the Dave Clark

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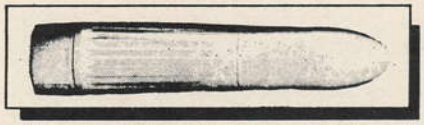

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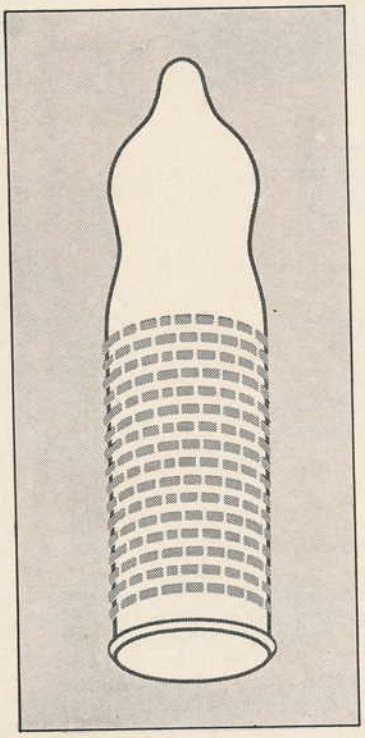

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Five. There's nothing philosophic about it. Whenever I'm linked with a movement, it pisses me off. I like who I am. I always liked who I was and I always loved men. The only time I ever feel fucked around by men is when I fight with a guy or when a guy ditches me. And that's got nothing to do with women's lib. That has to do with being ditched.

I don't feel exploited by pictures of naked broads. I like that stuff. If it's a bad photograph or the girl's ugly, then that pisses me off. Shit, I think bodies are great.

Every time I say the word *pussy* at a poetry reading, some idiot broad rises and has a fit. "What's your definition of *pussy*, sister?" I dunno, it's a slang term. If I wanna say *pussy*, I'll say *pussy*. If I wanna say *nigger*, I'll say *nigger*. If somebody wants to call me a cracker bitch, that's cool. It's all part of being American. But all these tight-assed movements are fucking up our slang, and that eats it.

Penthouse: Do you have many encounters with groupies?

Smith: Yeah, but they're almost always girls. They're usually pretty young, too. They try to act heavy and come on like leather. I always act as if they're real cool. I never go anyplace with them. They bring me drugs and poetry and black leather gloves and stuff like that. It's pretty funny. I don't really know what they want. I mean, I think they're actually straight girls.

The guys that I get, they're always such great losers. Really pimply faced fuck-ups with thick glasses, but a lot of heart, y'know? My heart really goes out for those kids 'cause I can still taste what it feels like to be sixteen and totally fucked up. I remember everything. And I figure if I came out of it okay, then these kids are going to be okay, too. They just need to be told that they're going to be okay, that's all.

Penthouse: Is there a lot of New Jersey in your stuff?

Smith: Yeah, south Jersey. There was a lot of railways there. All this bullshit about me being a street poet—did you ever read that shit they write about me? I had nothing to do with the streets. It's all railroad tracks, hanging out by the tracks.

I danced a lot. I'd put on a stack of records, all the Marvelettes' stuff. Most of them are in the key of A, and that's my key. I'd stand in front of the mirror and sing and dance. I guess it all goes back to that.

Most of the cool people I knew in south Jersey are dead now, or in jail, or disappeared. A couple are pimps in Philly. I haven't seen them in about twelve years, but a week doesn't go by that I don't think of 'em. The coolest things I have, the coolest rhythms, all come from my life in south Jersey and Philly. All my dance steps, all my sensibilities. I think about that old stuff a lot when I'm onstage. Those people, they haunt me in a real sweet way.

Me and my family are still real tight, though. I've always been the black sheep of the family, always getting in trouble or fucking up the family name—of *Smith*! But

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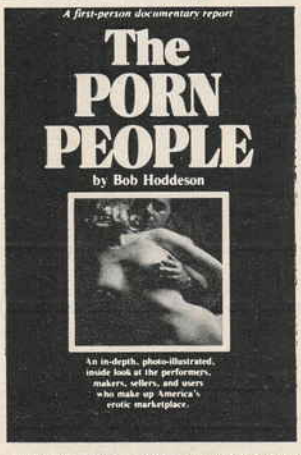
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I'm finding that in my old age I'm affecting my mother's gestures. She's all cigarettes and coffee. I told her to sing harmony on my record, but she said, "No, doll, I got a cigarette tenor." Someday I'm gonna do a jazz album called *Cigarette Tenor*.

Penthouse: Did you start writing when you were a kid?

Smith: Yeah, I decided I wanted to be a writer when I read *Little Women*. Jo was so great. I really related to her. She was a tomboy, yet guys liked her and she had a lot of boyfriends. She was a real big influence on me, as much an influence as Bob Dylan was later. She was so strong and yet she was feminine. She loved guys, she wasn't a bull or nothing. So I wanted to write. I had always been a daydreamer. I mean, I had a gang and stuff, I'd beat up Irish kids and things like that, but basically I was a daydreamer.

I was a terrible writer back then. I read a lot of Spanish poetry by Lorca and I wrote these long, stupid romances about men in love with their dead wives. Very Spanish. Orange trees and glowing moons and incestuous brothers and sisters and fathers kneeling in the dirt trying to get their dead wives to show them warmth. Or killing their wives. It was always the same long story. Archaic language. Terrible, terrible stuff. "Ach! You are as cold in death as you were in life!" That was my big line. I thought it was really great. Then I realized I was a lousy writer so I started to paint.

Penthouse: What brought you back to being a writer?

Smith: I was living in Paris, painting and messing around. And I started to notice that my paintings were becoming more and more like cartoons, and that the words in these cartoonlike things were becoming more important to me than the paintings. I had gone to Paris to immerse myself in painting and I came back wholly involved in words and rhythms. I returned to New York and concentrated on poetry. That was in 1970, 1971.

Penthouse: You got a lot of heat from publishers at first, didn't you? Was it your style or your content that most editors found hard to swallow?

Smith: They objected to both. They said I had sick attitudes for a woman. I'd get letters, "We find your thinking and ideas and your morals very immature. Write back when you mature." I was twenty-six, for Chrissake! They were looking for the usual jive-ass poetry, I guess. But now they're all knockin' at my door with bags of money. Fuck 'em.

Penthouse: When did it first occur to you to blend rock 'n' roll with poetry?

Smith: I had that idea all along. I always wrote like rock 'n' roll. And I always listened to rock 'n' roll as poetry. I'm not talking about that dippy singer-songwriter stuff, I'm talking about "I Sold My Heart to the Junk Man," shit like that.

At first it was just me and Lenny Kaye on electric guitar farting around at poetry readings. Then it started to gather force.

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We advertised for a piano player. We were really just bluffing, y'know? And all these guys would come in and say, "Hey, wanna boogie?" Me and Lenny were stoned, trying to talk all this cosmic bullshit to them, like, "Well, what we want to do is go over the edge." And finally Richard Sohl came in wearing a sailor suit, and he was totally stoned and totally pompous. We said, "This guy's fucked up." Lenny gave him the big cosmic spiel and Sohl said, "Look, buddy, just play." We felt like *we* were the ones getting auditioned. So Sohl said, "Whadaya want? Ya want some classical?" He played a bunch of Mozart. "Ya want some blues?" He played a bunch of blues. I mean, the fuckin' guy could play anything! So we started talkin' and it turned out that he'd been raised as a Jehovah's Witness, which I had been, too. We'd both rebelled against the same shit, and that helped. So we just brought him in.

And then we started looking for another guitarist. We had days and days of guitar players, all sorts of maniac baby geniuses from Long Island, kids with $900 guitars who couldn't play anything. Mother had sent them—in a cab! We'd make them do forty minutes of "Gloria." I'd go off on this long poem about a blue T-bird smashing into a wall of sound or some shit like that and Lenny would keep the same three chords going, louder and louder. And we'd see who dropped out first. If the guy auditioning dropped out first, that meant he wasn't any good. These kids couldn't believe it, they thought we were nuts. So finally Ivan Kral came in. This little Czechoslovakian would-be rock star. He said, "I am here to be in your band." He was so cute. And we said, "Oh, yeah?" So we did "Land of a Thousand Dances" and it went on so long I thought I was gonna puke. But Ivan was so nervous he wouldn't stop, and we figured that was really cool. He ain't no genius, but he's got a lotta heart, Ivan does.

Then we picked up a drummer. It was natural, we had to have a drummer for Ivan. We didn't really need a drummer, but Ivan wanted to be a rock star. He'd keep saying, "Oh, we must have a drum!" So we figured, *Oh, fuck, okay, let's get Ivan a drummer.* That's where Jay Dee Daugherty came in. The reason I like Jay Dee so much is that he's really young and wants to be part of something that's really cookin'. He was the most recent addition to the band, so we had to give him a crash course in everything. We'd tell him about the Arabs and sixteenth-century Japan and flying saucers. The poor kid had to carry all these books and records home every night.

Now it's at the point where I really love the group. I did a solo reading the other week in Philadelphia. It went great, but I was so lonely. I read "Land Without Music," and right away I'm thinking, *Here's the part where Lenny always fucks up; Here's where I'd look at Sohl and tell him to stop sleeping on the keyboard.* I missed them so much that I didn't want to ever

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again perform without them. They give me tremendous energy. I get like a little kid, and it's beautiful.

Penthouse: Do you prefer live performance to recording?

Smith: Oh, yeah. I like energy. I like to feel it cracklin', I like sexual energy in a room, and I like tension. I get mad when some asshole goes "*Shh-h-h*" when I'm doing a poem. People can talk, I don't give a fuck. I don't demand nothing from my audience. They're the ones who are payin'. I hate to be told anything by a performer. Don't you hate it when some guy up on stage tells you to be quiet? I mean, fuck him, y'know?

Penthouse: Some people say they hate to play in bars because people drink and make noise.

Smith: Shit, I like that stuff. I love playing bars. Hearing that pool cue really inspires me. When we used to play on the Bowery, I would almost burst into tears 'cause of all the stuff that was happening. I'd look out at that long line of neon beer signs over the bar and that dog running around shitting while I'm in the middle of a beautiful ballad. There'd be a bunch of niggers beating the shit out of each other over by the pool table and all these drunks throwing back shots. It was the greatest atmosphere to perform in, it was conspiratorial. It was real physical, and that's what rock 'n' roll's all about: sexual tension and being drunk and disorderly!

Penthouse: What about those who try to place rock'n'roll in the context of conscious intellectualism?

Smith: I don't like people interpreting or psychologizing pure energy. They should go read tea leaves or something, 'cause they're fuckin' up rock 'n' roll with their jive.

Another thing that's fuckin' up the music is television. I think that Helen Reddy hosting "Midnight Special" is bullshit. That broad never had a place in rock 'n' roll. That "I Am Woman" song is a piece of shit! All that stuff has warped kids' minds. Kids see that schlock on TV, then they go out and buy it.

It's like when they censored radio. You'd hear "Dance with Me, Henry," but you wouldn't hear "Work with Me, Annie." You'd hear Pat Boone doing "Tutti Frutti," but not Little Richard. That's what it's like all over again. It's the fifties.

But we're past the midpoint of a decade now, and I think a lot of people are ready to take a leap. I think we've had enough mediocrity. There is no way that singers like Elton John or Helen Reddy can ever transport people the way that Jim Morrison or Jimi Hendrix did. There's just no way. They just ain't there, y'know? I don't feel that people will allow this shit to go on much longer. They won't really let rock 'n' roll die or peter out or turn into Hollywood: 'cause when you clear away the tons and tons of bullshit, the heart of rock 'n' roll is integrity.

Penthouse: Now that you've begun performing for bigger audiences, do you think you're in danger of losing anything, or of having to alter your music and poetry?

Smith: Nah! I just think I'll be talking less onstage. I have a lot of confidence in what we do, and I ain't changing nothin'. As long as something's perfect, as long as something's effective, it doesn't really matter.

I'll never do a number in which I don't have to put myself on the line. By that I mean that I'll always enjoy putting myself on the spot, always enjoy playing with fire. That's what "Land of a Thousand Dances" is for; that's the one where I always hallucinate a long story at the end. And sometimes it's really frightening. It's like boxing: go crazy or go down.

Penthouse: You've been getting a lot of press lately. Is it the kind of press you like?

Smith: I really don't want somebody writing something positive about me if they don't believe in it. I'd rather somebody write something real mean, y'know? I like reading bad stuff, it gets me excited. In fact, the only reviews I keep are the bad ones 'cause I think they're the cool ones. I like when some guy in *Variety* gets outraged about my stuff. Or some school teacher writing for the *Villager*.

I'm pretty moral about what I do. If I didn't think I was worthy of doing something, I wouldn't do it. I ain't gonna waste a bunch of people's time. So good press don't really mean anything to me, 'cause I think I deserve it. I'd be full of shit if I said I didn't think so. Good press, bad press, whatever, only means a lot to me if it's writ by somebody I respect, by somebody I like.

Penthouse: A lot of people are very interested about what goes on between you and Bob Dylan. What do you talk to him about?

Smith: Nothin'.

Penthouse: Absolutely nothin'?

Smith: Nah. Well, like he came backstage to see me, and he's a totally physical guy. There was a period in my life when I thought about Dylan constantly. It was as if he had been my boyfriend. But when he walked into the room he was just a guy, a really cool guy. He ceased being Bob Dylan to me.

I enjoyed hearing him say my name. It was like high school. It was real embarrassing teenage stuff. He didn't have nothing to say to me, I didn't have nothing to say to him. We kept walking around, like dogs in a pit. He said, "What do you read Rimbaud in?" I said, "English." He said, "I read him in French." Totally teenage nonsense. But I thought he was a really cool guy, y'know? And that's all he is to me now, a cool guy. I don't like being around him too much 'cause we're two very restless people, and that creates a lot of nervousness. Plus I'm shy around really cool guys until I get to know them. Like, when I met Hendrix we just talked about the weather. When I met Jim Morrison we sat around looking at girls' legs and discussing who had the best ass.

Dylan asked me about a poem I had written, the one about his dog. I felt like I'd been caught writing about a boy in my

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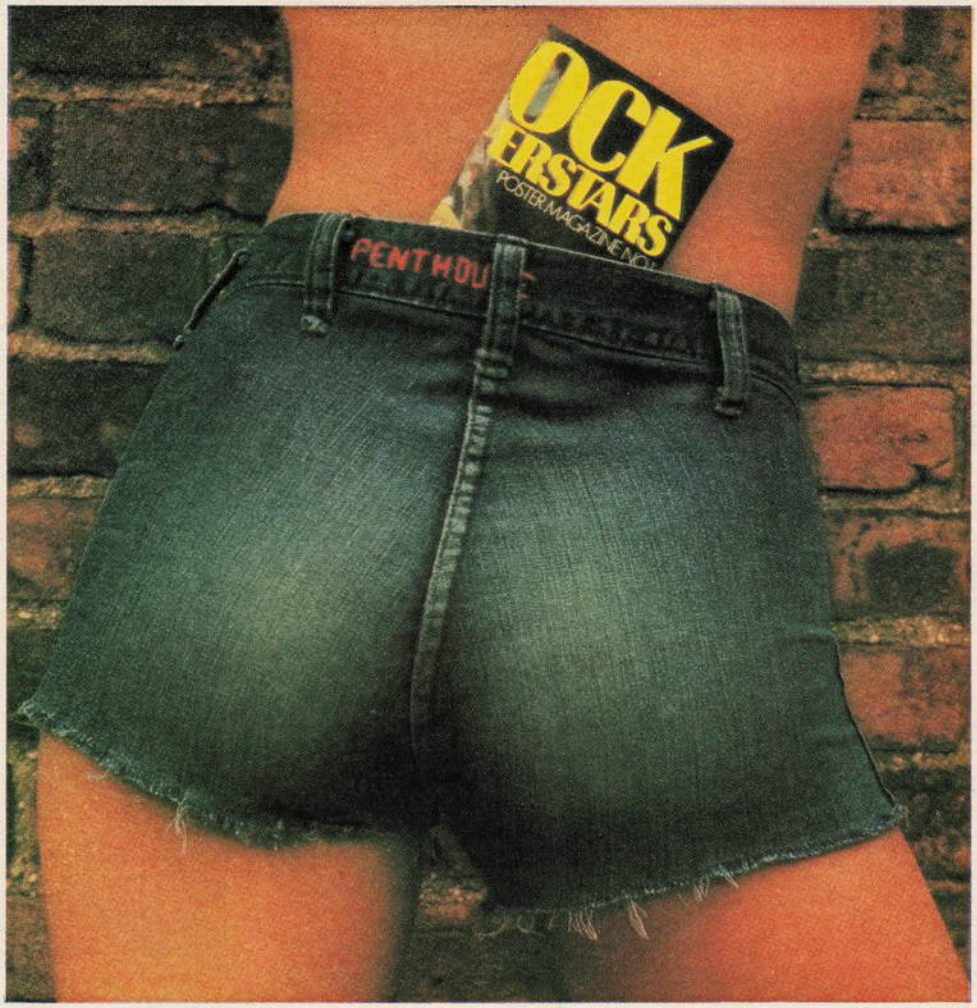

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diary. I said, "Ah, c'mon, don't get mad at me." Really stupid. I told him it was just a dream I had. He said, "Oh, I like dreams. I ain't mad. I really like what you're doing." He didn't make any heavy statements.

He gave me a fantastic singing lesson. He really lives by singing. We were in a room with a few people who are gettin' drunk and singing, taking turns singing all this soft, folky shit, and when it was Dylan's turn to sing he started singing like he's at Madison Square Garden. It was pure heart, and I don't think anyone's ever captured that successfully on record.

Like I said, he ain't Bob Dylan to me anymore, he's a guy. I wasn't that cool around him, but let me tell ya, he wasn't no cooler. It was touching to see such great verbalizers acting like non-verbal jerk-offs.

Penthouse: If it came down to it, would you rather make books or records?

Smith: I like making records right now 'cause I can express myself that way in a very immediate, physical sense. You can always write a book, but you can't always do a rock 'n' roll record that's gonna work. When I'm forty I don't wanna try to do a rock 'n' roll record like Gene Vincent tried to do right before he popped off. It would have been much better if he'd written a book, y'know? Just a book about piss and shit and watching baseball and getting drunk and beating up broads. I mean that's nobler than dying an old rock 'n' roll failure.

Penthouse: You sometimes mention that there's a housewife side to you. Can you envision indulging that side?

Smith: Well, actually that's just a romance of mine. I'm a total failure at housewifery. I always have been, 'cause I daydream too much. If I start doing the dishes at one in the afternoon, I'll still be there at six in the evening. Besides, housework makes me nauseous. Repetition makes me carsick. I used to get carsick when I did piecework at the factory in south Jersey. I'd have to inspect baby buggy bumper beepers—no shit—y'know, beep, beep, beep; and I'd wind up puking in the bathroom. I'd have to take those little yellow pills.

Penthouse: That's what the song "Piss Factory" is about, isn't it?

Smith: Yeah, right. I inspected beepers, steel sheets. It depended, it changed every week. I cut leather straps for baby carriages, made big cardboard boxes for baby mattresses. Toys, strollers, all that stuff.

Some people told me that "Piss Factory" was immoral, that it was base. It's not immoral, it's total truth. To me that little "Piss Factory" thing is the most truthful thing I ever writ. It's autobiography. In fact, the truth was stronger than the poem. The stuff those women did to me at that factory was more horrible than I let on in the song. They did shit like gang up on me and stick my head in a toilet full of piss. People like beauty and purity. They pretend that's what it's all about. I don't like that. *That's* immoral.

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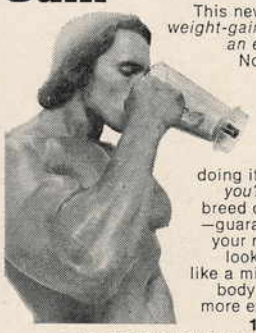

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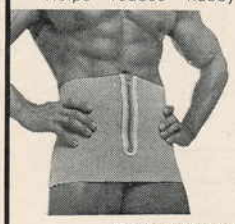

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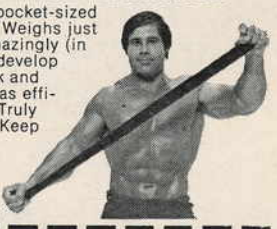

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

Many women can only reach an orgasm during oral sex by way of clitoral stimulation. Actually, I prefer it that way. However, you could also try the following: while you are having oral sex, stop short of climax, turn around, and climb on top of your husband's erect penis. Insert his hard penis in your moist vagina, lay down on top of him, stretch your legs, and squeeze them together. Now kiss him or caress him with your breasts. Meanwhile, you do the moving so that the base of his penis stimulates your already excited clitoris. I can almost guarantee you'll have a full orgasm. You'll satisfy your husband plus you won't have to fake a climax.

Another good position to try is for your husband to go on top, resting on his knees with you on your back and your legs up on his shoulders. This position should give you space to not only look at his penis going in and out but also enough room to masturbate. Men love to see women fondle their own breasts and clitoris.

THE CLIMAX-PRONE VIRGIN

A group of us here at college are wondering if it is possible for a female to have five or six orgasms to the male's one.

The situation we are questioning is where both partners were virgins when they met, the female being fifteen and the male being seventeen years old. Could this be a case where the female didn't know when an orgasm was achieved, or is it truly possible for a virgin of this age to have so many orgasms to his one? One or two maybe, but five?—The Curious Trio

Orgasms are not necessarily produced from penile penetration. The number of orgasms depends entirely on each individual woman. Some can achieve ten orgasms in a night while others don't reach one per session.

I remember when I was a virgin that I achieved several good orgasms from having my boyfriends fondle my breasts, kiss me, and finger fuck me. I can also remember, shortly before I approached the moment of defloration, the fantastic sensation I felt when I had a guy suck my clitoris for the first time. The guy then rubbed his penis against my very wet outerlips—up and down against my clitoris until I came.

Of course, there are many women who never really experience a true orgasm, even though they aren't virgins. The average woman experiences one or two orgasms per sexual session. Don't be disappointed if a woman can outdo a man when it comes to orgasms. After all, it's quality, not quantity, that counts.

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fucked regularly. She used to come quite often but only when I was applying direct penile-clitoral contact. Obviously, she almost always wanted this kind of contact as opposed to putting my cock inside her.

Immediately before our marriage; we were temporarily apart for about six weeks; she went home to a different city to prepare for the wedding. When she left, I gave her The Sensuous Woman *and encouraged her to begin masturbating while away. Until then she had been opposed to masturbation, although she knew that I had been doing it for many years. Spurred on by this book, she began to masturbate.*

When we married I immediately noticed a change. She still enjoys fucking and I still find her very satisfying in bed, but she no longer climaxes regularly when I rub my cock on her clitoris. Sometimes she doesn't even climax at all. She now prefers hand manipulation, sometimes by me, but more often by herself. I'd say that for the past few months she has been masturbating on her own about once or twice a week.

I've begun to worry about how quickly her vagina and clitoris become sore whenever she engages in sexual intercourse or masturbation. This is so, even though she assures me that I am gentle. She has good natural lubrication and we use lubricating jelly. Even so, she becomes very sore.

Also, I sometimes get the impression that I don't contribute much to her orgasms because hers are always the same strength, regardless of whether I'm fucking her or masturbating her. On the other hand, my climaxes are markedly stronger when we fuck as opposed to masturbation, which I do occasionally.

I'd like to know the following: should my wife masturbate more regularly? Should she stop masturbating? Should I concentrate more on her clitoris and forget about fucking? Am I worrying about nothing? Is it an acceptable long-term answer for her to continue reaching her orgasms by masturbation with some assistance from me?—Sleeper

Too much of anything is no good. No matter what any book says, your wife doesn't have to follow its advice to the word. If her vagina is sore, I'd suggest that if she is accustomed to using a vibrator, she stop at once. If she doesn't, I'd strongly suggest she see a doctor.

Have you tried oral sex? She most probably will end up liking your tongue better than her hand, and with your saliva and her natural juices flowing you won't need any lubricant jelly. I'm glad to see that you're willing to pay close attention to your wife's clitoris. Oral sex has long been one of the biggest taboos in sex. Forget the taboos! "Give us today our daily orgasm and lead us into temptation!" Let her masturbate. Give her more head. Let her suck your cock. Do it together and you'll come together to enjoy a more satisfying sex life. Good luck and a healthy fuck! O+

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THE VIETNAM VETERAN

If you're both a veteran *and* a prisoner, you know that you can't count on outside help. This report—written by a convict—documents the successful struggle of veterans in the Louisiana State Penitentiary to help themselves.

VETERANS INCARCERATED

American males have marched off to fight their country's wars whenever called upon, then have returned home to pick up where they left off in life, aided by numerous benefits made available to them by a grateful nation. But, while most veterans went on to build successful lives for themselves, all did not. Some, unable to make the transition from war to peace, committed suicide. Some were lost to the forces of insanity. Some tried to escape their nightmares through drugs or the bottle. Some, imagining themselves still on the battlefield, had to be shot down in the streets of the very country they had just served so valiantly. Others ended up in prison.

In the "free world" lines of distinction are often drawn which separate one group of people from another, putting them in classes which seldom relate to or identify with each other. Veterans do the same. World War I, World War II, and Korean War veterans are often at odds with each other. Each group views itself as being better than the others and the war they fought, tougher and more important than the others. But there is one thing the veterans of these other wars have in common: they do not relate to or identify with the Vietnam veteran. Victors rarely identify with losers, and the Vietnam vet lost the war, an unpardonable sin.

Behind prison walls, it's a different situation. Imprisoned veterans are convicts, and convicts are always just exactly that —convicts. Which war they fought in is irrelevant. They are prisoners, a class of humans sharing the common experience of imprisonment, with the same miseries, the same problems, the same objectives. They are men caught up in another war—the war to be free of abuse, pain, and imprisonment.

Many of these men draw no benefits, primarily because they don't know that they are eligible for benefits and because they don't know how to go about getting them. Overshadowing their veteran status is the fact that they are prisoners; and since prisoners are generally despised, the Veterans Administration, like most people, has never exhibited very much interest in making things easier for them. Veterans behind bars are the orphans of this nation—abandoned, ignored, and regarded as a source of embarrassment.

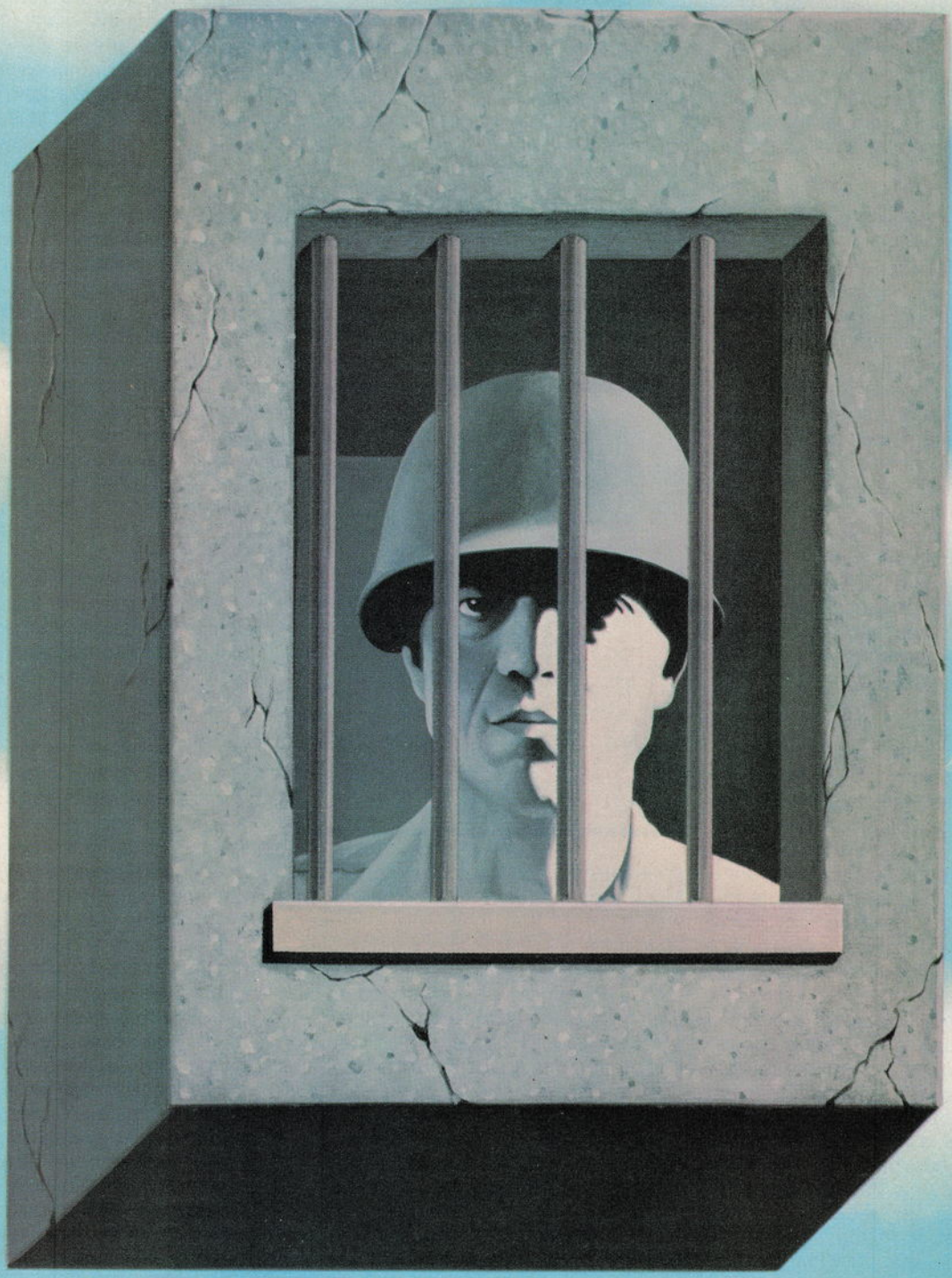
But things are changing. After decades of neglect and indifference shown them, it appears that something is going to be done about the plight of imprisoned veterans. Two years ago the Veterans Administration circulated a memorandum directing regional offices to send counselors on a regular basis to advise imprisoned veterans of the various benefits and services available to them.

While imprisoned veterans across the nation rejoiced over the new orders, the memorandum evoked no excitement among veterans at the Louisiana State Penitentiary. Unlike veterans in other prisons, the directive changed nothing for them because they had already fought for and won what veterans in other penitentiaries were fighting for.

"Naturally, we're glad for our fellow vets in other prisons," says Robert Jackson, a veteran serving a life sentence in the Louisiana State Penitentiary, "but the new instructions don't really change anything for us here in Angola."

Jackson is the twenty-nine-year-old coordinator of Veterans Incarcerated, a self-help service program believed to be the first of its kind in the nation. Composed of inmates trained in veterans affairs, the organization provides free legal and technical assistance to the veterans in prison in the areas of correcting military records; upgrading discharges; securing

BY WILBERT RIDEAU



LUCZAK

benefits, health care, educational and vocational assistance, employment, residential and financial assistance upon release; or other supportive services that may be available. It also possesses a statewide referral system to assist the veterans' families in their communities.

The program has won high praise from organizations throughout the nation. The National Council of Churches, which awarded the program a $2,000 grant, regards it as a model for those seeking ways to service the needs of imprisoned veterans. On a visit to the prison, Thomas Wynn, national coordinator of the National Association of Black Veterans, told the inmates, "You've created something truly beautiful here. It's inspiring."

The Louisiana State Penitentiary is a vast and sprawling place situated some sixty-five miles north of Baton Rouge, the state capital. Tucked away in the middle of nowhere, in the most rugged and desolate region of the state, it is partially encircled by the turbulent Mississippi River. A forbidding wilderness completes the isolating circle. These natural barriers make escapes difficult. Better known as "Angola," the prison consists of some 18,000 acres. Over 4,000 prisoners are forced to live—no, *exist*—here, 74 percent of them black. Almost 2,000 men live in the main prison compound in dormitories spread over the grounds, which makes the place look more like a college campus than a penitentiary. Almost a thousand more live in out-camps in different sections of the vast acreage where they tend cattle and hogs and work in the fields. Another 450 or so men are in satellite camps. This is a place where no man in his right mind wants to be, and some are not as easily cowed by guns and power, so there are over 400 more men locked up in cell blocks, two jammed in a cell originally designed to hold only one. The place is overflowing with prisoners. There is no place to house more inmates, but every day there are from 200 to 300 new men in the Admissions Unit being processed to join the nameless faces in the prison population.

Of the men here, 60 percent are functional illiterates, and few have the opportunity to get an education. The few educational and vocational programs that exist reach only a small portion of the inmate population. There is no money for more; but then, there has never been much money for improving the inmates' resources here. It is only recently that the backbreaking labor in the sugarcane fields has been cut out. With that behind them, corrections officials are now trying to convince a hostile public, conditioned to the idea of vengeance, of the necessity of phasing out the huge prison and doing something meaningful to try to improve the character of prisoners. The warden has for years told Louisiana that the prison is hopeless, that nothing can be done to improve it. The prison is too remote from civilization. Qualified workers and needed services are extremely difficult to secure. "To get the people I need to work up there, I'd have to draft them," says Elayn Hunt, corrections director. But because the Louisiana legislature places no premium on education, over 90 percent of the men in Angola spend their days at meaningless prison jobs that contribute nothing toward training them for suitable work when they are finally freed.

Until recently, no one had ever given special notice to the veterans in Angola. They were just prisoners, that's all. No one had thought of them as a unique class of prisoners with peculiar problems and needs. The move to get people to view them differently had its beginnings in late 1973 when several veterans started meeting in the prison yard and the library to discuss means of attracting attention to their plight. They wrote letters, but nothing happened. "We were shooting the wrong angles," says one of them. "We were trying political methods and they didn't work." More important than their being veterans was the fact that they were prisoners, "criminals" . . . and society didn't give a damn. There was no concrete goal or objective in mind, just the shared feeling that, having served this country, they were at least owed adequate medical attention and meaningful educational opportunities while in prison. However, because of ineffective leadership and confused goals, the movement soon ran out of gas.

> Veterans behind bars are America's orphans—abandoned, ignored, and regarded with embarrassment.

It was early 1974 when Louis Smith, Jr., the director of Veterans Educational and Training Service (VETS) of Baton Rouge, an organization aimed at assisting minority veterans with their problems, heard from the United Presbyterian Church. The church's Emergency Ministry for Veteran Services was concerned about the indifference and lack of assistance being given veterans behind bars. Recognizing that little could be done to help many of them with their individual problems, they felt that the imprisoned veteran should at least be able to secure his veterans benefits since imprisonment does not bar him from receiving benefits. They awarded Smith's group a $1,000 grant to explore the possibility of servicing veterans incarcerated in the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola.

In a meeting held at the prison between officers of the Lifers' Association and representatives from VETS and Community Advancement, Inc. of Baton Rouge on ways in which to aid lifers, Smith informed the prisoners that many of the veterans in prison were probably eligible to draw GI benefits and promised them the assistance of his organization in securing them.

Jackson was one of the prisoners at that meeting. A jail-house lawyer and an associate editor of *Lifer* magazine, his quick mind leaped at the potential that drawing benefits held for many of the prisoners. He realized the incentive it would provide for veterans to pursue an education, the assistance it would lend many of their families, and the nest egg it would provide for veterans to start their lives anew when released. He wanted to speed up the process of getting imprisoned veterans all their benefits, to reach the most veterans in the shortest time.

But there were problems:

- The first problem was finding out how many veterans were in the prison and who they were. No one had ever bothered to keep records.
- The second problem was the handling of all the paperwork that goes with filing claims, getting discharges upgraded, and the like. Who would do it? Over 60 percent of the inmates were officially classified as functional illiterates. If you tell a man that he can collect his benefits or obtain assistance from the VA and then give him stacks of paperwork to complete that he barely understands, you're not helping him—you are merely adding to his frustrations.
- In addition, providing immediate and meaningful assistance to the veteran population of Angola required a concerted effort, an effort that neither VETS nor the VA could furnish. The prison was so remote that the time, expense, and effort required of any outside agency or organization attempting to personally service the needs of the imprisoned veterans would play havoc with those agencies' operation in free society. It was unrealistic to expect the VA to station a team of counselors and benefits specialists at the prison, and this is what was needed. They required a determined service program to seek out the veterans in the 4,000-inmate prison (a Herculean task), to advise them of existing benefits and services, and to give them personal assistance in preparing information and claims, a service to help them get their discharges upgraded, to direct those being released to social agencies in the areas in which they were going for assistance—and a myriad of other problems that veterans here needed help with.

Putting their heads together, Smith and Jackson came up with a unique idea: train

and educate a group of inmates to become benefits specialists and counselors and organize them into a veteran's service program. Selecting thirty inmates who expressed interest in the idea, Jackson and the group embarked upon a crash study program on veteran problems, benefits, and methods of solution. Unlike other areas of the nation where imprisoned veterans encountered indifference from their regional offices, the Veterans Administration Regional Office in New Orleans responded by sending benefits specialists and counselors to the prison to help Smith's group to train and educate the inmates on the available benefits and services, the preparation of applications, the upgrading of discharges, VA law, and all of the other things that the group of inmates would need to know to be effective in servicing the veterans of Angola. Anthony R. Lentini, Director of the New Orleans VA Regional Office, impressed by the imprisoned veterans' efforts to help themselves, explained his office's position thus: "Our position is that we want to assist veterans, all veterans of all categories, in every way possible within the law. We recognize that incarcerated veterans have very special needs. . . . Any group or organization which helps the veteran is helping us, and we want to work together with them."

Trying to do things within the context of imprisonment is always difficult because certain strictures are imposed upon prisoner endeavors. In this particular case, the establishment and operation of the program was made more difficult because the prison's four thousand inmates are dispersed over 18,000 acres, and movement and communication among sections of the prison are severely restricted. In addition, the program must be operated in the members' spare time because each member is required to spend eight hours each day at his prison-assigned job. And, while office space is available for central files, there is no space for the program's activities; therefore, the bulk of the work is conducted in individual dormitories in different parts of the prison. However, despite the problems, the men overcame most of the obstacles and accomplished their objectives.

Lionel Bowers is a twenty-eight-year-old first offender, serving twenty-one years for a manslaughter rap. He is chairman of the Vocational Committee. Since mustering out of the service in 1969, he's never been able to get a job, despite his honorable discharge. Like many other Namvets, he returned with a habit, a big one, but he never tried to break it. "Man, I saw things here that made me want the stuff more than in Nam. The way people were here blew my mind. The needle was my only escape." His eyes turn sad. "If there had just been something about this place that would have made me want to break the habit, I would've tried . . . then, I don't know. There were the nightmares." He was locked up in 1972. Since then he's completed a music course, a course in engineering graphics, and is presently studying surveying and computer programming. He is graduating from carpentry school next month. He now draws $388 a month in benefits. A member of Narcotics Anonymous, Inc., he has sworn off drugs. "I don't even have the desire or need for it anymore. I'm a whole man again. I can cope."

After separating the veterans from the non-veterans in the prison's 4,000 population, the hardest thing was establishing credibility, which was essential to securing cooperation from others, particularly the administration. The world behind bars is a world of rip-off schemes, con games, and lies—a world where nothing is accepted at face value and genuineness must be proven. Fortunately for Veterans Incarcerated, Kelly Ward, the prison's classification director, knew some of the VETS Outreach staff personally. Sure of their sincerity and impressed with the immense potential for the imprisoned veterans, he made available the entire resources of his department. Classification Officer Michael L. Schilling, Jr.—a non-veteran who once wanted to make a career out of the service, but "They wouldn't let me fly one of their fucking jets, so I stayed in school"—offered to become institutional sponsor for the program and permitted the use of his office for centralizing veteran material and files. The prison's security officers, many of whom are veterans themselves, cooperated by closing their eyes to minor infractions of regulations which might have hampered the program and permitted the group to stay after office hours to work on the program. The problem of transacting business between outcamps and the main prison was solved by classification officers who voluntarily relayed messages and transacted business throughout the prison. Peggi Gresham, the warden's secretary, stepped in, coordinating and facilitating the smooth flow of business between Veterans Incarcerated and its outside sponsor, VETS Outreach of Baton Rouge. Utilizing the prison grapevine, inmate organizations, and official bulletins, word was sent out informing all inmates who were veterans to report to the Veterans Incarcerated agent in their respective areas because they could possibly get monetary benefits and other forms of assistance. The men started coming in. At first, it was only a trickle. As word spread and trust grew, the men started pouring in.

> "No one had ever bothered to find out how many veterans there were in the prison and who they were."

Lee Roquemore is the twenty-four-year-old secretary of Veterans Incarcerated. A dark, diminutive man, he is the prison's champion featherweight boxer and is serving a fifteen-year sentence for armed robbery. He came out of the service with a dishonorable discharge. "I joined the [Black] Panthers and it led to conflicts with military statutes, so the marines kicked me out—behavior unbecoming a marine, they called it." A high school dropout, he studies small appliance repair at vocational school. He receives no benefits but is in the process of getting his discharge upgraded, which will enable him to draw. Lee wrote so many letters in the beginning stages of the program, trying to secure support and cooperation, that VETS Outreach workers traveling to other states found themselves constantly running into people who wanted to know, "Who in the hell is this Roquemore fellow?"

Though there are no exact figures as yet on the number of veterans in the penitentiary, Veterans Incarcerated has, at this writing, compiled files on 531 veterans, sixty-four of whom have since been discharged from the prison. Three others have escaped. Of those remaining, 56 percent are black. Almost 38 percent are from the New Orleans metropolitan area. Sixty-one veterans have been sentenced to spend the rest of their lives here, and 107 are serving from fifteen to 150 years. One hundred and fifteen veterans are here for armed robbery, thirty-five for rape, fifty-five for narcotics charges, and seventy-five for homicide. One hundred and forty-two veterans here hold honorable discharges, two of them retirees.

Seventy-one veterans are now in vocational school, studying trades, some collecting benefits, others expecting their checks to start coming in soon. Thirty-three veterans have enrolled in correspondence courses, studying electronics, TV repair, and accounting. Nineteen more are students in the prison's academic program.

The vocational trade school at the prison is an extension of the New Roads Memorial Vocational and Technical School and is operated independently of the prison by the state department of education. Eight courses are offered the prisoners: food service, meat-cutting, carpentry, auto body and fender repair, auto mechanics,

air conditioning and refrigeration, appliance repair, and welding. Unfortunately, the school can handle only 240 students.

The prison's academic program is something Veterans Incarcerated is anxious to get improved and approved. With the vocational school filled, the academic school is the only other place for veterans. However, the present deficiencies in the program may soon be remedied. VETS Outreach of Baton Rouge and the New Orleans VA regional office are working with penal authorities in an effort to establish a VA-approved GED Program leading to a high school equivalency certificate, which would permit participating veterans to draw their benefits. More teachers have already been hired and the education department in the prison is in the process of being completely renovated. In addition, an educational program is being set up for the almost 1,000 prisoners who live in out-camps. Veterans Incarcerated has requested VA approval for special federally funded courses being taught at the prison in surveying, computer programming, and engineering graphics.

Most of the men registered with Veterans Incarcerated are waiting for a chance to get in some type of school, but unless the situation changes greatly many of them will serve out their time and leave prison without any schooling. Veterans with long sentences have a long wait ahead of them because school officials prefer students who have only enough time left to finish the course they'll be taking. That way, they will graduate at the same time they will leave prison. One hundred and sixty-eight of Veterans Incarcerated's clientele are longtimers.

Don Notte is a twenty-nine-year-old honorably discharged veteran who, despite his fifteen-year prison sentence, just got married—in prison. He asked for the job of chairman of the external job placement committee because it goes hand in hand with a pre-release program he helped found. Until recently he was drawing $388 a month which he sent home to his wife, but dissatisfied with the course he was taking, he quit and the payments stopped. He has just entered welding school, and is in the process of getting his payments reestablished.

After two years' operation, Veterans Incarcerated is enjoying more success than any other inmate self-help project at Angola. It has the support of the department of corrections, the Veterans Administration's regional office, and numurous social organizations throughout the state. Penal officials look upon it as a blessing. "It's been an incentive to make a guy do right while confined and prepare himself for society again," Major Richard A. Wall, president of the Louisiana Correctional Association, says of it. "The knowledge that they can get benefits is a hell of an incentive to make a man get his mind off wrong things and try to educate and improve himself. It'll probably help cut down on the recidivism rate." The success of the program has elicted letters from across the nation requesting information on its operations and suggestions on how to establish similar operations in other prisons. Director Richard Kellmer brought his policy committee of special ministries members of the National Council of Churches down to Louisiana for a firsthand look at the program's operations.

Last year, a staff member of the New York-based National Task Force on Higher Education and Criminal Justice flew to the prison to study Veterans Incarcerated. And the VETS Outreach staffers, the program's outside sponsor, are constantly on the go, traveling to cities throughout the nation in order to deliver requested reports on Veterans Incarcerated of Angola at seminars and conferences; the television appearances are also now almost more than they can handle. But, as Adolph Voight III of VETS Outreach points out, Veterans Incarcerated still has a long way to go because, so far, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion of Louisiana have demonstrated no interest in veterans in the state prison, and that is a good yardstick for measuring progress.

Veterans Incarcerated was informed, not long ago, that the funding agency had pulled the funds from the VETS Outreach Project of Baton Rouge, its external sponsor which it depends upon to do its legwork and handle its external business. While this did not affect the Veterans Incarcerated service program at the prison or its grant, it did, however, mean that after June 30, 1975, VETS Outreach's staff was reduced to a bare minimum. Despite this setback, Veterans Incarcerated is trying to expand its services to encompass alcohol- and drug-abuse programs.

Robert Jackson sits behind a desk in Michael Schilling's office, the desk cluttered with mail, paperwork, and manuals. He leans back in the chair, running a hand across his forehead. He looks tired, probably is. He's been up since six that morning, has put in a full day's work on his official job as pre-release clerk in the classification department. It's six in the afternoon, a time when most prisoners, having done their day's work, are relaxing; but, having stopped only for supper, he's starting working again, this time on Veterans Incarcerated affairs. This is on his own time, until nine tonight, then he'll head for his dormitory and, if past nights are any indication of his behavior tonight, he'll probably carry some work to do by moonlight while he's in bed. . . . And as the sun sinks slowly in the horizon, casting its last rays on this graveyard of the living dead, Robert's behavior is being repeated by other members of Veterans Incarcerated in scattered parts of the prison.

"I think Ed has given up all hope."

Smoke Cracked.

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By "cracking" cigarette smoke down into its various 2000-plus ingredients, researchers at Philip Morris have discovered certain "key" ingredients that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

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Repeat: delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, 9 mg. tar MERIT MENTHOL performed strongly too, delivering as much—*or more*—taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough. Now you've got the cigarette.

MERIT.

Unheard-of smoking pleasure at one of the lowest tar levels in smoking today—only 9 mg. tar.

From Philip Morris.

*American Institute of Consumer Opinion. Study available free on request.

9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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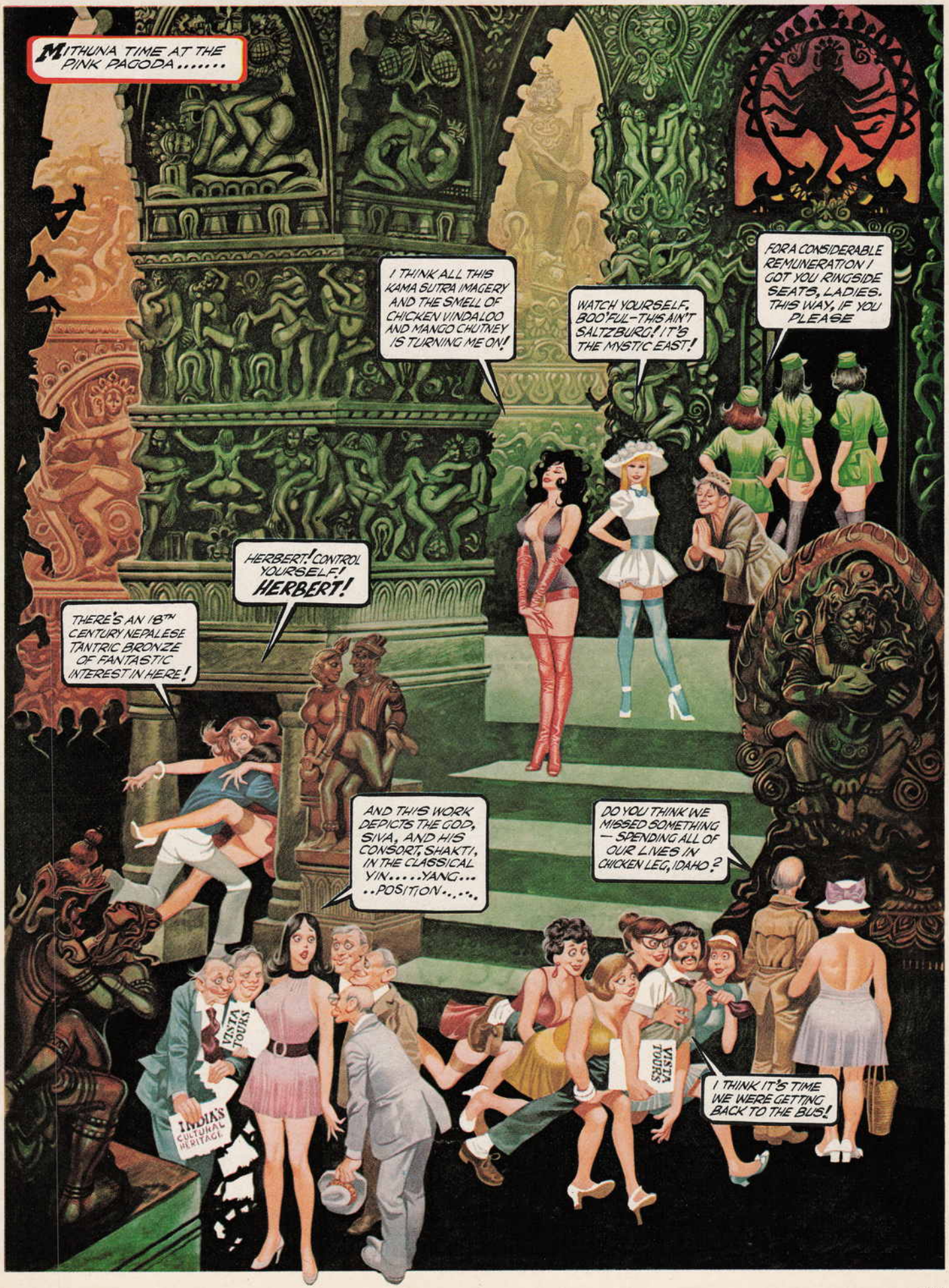
OH, WICKED WANDA!
IN QUEST OF THE FABULOUS "GLITTERING PHALLUS", WANDA AND CANDYFLOSS HAVE REACHED FIRST BASE — AND WHAT COULD BE BASER THAN KATMANDU, GATEWAY TO THE MYSTIC EAST?
THE OLD PAGODA SUPERMARKET
MULTI STOREY YAK PARK
SPECIAL TONITE IN THE YETI BAR TELEVISION'S NO 1 FAMILY SHOW TERRORIST HOUR!
YAK DRIVERS PULL IN
I THOUGHT THIS WAS A HIPPIES PARADISE! WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?
A WHOLE CART LOAD OF WESTERN STYLE LIBERATED CRUMPET!
YOU CAN'T GET VERY FAR ON SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS THESE DAYS!
NOW SHOWING PAWS THE STORY OF A POLAR BEAR THAT TERRORIZED AN ARCTIC HOLIDAY RESORT!
POT HASH HAPPY DUST
HONEST ALI
For the best VALUE in USED YAKS
IF I HAD MY WAY YAKS'D BE BANNED FROM CITY CENTRES — THEY POLLUTE THE ENVIRONMENT!
SO THIS IS KATMANDU!
AND SHOWING ALL THE SIGNS OF THE BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF WESTERN CULTURE!
MADE IN JAPAN
CHAMPAGNE

GOD! WHAT A FLEA-BAG THIS IS!
HEY, GUNGA-DIN! GIVE US A HAND WITH THESE BOOTS!
IT'S A PRETTY CRUDE MAP. I'LL HAVE TO GET ME A GOOD GUIDE...
PERMISSION FOR THE PUSS SQUAD TO VISIT THE PINK PAGODA, COMMANDER?
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?
IT'S DEDICATED TO THE GOD KRISHNA AND HIS HAREM OF COW-GIRLS. SEEMS THEY'RE STAGING A MARATHON MITHUNA TONIGHT.
MITHUNA?
MMMM! THAT'S BETTER!
THUD!

IF YOU WILL PERMIT ME, ILLUSTRIOUS MEM-SAHIB .... MITHUNA IS THE ACT OF COUPLING. THE YOUNG GOD, KRISHNA COUPLED WITH MANY COW-GIRLS, BUT MOSTLY WITH HIS FAVOURITE ONE, RADHA.....
... THIS SEASON WE HAVE A JOLLY FINE "KRISHNA" — THIS MOUNTAIN GUIDE NAMED YONI BASHER — BUT VERY RUBBISHEE COW-GIRLS!
MOUNTAIN GUIDE? YOU INTEREST ME STRANGELY, GUNGA-DIN!
NOT THAT KIND OF COW-GIRL, STUPID! GO PUT SOME CLOTHES ON. WE'RE GOING OUT FOR THE EVENING!
OH, WELL-MAYBE IT'LL DO FOR RONNIE REAGAN'S PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN!
BY APPOINTMENT
HM QUEEN VICTORIA


MITHUNA TIME AT THE PINK PAGODA.....
I THINK ALL THIS KAMA SUTRA IMAGERY AND THE SMELL OF CHICKEN VINDALOO AND MANGO CHUTNEY IS TURNING ME ON!
WATCH YOURSELF, BOO'FUL—THIS AIN'T SALTZBURG! IT'S THE MYSTIC EAST!
FOR A CONSIDERABLE REMUNERATION I GOT YOU RINGSIDE SEATS, LADIES. THIS WAY, IF YOU PLEASE
HERBERT! CONTROL YOURSELF! HERBERT!
THERE'S AN 18TH CENTURY NEPALESE TANTRIC BRONZE OF FANTASTIC INTEREST IN HERE!
AND THIS WORK DEPICTS THE GOD, SIVA, AND HIS CONSORT, SHAKTI, IN THE CLASSICAL YIN.....YANG... ..POSITION.....
DO YOU THINK WE MISSED SOMETHING — SPENDING ALL OF OUR LIVES IN CHICKEN LEG, IDAHO?
I THINK IT'S TIME WE WERE GETTING BACK TO THE BUS!
VISTA TOURS
INDIA'S CULTURAL HERITAGE

DON'T KNOCK IT, MATE—WE'VE ALL GOT TO MAKE A LIVING!
LOOK AT THE GREAT NERK!
MALE CHAUVINISM AT ITS MOST LUDICROUS!
WOW! THIS BEATS EVENSONG ANY TIME!
LOOK AT THE CREEP! BLOODY EXHIBITIONIST!
WITH A BIT OF LUCK WE'LL MAKE THE LATE SHOW AT THE BIJOU!
AN UNFAMILIAR STIRRING IN MY NETHER REGIONS TELLS ME I'M IN DANGER OF BEING CONVERTED!
OH, WELL—HERE WE GO AGAIN!
THE BACKGROUND IN THIS STRIP ISN'T BAD, IS IT?
PRETENTIOUS! THAT 18TH CENTURY NEPALESE TANTRIC BRONZE ON THE PRECEDING PAGE—IT'S 17TH CENTURY!

RADHA!
MY LOVE!
ZOOM!
I CAN'T LOOK! SHE'LL KILL HIM!
BETRAYED!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
THERE GO MY FRINGE BENEFITS IN THIS GODDAM STRIP!
SHE'S GOING!
WILLINGLY!
EAGERLY!
AH, WELL—I GUESS THERE HAS TO BE A FIRST SEVENTY FOUR TIMES!
MADE IN JAPAN

BIG DEAL! I'VE BEEN GIVING MY ALL FOR PENTHOUSE EVER SINCE THIS STRIP BEGAN AND I'VE NEVER HAD A SPREAD LIKE THAT!

LATER...VERY MUCH LATER...
NOT NOW, PUSSCAKE — THERE'S A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT THIS RELIGION! YOU CAN KEEP DHARMA! I'M OKAY ON ARTHA — BUT I'VE STILL GOT TO DO A LOT OF RESEARCH ON KAMA! I'LL SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!
BOO'FUL — YOU COMING BACK TO THE HOTEL?

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!!?
I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE CHANGES TAKIN' PLACE IN THIS STRIP!

OH, WELL...HEY, GUNGA DIN — WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' FOR THE NEXT FOUR WEEKS?
HAS OUR THOROUGHLY KAMASUTRA-ED WANDA FORGOTTEN HER REAL REASON FOR COMING... TO KATMANDU, WE MEAN? THE ANSWER IS IN NEXT MONTH'S NEPALLING EPISODE
PHHZOOM!

MUGGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

"Nothin', John, nothin' at all. You were fine. You just don't understand politics, that's all."

"Politics?"

"Sure. Now you leave the rest of this up to me. I'm gonna call a few of my boys. We're gonna heat things up a little for His Honor."

"Raggo!"

"It's cool. Now don't worry 'bout it." He quickly changed the subject. "Guess what?"

"What?"

"I got that mother's wallet when he was busy fat-mouthin' you!" Raggo giggled and tooted his horn.

"Raggo Mundu, you're the baddest cat I know." I giggled along with him. "How much did you get?"

"Sheeee-it, man. His Honor ain't nothin' but a dollar-and-'leven-cent dude."

In the next week, muggings shot up in the city by over 50 percent. I called the Mayor's office: "Looks like the mugging situation is totally out of control, Your Honor. Want to reconsider?"

The Mayor's response was so heated, I had to hold the phone out two feet away from my ear. He growled and barked into the telephone like a crotchety, old, English bulldog with a much too tight collar around his neck and a bad case of constipation.

I called Raggo. "He still won't buy it."

"That figures," Raggo said. "Okay, let's turn up the gas. I'm callin' in some real heavies from Detroit—The Commandos for Christ."

"*The Commandos for Christ*?"

"That's right. The Deacon and his boys. Macho Christ all mixed up with chicken feathers, chocolate monkeys, and steel drums. Hey man, these dudes are *spiritual*. They got the whole thing down—cleric's collars, vestments. Bad mothers! They even stick around and give Last Rites."

"Jesus Christ!" I shouted.

"No, not *Jesus* Christ. Billy Graham and the Pope got the corner on that market. These guys from Detroit believe in *Ramsey* Christ!"

I waited two more weeks and then called the Mayor. "Now listen, Your Honor, before you start screaming and hollering at me, look at the facts. Crimes against persons—up 200 percent, crimes against property—up 250 percent, crimes against—"

"You don't have to tell me the statistics, we already know them."

"Well, what are you gonna do about it?"

"Bring that other professor—that Professor Mundu with you—be in my office tomorrow at nine."

Once we got the green light from the Mayor, we moved fast. First on the agenda was a big bash at the St. Regis to kick things off. Raggo took care of the guest list, making certain to invite everybody who was somebody in the crazy, topsy-turvy world of "conning a mark," "pickin' a dandelion," "chasin' a bluebird," and "blowin' up moonpies."

The mob that showed up at the St. Regis that night was an amazing collection of people. Jesus, it looked like a session of the General Assembly at the United Nations. The Deacon and his boys came on strong in full-length choir robes. Big Snake kind of oozed in the front door and the rest followed: Jolly Robber, Green Fingers, Morris of Mt. Morris Park, Fung Yu, The General, Inside Pockets, Chief Long-Knife, Genuine U.S. Cowhide Tex, Tumbler Jack, Heart's Needle, Bowery Bill, Rabbit, Uptown Express, and many, many more.

And we had everything. Mountains of pâté and lobster, sweet corn, filet mignon, fancy asparagus tips, ribs, rum cake, chocolate canoli, grasshopper pie, cool jazz, hot jazz, blues, soul, mariachis, country, polkas, tom-toms, fiddles, bongos, guitars, saxophones, horns!

Raggo took firm control of the happening. His voice boomed out over the crowd through four giant quadraplex speakers. "Now listen all you wolf mother, jive-ass, honkie, soul-brother crazies, you havin' a *good time*?"

"Yeah," came the scattered reply.

"I said, 'are you havin' a *Good Time*?'"

"Yeah!" roared the crowd.

"I cain't hear you," Raggo said.

"Yeah!" they roared louder.

"I still cain't hear you," Raggo teased.

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The right girl, the right mood and the right time is the perfect formula for love. And, a Trojan is the perfect condom. For 50 years, Trojans have made love as sensitive as it is pleasurable. That's what a Trojan is all about... making you feel the intimacy between you and her. Keeping both of you safe and yet totally aware of all the warmth entwined between you. Which is why, after 50 years, more lovers prefer Trojans over any other condom sold. You see, nothing is better than a Trojan. Available at your pharmacy.
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There's a Trojan to fit every desire: skins, reservoir tipped, lubricated, gold colored, naturally shaped and sensitive latex. For trial offer, send $3.00 (check or money order) with the coupon for 3 (each) Trojans, Trojans Plus and Naturalambs. Then buy future needs from your pharmacist. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

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Dept. PE-4

"YOU BET YOUR SWEET ASS!"

"That's more like it," Raggo said and smiled. Oh, that Raggo! He had those boys in the palm of his hand in seconds. Charisma! He had it! "Okay," Raggo said, "now let's get down to business. What's the situation we got? I'll tell you what we got. We got the *small fry* and the *hoodlums* out there runnin' wild on *our* streets, messin' up, doin' *violence*, givin' our profession a bad name. We got to kick ass and get organized or we're gonna get shut down. I mean I don't want my ass shot off by some vigilante posse!"

"Right on!" the mob shouted. "We hear you, Raggo!"

"One hundred and fifty billion dollars looted through Vietnam while you guys are pickin' up some change in the alley! Big deals comin' down every day in sugar! In oil! In wheat! Shit, man, there's mugging for you! I tell you what we're gonna do. We're gonna get a piece of the action, that's what! We're goin' legit!"

"You got it, Raggo! You got it!"

Raggo wiped the sweat from his brow and grinned from ear to ear. "Big Snake, you come on up here."

Big Snake made his way to the speaker's table. "Okay," Raggo said, "show me how you work out there."

Big Snake was embarrassed. "Here, in front of all these people?"

"Sure, baby, it's just make-believe. Use Professor John there for your target."

"Me? Hey, Raggo!" I said as I jumped out of my seat.

"Oh, be cool, baby. Big Snake ain't goin' to hurt you."

Big Snake worked his way up behind me while I was talking to Raggo. Before I knew it, he was coiled around me like a hungry boa. "Gimme your money, you son of a bitch, or I'll stomp your ass!"

"No, no, no!" Raggo shouted. "That's the old way of doin' things. Now I'm goin' to show you the new system. You ready, Professor John?"

"I think so Raggo," I croaked as I rubbed my windpipe.

"Get your ass out of the way Big Snake. Let me show you how an Officially Licensed City Mugger does his job."

Raggo walked up to me with a cheerful smile on his face. "Pardon me Sir, I'm an Officially Licensed City Mugger and this is an official mugging. My credentials? Certainly. Here they are." Raggo pulled out an impressive-looking document complete with his photo, the seal of the city, and the Mayor's signature. "Now remember the rules. You got to give me 10 percent of all the cash you've got on you. Honor system. But don't forget, if you get checked out by the Block Supervisor and he finds that you lied about how much you got on you, you lose it all. Honesty is the best policy, sir."

I went through my pockets. "I got eleven dollars and fifty cents."

"Ten percent," Raggo said. "That's a dollar and five cents, please."

I handed the money to Raggo. In turn, he

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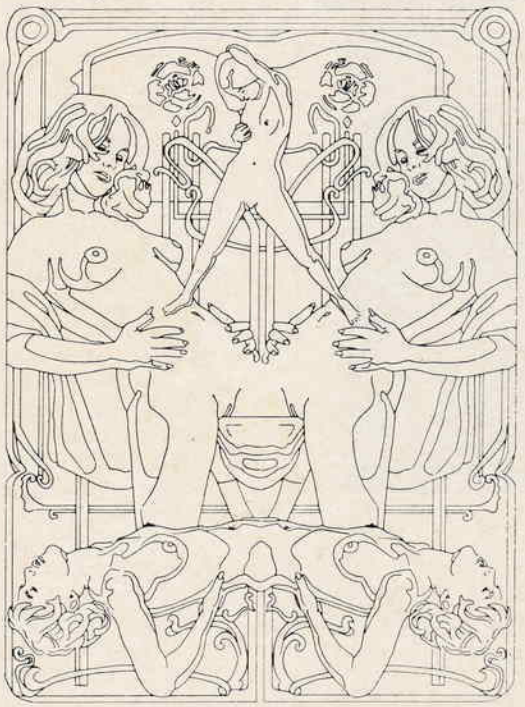

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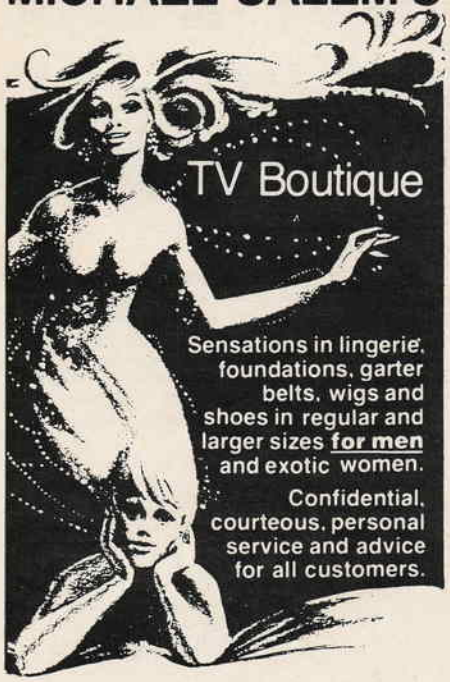
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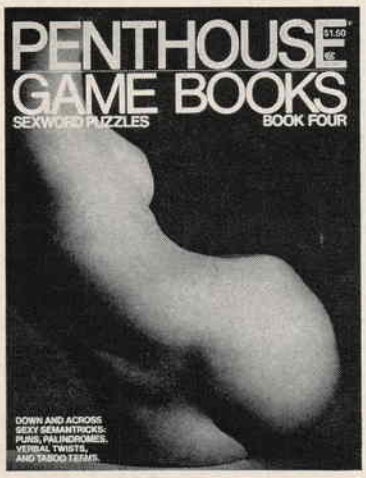

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handed me a dated smile button that said, I'VE BEEN MUGGED TODAY. HAVE YOU?

"Pin this on your lapel, sir. It shows you've already contributed today. You can only get hit once a day."

I thanked Raggo for being a courteous mugger. He thanked me for being a gracious muggee. Big Snake scratched his head and said, "Lordy, Lordy." The gang out front roared their approval.

Later that night, Raggo passed out the deals. Green Fingers, Director of Credentials and Licensing, $35,000 a year; Tumbler Jack, Superintendent of Training and Education, $42,000 a year; Chief Long-Knife, Public Relations, $39,500; Inside Pockets, Superintendent Lower East Side, $34,000. The payroll went on and on. As he announced the titles and salaries, Raggo chattered away: "Fung Yu, you clean up that neighborhood, you hear? Cowhide Tex, you start spankin' some juvenile ass like the mamas and papas sposed to do but don't. Chief Long-Knife, I want those slashers and slicers off the street, you dig? I want the *fry* in school and the *hoodlums* in jail!"

Of course, the biggest plums went to me and Raggo: President and Executive Director of Marvelous Muggers, Inc. at fifty grand a year for each of us. But we earned every penny of it. Within a month, our training centers were accepting applicants and within two months, well-trained, courteous, and neatly dressed graduates were hitting the streets of the city. Experience and examinations determined the civil service ranks: Mugger I, $142.50 a week; Mugger II, $157.60 a week; Mugger III, $162.82, and so on and so forth.

It was incredible! After three months of operation of Marvelous Muggers, Inc., unofficial muggings in the city dropped to almost zero. And with money pouring into the city coffers, the program not only paid for itself, but was actually pulling the city out of the red. The Mayor proudly announced over television that "mugging has become our most rapidly growing and profitable venture in years." His Honor went on to report that some areas of the city were approaching full employment and that the savings in reduced welfare costs were startling.

After the Mayor's televised speech, roving reporters interviewed people on the streets: "Pardon me, sir, what do you think of the Mayor's new program on mugging?"

"I think it's great! I've been hit twice this month. First time, I had five bucks on me. The second time I had ten. What'd it cost me—a lousy buck and a half, that's all. And I'll tell you somethin', those guys are real gentlemen. They put these cab drivers to shame!"

"And you, miss. What do you think?"

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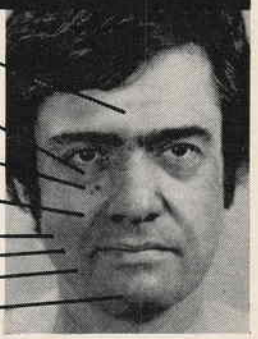

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and eighty-nine cents this month. Now that's a real bargain. Me and my kids are going to camp out in Central Park this weekend!"

But it wasn't all rave reviews and smooth sailing. We had our problems, too. Raggo and I had to move fast when the little old ladies from Scarsdale tried to muscle in on the action. Imagine that, would you—those old bats coming down into the city and trying to pass themselves off as legitimate city muggers! Some people! Jesus, Raggo and I personally busted some creep from Levittown who was a baby doctor during the week and a scab mugger on the weekends.

When we first started up, we had "muggers" comin' at us from everywhere. Everybody wanted in. This one said he used to rip off candy bars when he was six years old and therefore qualified as a genuine menace to society. That one said he stole the change out of the Sunday-school collection, and so on. We put a stop to that kind of stuff right away with stiff requirements—certified copies of arrest, conviction, prison, and parole records.

Anyway, Marvelous Muggers, Inc., thanks to Raggo Mundu, made the streets safe again and virtually stamped out illegitimate crime in the city. The Mayor himself invited us to a big awards ceremony down at City Hall. When we walked in, everybody was smiling. His Honor wore a button in his lapel that said, CRIME DOES TOO PAY, and so did all the clerks, secretaries, and supervisors. When Raggo saw that fat wallet bulging out from the Mayor's inside coat pocket, he leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Wowee, baby, that mother ain't no dollar-and-'leven-cent dude no more." I noticed that Raggo's fingers had started dancing around in his lap. I said:

"Raggo!" You just mind your manners! You're the Executive Director. You're not an official, certified, licensed city mugger."

"Yeah," said Raggo, "and ain't it a shame."

But as it turned out, Raggo didn't have to lift the Mayor's wallet. We got cash awards. Twenty thousand dollars for me and twenty thousand dollars for Raggo! We couldn't believe our eyes as the Mayor reached into a large barrel beside his desk and pulled out a mountain of cash. He counted it out in thousand dollar bills and handed it over.

Out on the street, Raggo and me were like two madmen. We giggled, hollered, shouted, and jumped around like a couple of crazies. Raggo pulled his twenty thousand dollars out and waved it in the air over his head. I yelled, "We did it! We did it! We're rich!"

We were havin' such a ball that neither of us noticed the slick little dude who had eased up behind us. He tapped me on the shoulder and said: "Excuse me, gentlemen. I'm an Officially Licensed City Mugger and this is an official mugging."

I was so astonished, I didn't know what to say.

Raggo said; "Oh Shee-it!"

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COUPLE TALK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

snatch. I could come just thinking about it. He was the hardest man to seduce I've ever had.

He picked me up and took me to bed and balled the hell out of me. I didn't think he was ever going to come, and then when he did I thought he would never stop.

Anyway, it was nice living with him after that. I started sleeping with him full-time. I shouldn't have done that, but I was so horny, and he needed me, too. He took me away for a couple of weeks to Nantucket with him on a job. I got into a thing with an artist who lived there. I blew him under a dock while the tide was out and he gave me nearly a pint of whiskey. Sort of copping a pint, you might say. I wanted to tell James about it but I knew he wouldn't understand. I know now that I should've anyway, but we were new then and I didn't want to ruin it. When James gave me an engagement ring for Christmas I knew I'd better change things a little, but I didn't know how to. I thought, "When spring comes I'll take off and he'll forget me." I mean, I can't marry him. It's not him, but I really dig fucking and sometimes I like two boys at once. James couldn't get off on that. So you see where I'm coming from. It's not a question of love. Love and sex have nothing to do with each other, right? I love James more than anyone I know—anyone, even Daddy. But I don't want to have sex with only him. What a waste that would be. Sex can be so incredible.

When spring came I started my whole thing again, picking up guys and all that stuff. James will still marry me if I want, but I don't think it's right. It's not what I choose to do. I don't ever want to marry anyone. James's whole thing is having babies, and I'll have babies with him if he wants. His reaction is, "What will your parents say?" But they haven't bothered with me this long, it's none of their business, right? I think maybe I'll go back to school, try to get into college. I think I'd like that whole atmosphere. But maybe I'm too old, do you think so?

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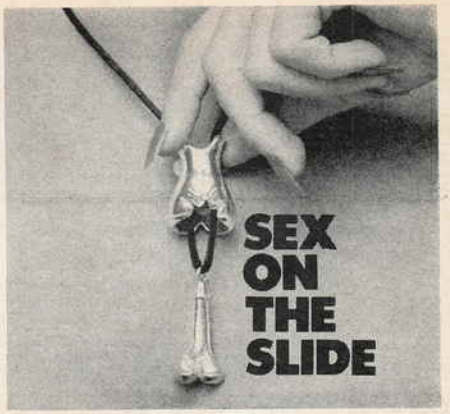

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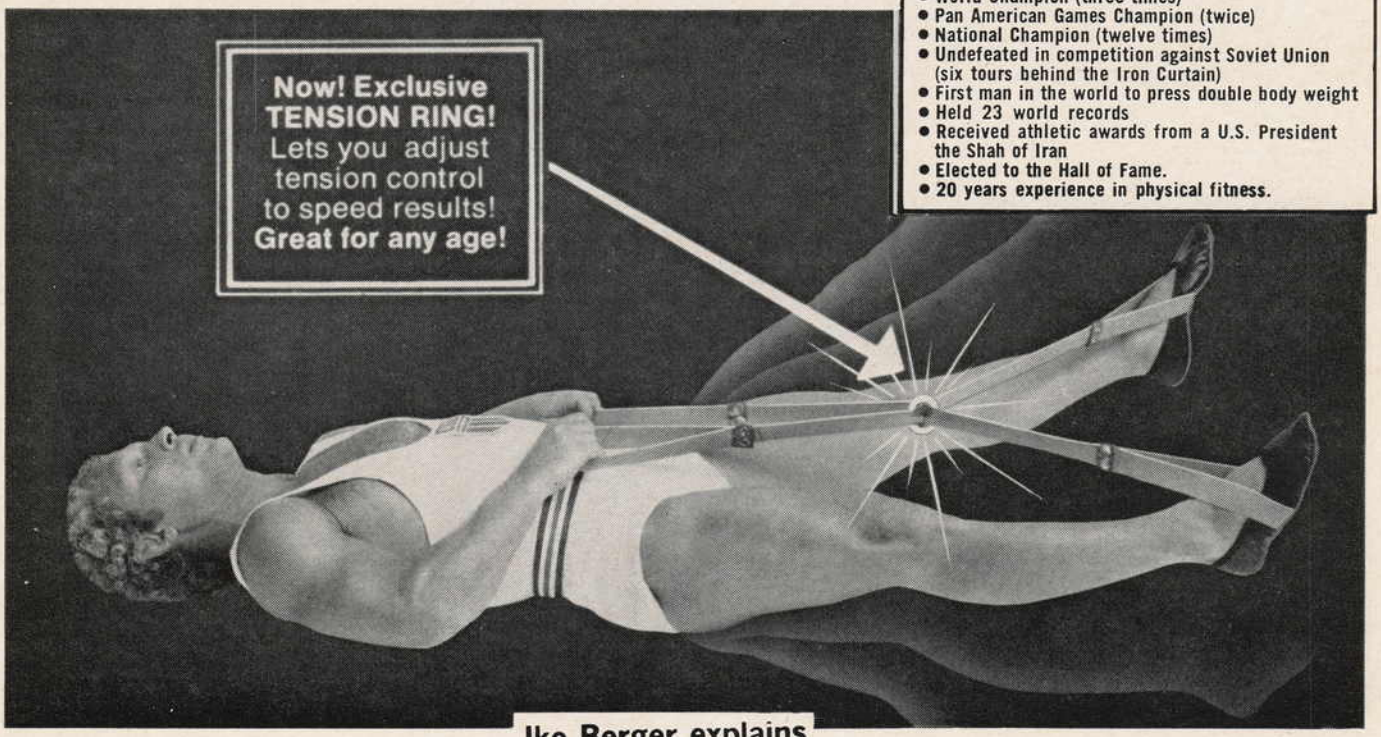

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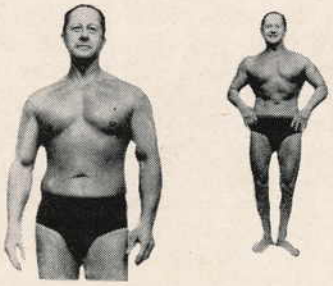

"I'm over 50 and I **thought** my fat and flab was with me for **life**...SYNOMETRICS "burned" it off in only 7 days. In fact results came **so fast** I had to cut my daily 7 minute workout to 5 minutes to slow down the slimming process. It's the most amazing method I've ever tried...and I've tried just about every gadget and gimmick I've seen in magazines and TV."

HY HARRIS, New York, N.Y.

Ike Berger explains What is Synometrics?

You already know about the Isotonic and Isometric principle of body dynamics. Millions of people use one or the other in their daily exercises. I used BOTH methods in my daily Olympic training for years in different separate exercises. One day I accidentally discovered that if I used BOTH methods **together in one single exercise,** I automatically speeded up the **results** tremendously and I reduced my **daily** exercise hour down to only 7 short minutes.

The Science of SYNOMETRICS

I later learned the scientific reason for this **amazing** result. It's called SYNERGISM—meaning that when you combine two methods the **result** is greater than the both of them separately. I now called my new discovery SYNOMETRICS and developed a special **exercise** unit I call the SPEED SHAPER. And that's just what it is...a speed method to give you results in minutes, NOT hours! Now...build yourself a "fantastic looking body" with the incredible SYNOMETRICS—the invention **that** works on the exciting new scientific concept of ISOTONIC + ISOMETRIC.

What Is The SPEED SHAPER?

An ingeniously designed amazingly compact slimming and shaping discovery that has no ropes or pulleys.

- *Contains no metal, springs, gears or other dangerous or exhausting parts or complicated apparatus.*
- *It is NOT worn around your waist but its powerful effect can be selectively applied to ALL problem areas: stomach, waist, chest, arms and legs, safely, easily and FAST.*
- *It is so amazingly compact that it slips easily into your pocket to be with you whenever needed. Weighs 5 ounces.*

IRON CLAD MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In just a few days you **must** actually begin to see measurable, real results...**or your money back promptly and without any question.**

*No diet needed if daily caloric intake does not add to your present body weight.

Send Today for Speed Shaper Kit, only $9.95
WONDER-SLIM, INC. Dept. P-476
509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

If the SYNOMETRIC Unit can really start shaping me up in just days, and I mean ALL OVER (stomach, waist, chest, arms and legs), I will keep it and use it...otherwise, I will want a full refund. Rush SYNOMETRIC to me.

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I enclose $9.95 (plus $1.00 postage & hdlg.). NY res. add sales tax: NYC 8%, NY State 5%.
Save $1.00! Order 2 and send $18.90.

COMING IN THE MAY PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND APRIL 13

UNHOLY ALLIANCE

An exclusive story by investigative reporter Thomas DeBaggio on the dealings between the Nazis and two of America's largest corporations *before and during* World War II.

I WAS A VICTIM OF ZIPLESS SEX

What happens when America takes Erica Jong's advice into city streets and office suites? Writer Craig Karpel provides a group-therapy view for those who have experienced the passion and the pain of love with the improper stranger.

THE HUMAN SQUIRREL

Jack Rutherford made his living by climbing. He'd climb anything from ropes to flagpoles from smokestacks to the naked girders of unfinished skyscrapers—all using only his bare hands and feet. But then he attempted the world's largest tree, a giant sequoia, and went up . . . and up . . . and . . . Fiction by David Ely.

TOM HAYDEN: AN EXCLUSIVE PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

During the 1960's, Tom Hayden was America's leading radical. He helped found the Students for a Democratic Society, was a defendant in the notorious Chicago Seven trial, and traveled to Hanoi with his wife Jane Fonda during the Vietnam War. Today he is a leading candidate in California for the U.S. Senate. Why has Hayden decided to work within a system he once fought? Why does he think middle-American voters will elect a former radical leader? Hayden has some surprising answers.

PLUS:

What's new in motorcyles. . . . What's best in Italian Wines. . . . What's healthiest for your hair. . . . What to wear on the bounding main. . . . What to do with your sex life according to Xaviera Hollander . . . and what's up with Wicked Wanda!

IN THE APRIL VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS NOW

BRUCE DERN: AFTER TWENTY YEARS AN "OVERNIGHT SUCCESS"

Hollywood's latest superstar is disarmingly frank in a no-holds-barred discussion of his movies, his women, his friends, and a variety of other subjects.

ERICA JONG: SURVIVOR AS ARTIST

Elizabeth Fishel talks with the author of *Fear of Flying* and learns that writing one of the best-selling books of the decade can lead to artistic and emotional problems as well as fame, wealth, and hilarious escapades.

SEX AND SOCIABILITY

Uta West looks at life in the seventies and finds a society of manners that would have made Jane Austen blush.

NO GOLDA IN THEM THAR HILLS

Jonathan Broder, AP reporter in Tel Aviv, reveals that today's Israeli women are not the liberated individuals of popular myth.

A CONSUMER GUIDE TO MASSAGE

Vicki Lindner explains the methods of various forms of massage—Swedish, sensual, Shiatsu, zone therapy, polarity, and Rolfing. She tells where and how to find a good massage, and includes a bibliography of the best books on each type.

PLUS:

A sex poll on "Are Young Lovers Better?"; thoughts on children by the president of the National Organization for Non-Parents; how to fight sex discrimination in restaurants; more fashion and beauty pages than ever; and columns on careers, health, and finance.

she is also immature—a quality forgiveable at her age, but hardly desirable in a long-term partner for yourself. She may well grow out of it, but it's now unclear. Since you are thinking of Betsy not only as your wife but as the mother of your child, there's a double reason to avoid a more serious relationship.

Betsy has given more than enough indications that she would be a poor choice as a mate. Her rebelliousness, hostility, and general lack of consideration for you are sure harbingers of marital failure.

She still doesn't realize that her teasing quality, sensual as it may seem, is basically hostile in intent. Even as she says, "When I came I'd scream especially hard so he could hear and get off on it," she'd like to present it as a pleasure offering to you. While some sexual teasing and voyeurism are normal, she knows full well your only recourse was to masturbate, hardly as satisfying as having a woman in bed with you. You could only feel unfulfilled during those moments.

Her hostility was most clearly shown when she left with Carlos without even writing you a note. I'm sure she remembered the earlier frantic search for her, and would perhaps have wished you to be even more upset than you were.

Whether these hostile acts are directed toward a father-image she resents, whether she is testing your love or feels unworthy of love, is not that important to you. What *is* important is that there's a pattern of hostility and contempt directed toward you which is likely, without therapy or a strong attempt at self-improvement on Betsy's part, to continue.

Betsy, when you ask if you're too old, the answer is that you're not yet mature—and the sooner you start working on it, the better. It sounds as if you're on the right track when you say you're thinking about getting back to school, as well as forgetting about marrying James. You seem to be aware that you're a young girl with problems, and want to work them out before you make the major commitment to marriage and children. Also, when faced with the degrading prospect of being a prostitute in New York, you were unable to go through with it.

You do show several signs of hostility to those around you, though, and sometimes even to yourself. Your lack of consideration toward James when you spent the night out without telling him, and your leaving with Carlos without letting James know can only be interpreted as hostile acts. Contempt for yourself is shown by your choosing Carlos, which you knew was a poor decision. The other side is that you soon realized that Carlos was not for you and left him.

It's up to you whether you want to undergo therapy, but certainly attending school would increase your own sense of self-worth. I think you recognize that telling James you could commit yourself to him would at present be a lie and ultimately self-destructive.

"If you Space Ski Mount Asgard... before you hit the ground, hit the silk!"

"Those treacherous winds and the death-defying drop down the mountain's sheer granite face were enough to make me as nervous as a flea on a hot skillet.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.

"Shari made doubly sure my chute was secure. And triple-checked my skis. Then schuss! From my launching pad on the frozen mesa, I was on the way to my space walk. 4000 feet over the Turner Glacier in the Canadian Arctic.

"P-o-o-o-of! My chute billowed out. And none too soon. Because I still had some tricky maneuvering to do. Those deadly downdrafts almost collapsed my chute. But a little body English luckily prevented it...and it was happy landings.

"Later, we celebrated with Canadian Club at the Peyton Lodge in Pangnirtung." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka...it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 118 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

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Carlton: Lower than low

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for other top brands that call themselves "low" in tar.

	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	**4**	**0.3**
Carlton Menthol	**4**	**0.3**

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
*1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

No wonder Carlton is fastest growing of the top 25.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov.'75.

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